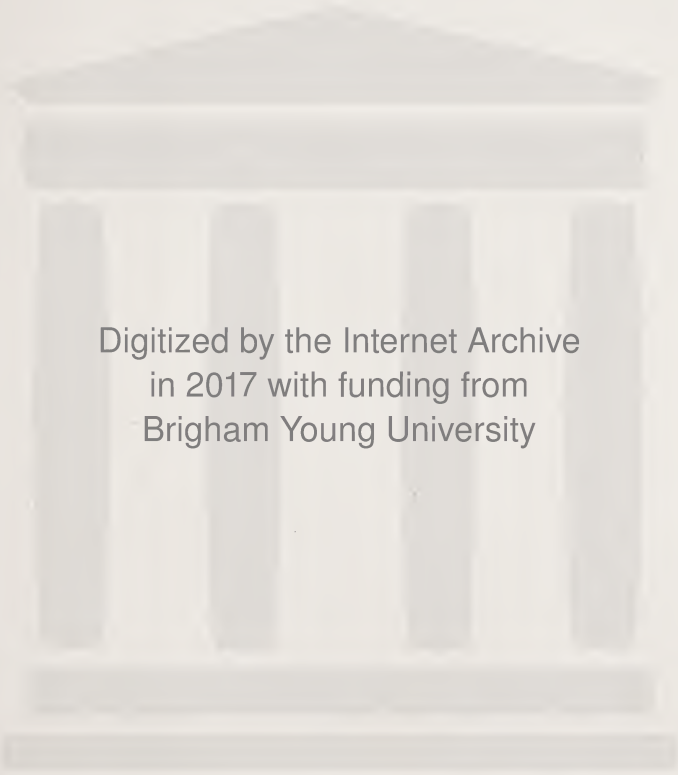




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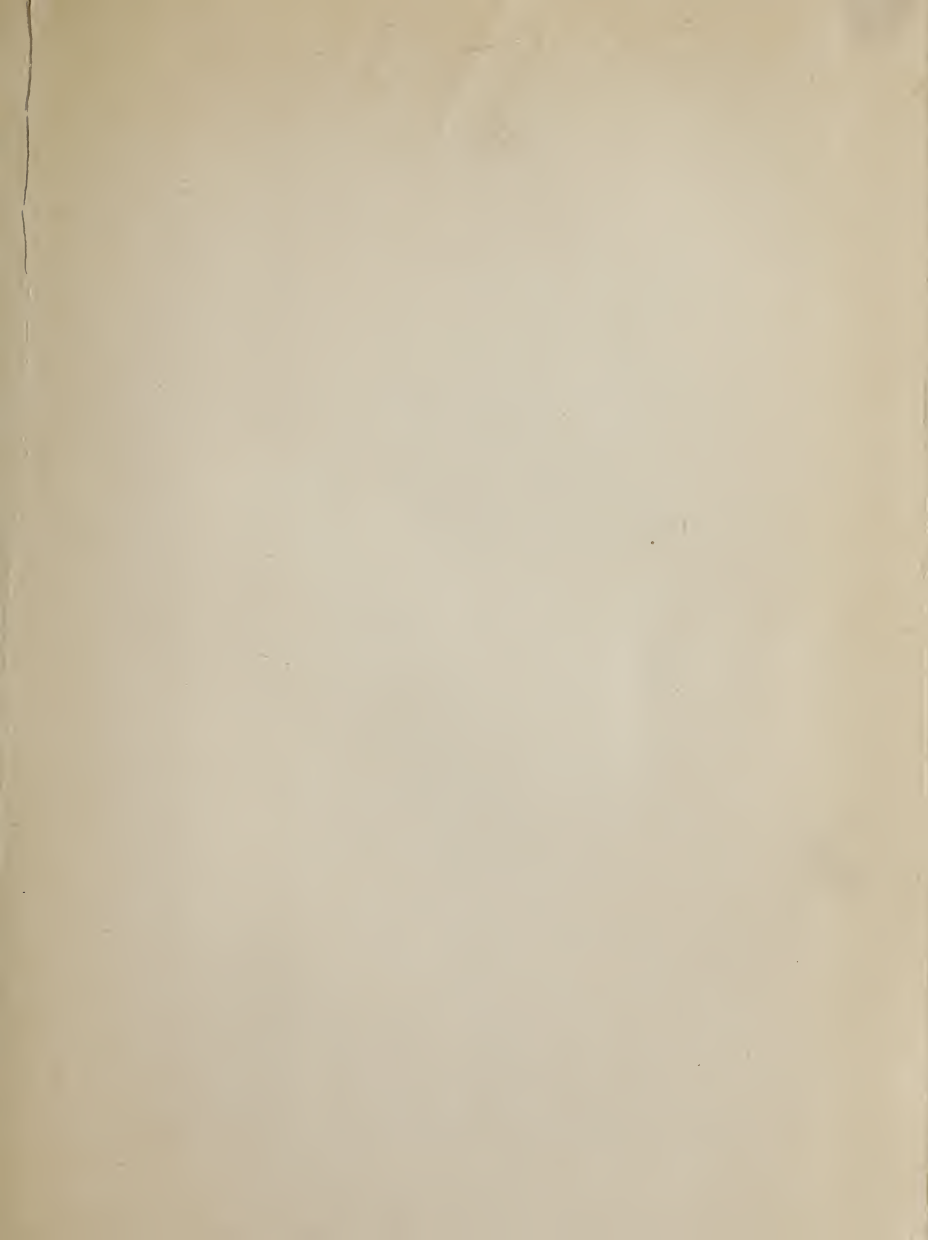


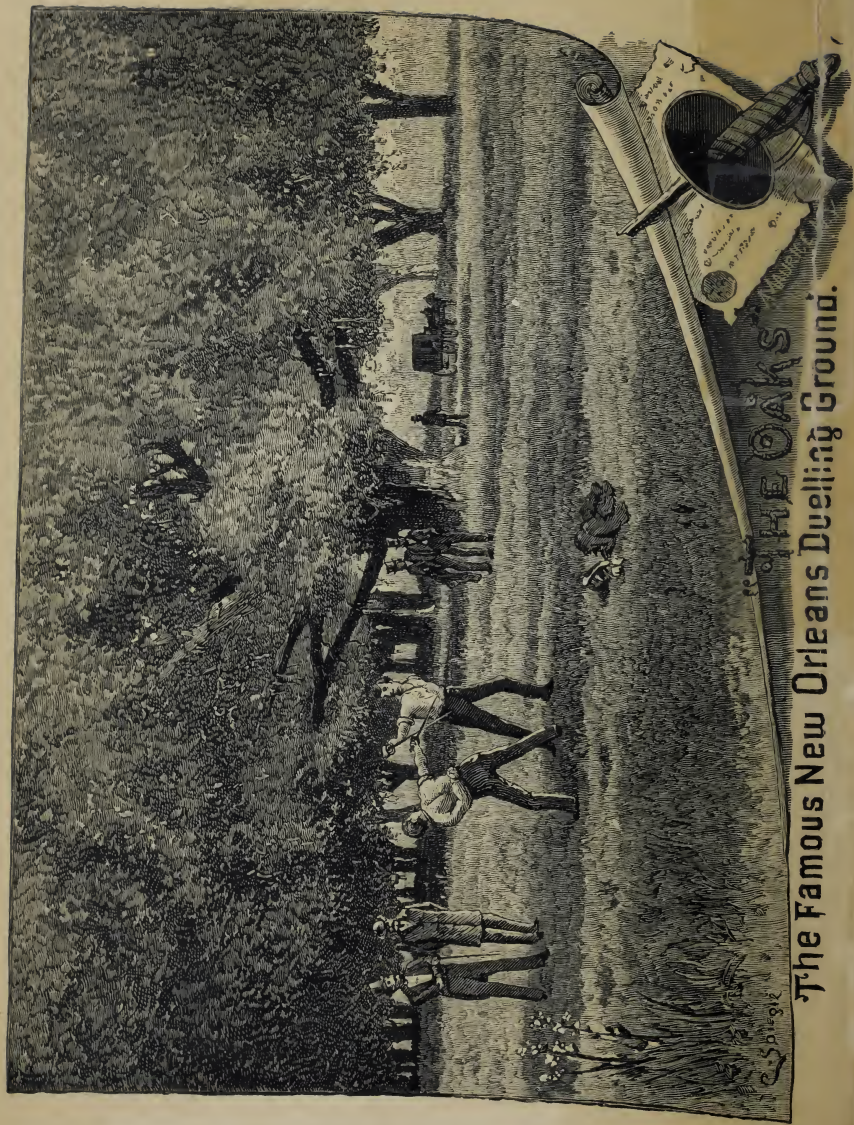
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Carl Shredt





THE OAKS
The Famous New Orleans Duelling Ground.

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MARCHÉ NARIEN, LAZAMBES QUI BISOIN.—*Creole Proverb.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH BOOK AND GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS AND ENVIRONS.

WITH MAP.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MANY ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS;
AND CONTAINING EXHAUSTIVE ACCOUNTS OF THE TRADITIONS, HISTORICAL
LEGENDS, AND REMARKABLE LOCALITIES OF THE CREOLE CITY.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY SEVERAL LEADING WRITERS OF THE

NEW ORLEANS PRESS.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the preparation of this volume we are indebted to many brilliant and interesting sketches, stories and descriptions, written at different times during the last thirty years for the press of New Orleans, by such eminent historians, littérateurs and journalists as the following: Hon. Charles Gayarré, Judge Alexander Walker, Charles E. Whitney, Mrs. Field ("Catherine Cole"), Alexander and his sons, John and Charles Dimitry, Lafcadio Hearn, Marion A. Baker, Norman Walker, and a number of others long since under the sod. We make this acknowledgment here, instead of accrediting the matter to them throughout the book, as each phrase or description is used or story is retold.

Many persons who visit New Orleans find difficulty in knowing where to go and what to see, and after the places have been determined upon they lose considerable pleasure by not knowing the traditions, legends and incidents surrounding such scenes. New Orleans—by its cosmopolitan character, and having been so far removed in its earlier history from the rest of the colonies, and during its occupancy by the Spanish and French—took to itself usages, customs and even a patois of its own, the story of which has furnished material for romances equaled by few other cities in this country. Some of these stories are still preserved and hang round the scenes of their birth like the Spanish moss clinging to the spreading oak, making and forming a part of its grandeur and existence. It has been the endeavor of the compilers to arrange these in such a manner as to facilitate the visitor to New Orleans and to furnish him with a complete Historical Sketch-Book and Guide to New Orleans and the Creole Quarter.

THE PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, *Dec. 15th, 1884.*

I take pleasure in recommending the following work. The pens from which it comes represent not only as careful, trustworthy and talented effort as could have undertaken it, but entirely different lines of long experience and acquired knowledge concerning New Orleans, that together quite bound the whole subject. Some of the illustrations, I may take the liberty of adding, are from sketches made under my own supervision.

GEO. W. CABLE.

Simsbury, Conn., Nov. 1, 1884.

GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS.

CHAPTER I.—NEW ORLEANS, THE CRESCENT CITY.

THE EXTENT AND LIMIT OF NEW ORLEANS—ITS WARDS, DISTRICTS, AND OTHER SUBDIVISIONS—THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY—A BRIEF REVIEW OF ITS EARLY HISTORY.

New Orleans is *par excellence*, the city where one can amuse himself during the winter months. In no other on this continent are so many and such varied attractions. This is peculiarly the case just now during "The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition," with its myriads of exhibits, more diverse than at any exhibition heretofore. The Carnival, or Mardi Gras festivities, with their mid-day and nocturnal pageants surpassing anything of the kind, will this year be a feature of the winter, and the pen fails to describe their splendor.

While all the country north of the Tennessee river is locked in ice: its trees leafless and its homes stormed by fierce arctic winds, New Orleans smiles through the green of orange and magnolia trees. Her gardens are bright and odorous with flowers; the streets are filled with loungers and sight-seers; all the open-air resorts are crowded; there is a busy hum of gaiety and music and laughter everywhere.

The city boasts three waterside resorts. Each has a hotel, a theatre, a fine restaurant. All of them are on Lake Pontchartrain, only five or six miles from the heart of the city, by steam cars running at short intervals. To him who has lived among blizzards and hailstorms, it must be a sensation to dine upon an open balcony in January, to see roses blooming in the garden, to breathe the soft south wind fanned from the Gulf of Mexico, and feel that luxuriousness peculiar to tropical latitudes. He can take his choice of the West End, Spanish Fort and Milneburg, at any of which points he can get an elegant repast. There is the Jockey Club with its races, the bayous and their aquatic sports, the base-ball parks, the river-side resorts with beer and music. In town are many restaurants, theatres, concert halls and saloons, where the stranger can spend his evening pleasantly. Indeed, one must be strangely hard to please who, coming from the bleak and wintry North, cannot find sufficient enjoyment rambling about the bright and crowded streets, peeping into places of amusement and tasting the luxury of the wondrous climate of New Orleans.

The city is situated on the left or east bank of the Mississippi, 107 miles from its mouth. A small portion—the Fifteenth ward, generally styled "Algiers"—is on the west bank, but the great bulk of it, with nineteen-twentieths of its population, is east of the river.

The Mississippi here is 1,500 to 3,000 feet in width, being much narrower than above. However, it makes up in depth, which here ranges from 60 to 250 feet, and enables the largest vessels to land at the bank or wharf. The speed of the current varies greatly, being 5 miles an hour during high water, at other periods very slow. The current, moreover, is treacherous, and in many places the river runs up-stream. Even when the upper current is moving towards the Gulf, an under-current runs in a different direction. Notwithstanding the power of the river, it is affected by the Gulf, and the latter's tides are felt at New Orleans. Salt water often forces its way up the Mississippi, making the river water, on which many depend, unfit to drink; salt water fish are often caught in the river at and above New Orleans, and sharks over seven feet long.

The tendency of the Mississippi, at the city, is to move westward. This it does, by depositing its alluvium on the east or New Orleans bank, and washing away the other bank, causing large cavings. This movement is rapid, averaging 15 feet a year. It is always adding new squares and streets to the front of New Orleans, which is known as "the batture." When the city was founded, the Custom-house which stood 160 years ago where it stands to-day, was on the river bank. Now it is three squares inland. At the foot of St. Joseph street most batture has been made, the river having travelled westward 1800 feet in a century and a half. What is now the east bank was then the west bank. During that period the Mississippi has filled up,

slowly but surely, its own channel—which is now well built up—and has, at the same time, carved out an entirely new channel for itself.

"New Orleans is specially interesting among the cities of the United States," remarks the British *Encyclopædia* "from the picturesqueness of its older sections, and the languages, tastes and customs of a large portion of its people. Its history is as sombre and unique as the dark wet cypress forest, draped in long pendant Spanish moss, which once occupied its site and which still encircles its horizon."

It was founded in 1718 by Jean Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville, a French Canadian, Governor of the French colony which had been planted nineteen years earlier at Biloxi, on Mississippi Sound. A few years after its founding when it was still but little more than a squalid village of deported galley slaves, trappers and gold hunters, it was made the capital of that vast Louisiana, which loosely comprised the whole Mississippi Valley. The names remaining in vogue in that portion of the city still distinguished as *le vieux carré*, or the old French quarter, preserve an interesting record of these humble beginnings. The memory of the French dominion is retained in the titles and foreign aspects of Toulouse, Orleans, Du Maine, Conti, Dauphiné and Chartres streets; while the sovereignty of Spain is even more distinctly traceable in the stuccoed walls and iron lattices, huge locks and hinges, arches and gratings, balconies and jalousies, corrugated roofs of tiles, dim corridors and inner courts, brightened with portières, urns and basins, statues half hid in roses and vines, and musical with sounds of trickling water. There are streets named for the Spanish Governors, Unzaga, Galvez, Miro, Salcedo, Casa Calva and Carondelet.

The site of New Orleans was selected by Bienville as the highest point on the river bank and consequently safe from overflow. The second year of its occupation, however, the entire town was submerged, and it was found necessary to construct a dyke around it to protect it against inundation. This dyke was the beginning of the immense system of levees which have cost the people of the Lower Mississippi Valley over \$150,000,000 to erect and maintain. The site selected by Bienville for the city was deemed specially favorable, first on account of its height—it was ten feet above the level of the ocean—and secondly, on account of a bayou which ran just back of the town to Lake Pontchartrain, thus giving the city communication with the Gulf, otherwise than by the river whose strong current at high flood rendered it difficult of ascent. It did not prove to be so favorable as it had appeared at first sight, being covered by a noisome and almost impenetrable cypress swamp, and subject to frequent if not annual overflow. Its distance from the mouth of the river was also a great disadvantage. Bayou St. John, known to the Indians as Choupich (muddy), and Bayou Sauvage, afterward Gentilly, navigable to small seagoing vessels to within a mile of the Mississippi's bank, led by a short course to the open waters of the lake and thence to the Gulf. Here, in 1718, Bienville landed a detachment of twenty-five convicts or galley slaves, twenty-five carpenters and a few *voyageurs* from the Illinois Country (Canadians) to make a clearing and erect the necessary huts for the new city which he proposed to found, and which he named in honor of his Highness, the Prince Regent of France, Louis Philippe, Duke d'Orléans, one of the greatest rōus and scoundrels that ever lived.

The original city, as laid off by Bienville, comprised eleven squares front on the river, running from Customhouse street (rue de la Douane) to Barracks street (rue des Quartiers), and five squares back from Levee street (rue de la Levée) to Burgundy (rue de la Bourgogne). These limits constituted for many years the boundaries of New Orleans. During the early French days, houses were built back of this, along the road running towards the lake and Bayou St. John. Plantations were established on the river bank, both above and below the city. When the city was transferred from Spain to France, and thence to the United States, the great bulk of the population still lived in the old quarters. The Americans, however, began to establish themselves above on what was of old the Jesuits' plantation, building up a new town, which became known as the faubourg St. Mary or Sainte Marie. At the lower end of town, another suburb was laid out, known as faubourg

Marigny. This made New Orleans a perfect crescent in shape, for the river just in front of the city bends gracefully in the form of a half moon. To this circumstance is due the title of "Crescent City," bestowed upon New Orleans fifty years ago, and which, although very applicable then, is ridiculous to-day. The city has spread up stream, following the bank of the river, annexing innumerable suburban towns and villages, until it is now in shape very much like the letter "S," long and narrow, while a portion of it, the Fifteenth ward, or Algiers, is situated on the right bank and cut off entirely from the rest of the city.

In this movement upstream and backward towards the lake, New Orleans has swallowed a large number of towns and villages—almost as many as London itself. And as many of the districts thus devoured still retain in ordinary parlance their old titles, it is very confusing to strangers. Thus, the western portion of New Orleans is never spoken of as the Fifteenth ward, but always as Algiers, recalling the fact that fifteen years ago, it was a city with a complete municipal government of its own, mayor, council and policemen. The extreme upper portion of New Orleans, constituting the Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards, is universally known as Carrollton, while another portion, that bordering on Lake Pontchartrain, still bears the title of Milneburg, in honor of the philanthropist Milne.

New Orleans comprises to-day what originally constituted the cities of New Orleans, Algiers, Carrollton, Jefferson City and Lafayette, the faubourgs Tremé, Delord, St. Johnsbury, Marigny, DeClouet, Sainte Marie, Annonciation, Washington, Neuve Marigny, las Communes, and the villages of Greenville, Burtheville, Bouligny, Hurstville, Fribourg, Rickerville, Mechanicsville, Belleville, Bloomington, Freetown, Metairieville, Milneburg, Feinburg, Gentilly, Marley, Foucher and others.

Of these, the only names still used to any extent are Algiers, Carrollton, Jefferson, Greenville, Gentilly, Milneburg and Freetown.

Algiers is that portion of New Orleans on the right, or west bank of the river, where the Southern Pacific or Louisiana & Texas R. R. has its depot.

Freetown, is a negro suburb of Algiers, lying directly north of it, and between it and Gretna.

Carrollton embraces what is known as the Seventh district or the Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards. Upper Line street divides it from the remainder of the city. It extends between parallel lines to Lake Pontchartrain and includes the lake resort or pleasure ground known as West End.

Jefferson City constitutes what is known as the Sixth district, or Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards. It comprises all that portion of New Orleans between Toledano and Upper Line streets.

Greenville is that portion of Jefferson next to Carrollton and bordering the river, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Upper City Park or Exposition Grounds.

Gentilly is the small settlement mainly of farmers, dairy-men and vegetable dealers in the Bayou Gentilly, a corruption of Chantilly, the celebrated estate of the Condés in France, just back of the Third district on the line of the Pontchartrain Railroad.

Milneburg is the village lying at the terminus of the Pontchartrain Railroad on Lake Pontchartrain. The terminus of the New Orleans & Lake Road is similarly known as West End, and that of the New Orleans & Spanish Fort Railroad as Spanish Fort.

New Orleans includes the entire parish of Orleans, the greater portion of which is an uninhabitable swamp. All the land between the river and lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne is consequently a portion of the city and controlled by municipal laws and ordinances. The total area subject to municipal government is 187 square miles or 119,680 acres. Of this only a very small portion, less than one-tenth, is built upon or even cultivated in farms or inhabited. The greater portion of New Orleans is still covered by the primeval cypress forests and sea swamp and marsh. Chef Menteur, the Rigolets, are part and parcel of the city, although thirty miles distant from a house. Within the municipal limits are the best fishing and duck-hunting resorts in the South, and there are probably sections of the Ninth ward of New Orleans which have never been visited by man, and as unknown as the centre of Africa. One can easily get lost in these

morasses, and several instances of quite recent occurrence are on record of men having been lost for days and weeks in the cypress swamps, which are a portion of the municipality, and from which they were rescued when very nearly expiring from starvation.

A short time ago, a writer engaged in preparing sketches of New Orleans scenes, had a photograph taken of the swamp lying in the exact geographical centre of New Orleans, immediately behind the Boys' House of Refuge. The photograph was so weird and gloomy that the magazine declined to print it, confessing that it was a fine sketch, but declaring, at the same time, that no one would believe for a second, that such a melancholy spot existed in the centre of a great city.

This condition of affairs is due to the necessity of placing all this country, between the river and the lakes, under the control of the city authorities, in order to facilitate and improve its system of drainage. The river being higher than the city and Lake Pontchartrain lower, it has been found necessary to drain backward through large open canals into the lake.

New Orleans is divided into districts and wards. The wards are the political divisions, while the districts are mainly used for describing the location of a building. Thus, one seldom speaks of living in the Third ward, but rather says, "in the First district."

The First district, including the First, Second and Third wards, is the old faubourg Ste. Marie or American quarter. It is the commercial centre of the city, and the seat of most of its manufactures.

The Second district includes the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards. It is the old city or the Creole quarter. The oldest portion is well built up, well populated, and includes the greater portion of the foreign population of New Orleans.

The Third district includes the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth wards. It is the old faubourg Marigny, and embraces the lower portion of the town, with a population mainly of Germans and Creoles.

The Fourth district includes the Tenth and Eleventh wards. It is nearly entirely a residence quarter, and the location of the finest dwellings, mainly occupied by Americans.

The Fifth district constitutes but one ward, the Fifteenth. It is the seat of the railroad repair shops, dockyards, etc.

The Sixth district is like the Fourth, namely, a residence quarter. It embraces three wards, the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth, and includes the Upper City, or Exposition Park.

The Seventh district, or Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards, known generally as Carrollton, is thinly settled, and mainly given up to dairies, small truck farms, etc.

A still more marked division of the city is that between the French, or Creole, and American quarters. Canal street, which separates the First and Second districts, is that dividing line, and separates two towns as widely different in race, language, customs or ideas as two races of people living close to each other, and separated only by an imaginary line, can well be.

DISTRICTS AND THEIR BOUNDARIES.

FIRST DISTRICT. is bounded on the North by Canal street, South by Felicite street, East by the River, and West by Felicite street and New Canal.

SECOND DISTRICT, is bounded on the North by Esplanade street, South by Canal street, East by the River, and West by city limits.

THIRD DISTRICT, is bounded on the North by the Lake, South by the River, East by city limits, West by Esplanade.

FOURTH DISTRICT, is bounded by Felicite and Toledano streets and the River.

FIFTH DISTRICT, comprises all the city on the West bank of the River, formerly Algiers.

SIXTH DISTRICT, comprising Jefferson City, Burtheville, Greenville, Bloomingdale, etc., is

bounded on the North and West by the lower line of Carrollton and Marley avenue, South by the River, and East by Toledano street and the River.

SEVENTH DISTRICT, formerly Carrollton, comprises all that portion of the city above the Sixth district to the boundary line of Jefferson Parish.

BOUNDARIES OF WARDS.

FIRST WARD, from Felicity street to Thalia.

SECOND WARD, from Thalia street to Julia.

THIRD WARD, from Julia street to Canal.

FOURTH WARD, from Canal street to St. Louis.

FIFTH WARD, from St. Louis street to St. Philip.

SIXTH WARD, from St. Philip street to Esplanade.

SEVENTH WARD, from Esplanade street to Elysian Fields.

EIGHTH WARD, from Elysian Fields street to Lafayette avenue.

NINTH WARD, from Lafayette avenue to lower limits of the city.

TENTH WARD, from Felicity street to First.

ELEVENTH WARD, from First street to Toledano.

TWELFTH WARD, from Toledano street to Napoleon avenue.

THIRTEENTH WARD, from Napoleon avenue to Upper Line.

FOURTEENTH WARD, from Upper Line street to Lower Line.

FIFTEENTH WARD, all of the Fifth district.

SIXTEENTH WARD, from Lower Line to Carrollton avenue.

SEVENTEENTH WARD, from Carrollton avenue to Upper Line No. 2.

CHAPTER II.—EARLY HISTORY.

NEW ORLEANS UNDER THE FRENCH AND SPANISH DOMINIONS—VICISSITUDES OF THE
EARLY INHABITANTS—ORIGIN OF THE POPULATION—HOW THE CITY LOOKED IN
1726.

The city of New Orleans was founded in 1718, that is a few men were landed there and to work constructing huts and warehouses. In 1719 an overflow occurred which flooded the entire town, and compelled the men to cease work on the buildings and begin the erecting of a levee around the place in order to prevent a recurrence of the calamity. In 1720, New Orleans was placed under the military command of M. De Noyau. Bienville, in colonial days, endeavored to have it declared the capital of the colony of Louisiana, instead of old Biloxi (Ocean Springs), but was outvoted.

He sent his chief of engineers, however, Sieur Le Blond de la Tour, a Knight of St. Louis, to the little settlement, with orders "to choose a suitable site for a city worthy to become the capital of Louisiana." Stakes were driven, lines drawn, streets marked off, town lots graded and palisaded, a rude levee thrown up along the river front, and the scattered settlements in the neighborhood gathered into the form of a town. To de la Tour, therefore, is due the laying out of the streets of the old city.

On Bayou St. John, near this little town, was a settlement of Indians, called Tchoutchout, or the place of the Houma or Sun, a title which has been often poetically applied to New Orleans.

In 1721 warehouses had already been erected, and Bienville (then Governor of Louisiana) reserved the right to make his residence in the new city on certain governmental regulations. Finally, in June of the following year, 1722, the royal commissioners having at length given orders to transfer the seat of government from Biloxi to New Orleans, a gradual removal was begun of the troops and effects of the Mississippi Company, who had control of Louisiana. In August, Bienville completed the transfer by moving thither the gubernatorial headquarters. In the January preceding these accessions the place already contained 100 houses and 300 inhabitants.

It will be seen, therefore, that it was entirely due to Bienville's perspicuity and obstinacy that New Orleans was finally made the capital of the French possessions in America. The State of Louisiana and city of New Orleans have ill requited him. In the U. S. Custom House there is a basso-relievo in marble of Bienville, which is the only monument ever erected to him in New Orleans. A single street bears his name, thanks to de la Tour, his own engineer. Beyond this, New Orleans has done nothing to honor the man to whom she owes her foundation, and whom for years her people called "father."

The buildings in the little city must have been very unstable, for the next year, on September 11th, a storm destroyed the parish church—the predecessor of the St. Louis Cathedral, and standing on the same site now occupied by that building—the hospital, and thirty of the one hundred dwellings the town contained.

The population increased with wonderful rapidity. In 1723, a party of emigrants from Germany, who had crossed the ocean to settle on lands in Arkansas, granted to them by the celebrated Law, being disappointed in their original intention, descended the river to New Orleans, hoping to obtain a passage back to France. This the government was unable to furnish, but small tracts of land were given to them on both sides of the river about thirty miles above New Orleans, at what is known as the German Coast, where they settled and engaged in agricultural pursuits, supplying the city with vegetables and garden products. This was the commencement of the German element in the population of New Orleans.

Most of these Germans, however, became thoroughly Gallicized in the course of time, and to-day their descendants speak nothing but French, and most of them bear French titles, having translated their Teutonic names into French.

In 1732, the population of the little city had grown to 5,000. A few civil and military officials of high rank had brought their wives with them from France, and a few Canadians had brought them from Canada, but they were the exceptions. The male portion of the population consisted principally of soldiers, trappers, miners, galley slaves and redemptioners bound for three years' service, while the still disproportionally small number of women was almost entirely made up of transported and unreformed inmates of houses of correction, with a few Choctaw squaws and African slave women. Gambling, duelling and vicious idleness were indulged in to such an extent as to give the authorities great concern. The Company addressed its efforts to the improvement of both the architectural and social features of the provincial capital, and the years 1726 and 1727 are conspicuous for these endeavors. The importation of male vagabonds and criminals had already ceased, stringent penalties were laid upon gambling, and steps were taken for promotion of education and religion.

Though the plan of the town comprised a parallelogram of 4,000 feet on the river by a depth of 1,800, and was divided into regular squares of 300 feet, front and depth, yet its appearance was disorderly and squalid. A few board cabins of split cypress (*pieux*) thatched with cypress bark, were scattered confusedly over the swampy ground, surrounded and isolated from each other by willow brakes, reedy ponds and sloughs bristling with dwarf palmettos and swarming with reptiles.

In the middle of the river front two squares had been reserved, the front one as a parade ground or Place d'Armes (now Jackson Square), the other for ecclesiastical purposes. The middle of the rear square had from the first been occupied by a church, and is at present the site of the St. Louis Cathedral. On the left and adjoining the church a company of Capuchin priests erected in 1726 a convent. A company of Ursuline nuns, commissioned to open a school for girls and to attend to the sick, arrived in 1727 from France, and were given temporary quarters in the house on the north corner of Chartres and Bienville streets, while the foundations of a large and commodious nunnery were laid for them in the square bounded by the river front, Chartres, rue de l'Arsenal (now Ursuline street, in honor of the nuns), and the lower limit of the city, now Hospital street. This building, which was finished in 1730, being then the largest edifice in New Orleans, was occupied by the nuns for ninety-four years, until 1824, when they removed to their present convent below the city. In 1831 the old building became the State House of Louisiana: in 1834 it was made the archiepiscopal palace for the Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans, in which capacity it still serves. It is the oldest building in New Orleans, being in 1885 one hundred and fifty-five years of age, and as strong and stable as when first built.

A soldiers' hospital was built near the convent in the square above, which gave to Hospital street its name.

The Jesuits received the grant of a tract of land immediately above the city, in consideration of which they agreed to educate the youth of New Orleans. This tract was twenty arpents (3,600 feet) front, by fifty arpents (9,000 feet) depth, and lay within the boundaries now indicated by Common and Terpsichore streets, and back from the River to the Bayou. A further grant of seven arpents front, adjoining the first grant, made the Jesuits' plantation cover all the land now known as the First district. The space between the plantation and the city was declared a *terre commune*, a pleasure ground not to be built on, but to be used as a public road and for the purposes of fortification. This *terre commune* marks Common street, which derives its name therefrom.

The Jesuits settled on their plantation in 1727, being furnished with a residence, a chapel, and slaves to cultivate their lands. They introduced the orange, fig, sugar cane and indigo plant to Louisiana.

A map of New Orleans, made in 1728 when Perièr was Governor of the colony of Louisiana shows the ancient Place d'Armes of the same rectangular figure as to-day, an open plot of grass, crossed by two diagonal paths and occupying the exact middle of the town front. Behind it stood the parish church of St. Louis, built like most of the public buildings of that day, of brick. On the right of the church was a small guardhouse and prison, and on the left was the dwelling of the Capuchins. On the lower side of the Place d'Armes, at the corner of Ste. Anne and Chartres, were the quarters of the government employees. The grounds facing the Place d'Armes in St. Peter and Ste. Anne streets were still unoccupied, except by cord-wood and a few pieces of parked artillery on the one side and a small house for issuing rations on the other. Just off the river front, on Toulouse street, were the smithies of the Marine, while on the other hand two long narrow buildings lining either side of the street named in honor of the Duc du Maine, and reaching from the river front nearly to Chartres street, were the King's warehouses. Upon the upper corner of the rue de l'Arsenal (now Ursulines) was the hospital, with its grounds running along the upper side of the street to Chartres, while on the square next below was the convent of the Ursulines. The barracks and the Company's forges were in the square, bounded by Royal, St. Louis, Bourbon and Conti. In the extreme upper portion of the city, on the river front, at what in later years became the corner of Customhouse and Decatur streets, were the house and grounds of the Governor; and in the square immediately below them the humbler quarters transiently occupied by the Jesuits. The fine residences, built of cypress, or half brick and half frame, mainly one story and never over two and a half, stood on Chartres and Royal streets. The poorer people lived in the rear of the city, the greater number of their houses being located in Orleans street. Prominent among the residents of New Orleans at that early day, to whom belongs the honor of being the original founders of the city—its F. F.'s—stand the names Delery, Dalby, St. Martin, Dupuy, Rossard, Duval, Beaulieu-Chauvin, D'Anseville, Perrigaut, Dreux, Mandeville, Tisseraud, Bonneau, DeBlanc, Dasfeld, Villeré, Provenchê, Gauvrit, Pellerin, D'Artaguet, Lazon, Raguet, Fleurieu, Brulê, Lafrénière, Carrière, Caron and Pascal. About half these names are now extinct, but the remainder still flourish in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana.

In that same year, 1728, occurred the one important event, the arrival of a consignment of reputable girls, sent over by the King of France to the Ursulines, to be disposed of in marriage by them. They were supplied by the King on their departure from France with a small chest of clothing, and were long known in the traditions of their colonial descendants by the honorable distinction of the *filles de la cassette*, or "the casket girls," to distinguish them from the "correction girls" previously sent over from the prisons and hospitals of Paris.

Incidents of Indian warfare and massacre are not lacking on the pages of the early history of New Orleans.

It was in 1730 that the Natchez Indians murdered all the French at Fort Rosalie (Natchez) and at a number of other settlements above New Orleans. All the able-bodied men of the little city, black as well as white, were armed and sent against them. This was followed in 1733 by a negro insurrection, which was only suppressed by the execution of the ringleaders, the women on the gallows, the men on the wheel. The heads of the men were stuck upon posts at the upper and lower extremities of the town front, and at the Tchoupitoulas settlement, and at other points, to inspire future would-be conspirators with awe.

In 1758, New Orleans received a considerable accession of population, on account of the absorption by the British of the French settlements on the upper Ohio, at Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, and the consequent migration of the French colonists from these points to New Orleans. This required the construction of additional barracks in the lower part of the city front, at a point afterwards known by the name of Barracks street (rue des Quartiers). Expecting an attack from the British, Governor Kerlerec seized the opportunity to improve the fortifications around the town.

The Creoles of New Orleans were at this time greatly agitated over what is known in Louisiana history as the "Jesuit War," a quarrel between the Jesuits and Capuchins as to jurisdiction. This strife was characterized by "acrimonious writings, squibs, pasquinades and satirical songs," the women in particular taking sides with lively zeal. In July 1763, the Capuchins were left masters of the field, the Jesuits being expelled from all French and Spanish possessions on the order of the Pope. Their plantation, which was in a splendid condition and one of the best in Louisiana, was sold for \$180,000, a very large sum in those days.

In November, 1762, the treaty of Fontainebleau was signed, by which France transferred Louisiana to Spain. The transaction was kept a secret, and it was not until after the lapse of two years that the people of New Orleans learned with indignation and alarm that they had been sold to Spain. In March, 1766, the new Spanish Governor, Don Antonio de Ulloa, arrived with only two companies of Spanish troops. For some time, the incoming Spanish and the outgoing French Governors administered the affairs of the colony, but on October 25th, 1768, a conspiracy, long and carefully planned, and in which some of the first officers of the government and the leading merchants of New Orleans were engaged, revealed itself in open hostilities. At the head of this movement were Lafrenière, the Attorney-General, Foucault, the intendant Noyau and Bienville, nephews of the city's founder, and Milhet, Carresse, Petit, Poupet, Marquis, DeMasan, Hardy de Bois-Blanc and Villeré, prominent merchants and planters. On the night of the 28th, the guns at the Tchoupitoulas gate at the upper side of the city were spiked, and the Acadians, headed by Noyau, and the Germans, by Villeré, entered the city. Ulloa and his troops retired aboard the Spanish frigate lying in the river and sailed for Havana.

Thus, freed from the Spanish dominion, the project of forming a republic was discussed by the Louisiana Creoles, and delegates were sent to the British American colonies to propose some sort of union of all the American colonies. But the republic was short-lived.

On August 18th, 1769, Don Alexandro O'Reilly—whom Byron's Donna Juana mentions so favorably—arrived with 3,600 picked Spanish troops, 50 pieces of artillery, and 24 vessels. The Louisianians could not resist this force. Twelve of the principal movers of the insurrection were arrested; six of them shot in the Place d'Armes, and the others imprisoned in the Moro Castle at Havana.

At the time that O'Reilly took possession of New Orleans, the trade of the city was mainly in the hands of the English. He soon broke this up, however, refusing to admit any English vessels to New Orleans. The commercial privileges of the city were, however, gradually extended. Trade was allowed with Campeachy and the French and Spanish West Indies, under certain restrictions. The importation of slaves from these islands had long been forbidden on account of the insurrectionary spirit which existed among them, but the trade in Guinea negroes was encouraged. In 1778, Galvez gave New Orleans the right to trade with any port in France, or of the thirteen British colonies, then engaged in their struggle for independence. In 1776, Oliver Pollock at the head of a number of merchants from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, who had established themselves in New Orleans, began, with the countenance of Galvez, to supply, by fleets of large canoes, the agents of the American cause with arms and ammunition delivered at Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh).

On Good Friday, March 21st, 1780, occurred the great conflagration which destroyed nearly the entire city. It began on Chartres street near St. Louis, in the private chapel of Don Vincento Jose Nuñez, the military treasurer of the colony. The buildings on the immediate river front escaped, but the central portion of the town, including the entire commercial quarter, the dwellings of the leading inhabitants, the town hall, the arsenal, the jail, the parish church and the quarters of the Capuchins were completely destroyed. Nineteen squares and 856 houses were destroyed in this fire.

Six years later, on December 8th, 1794, some children playing in a court on Royal street, too near an adjoining hay store, set fire to it. A strong north wind was blowing at the time, and in three hours 212 dwellings and stores in the heart of the town were destroyed. The cathedral,

lately founded on the site of the church, burned in 1788, escaped ; but the pecuniary loss exceeded that of the previous conflagration, which had been estimated at \$2,600,000. Only two stores were left standing, and a large portion of the population was compelled to camp out in the Place d'Armes and on the levee.

In consequence of these devastating fires, whose ravages were largely attributable to the inflammable building material in general use, Baron Carondelet, then governor, offered a premium on roofs covered with tiles, instead of shingles, as heretofore ; and thus came into use the tile roof which to-day forms one of the most picturesque features of the old French quarter. As the heart of the city filled up again it was with better structures, displaying many Spanish-American features—adobe or brick walls, arcades, inner courts, ponderous doors and windows, balconies, *portes cochères*, and white or yellow lime-washed stucco. Two-story dwellings took the place of one-story buildings, and the general appearance as well as the safety of the city was improved.

New Orleans now made rapid improvement. Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, father of Baroness Pontalba, erected a handsome row of brick buildings on both sides of the Place d'Armes, where the Pontalba buildings now stand, making the fashionable retail quarter of the town. In 1787 he built on Ursuline street a chapel of stucco brick for the nuns. The Charity hospital founded in 1737 by a sailor named Jean Louis, on Rampart, between St. Louis and Toulouse, then outside of the town limits, was destroyed in 1779 by the hurricane. In 1784, Almonaster began and two years later completed, at a cost of \$114,000, on the same site, a brick edifice, which he called the Charity Hospital of St. Charles, a name the institution still bears. In 1792 he began the erection upon the site of the parish church, destroyed by fire in 1788, of a brick building, and in 1794, when Louisiana and Florida were erected into a bishopric separate from Havana, this church, sufficiently completed for occupation, became the St. Louis Cathedral. Later still, he filled the void made by the burning of the town hall and the jail, which, until the conflagration, had stood on the south side of the church, facing the Place d'Armes, with the hall of the Cabildo, the same that stands there at this time, consecrated to the courts, with the exception of the upper story added since, the French roof which at present distorts its architecture.

The Government itself completed very substantially the barracks begun by Governor Kerlerec, on Barracks street. Close by, it built a military hospital and chapel, and near the upper river corner of the town, on the square now occupied for the same purpose, but which was then directly on the river, it put up a wooden customhouse. The "Old French market" on the river front, just below the Place d'Armes, was erected and known as the Halle de Boucherles.

In 1794 Governor Carondelet began, and in the following two years finished, with the aid of a large force of slaves, the excavation of the "old basin," and the Carondelet Canal, connecting New Orleans with Bayou St. John and Lake Pontchartrain.

In 1791 the Creoles of New Orleans became infected with republicanism, and Carondelet found it necessary to take the same precautions with New Orleans as if he had held a town of the enemy. The Marseillaise was wildly called for at the theater which some French refugees from San Domingo had opened, and in the drinking shops was sung "*Ca ira, ça ira, les aristocrates à la lanterne.*"

To ensure safety the fortifications of the city were rebuilt, being completed in 1794. They consisted of a fort, St. Charles, at the lower river front, with barracks for 150 men, and a parapet 18 feet thick faced with brick, a ditch and a covered way ; Fort St. Louis, at the upper river corner, was similar to this in all regards. The armament of these was twelve 12 and 18-pounders. At the corner of Canal and Rampart street was Fort Burgundy ; on the present Congo square, Fort St. Joseph, and at what is now the corner of Rampart and Esplanade street, Fort St. Ferdinand. The wall which passed from fort to fort was 15 feet high, with a fosse in front, 7 feet deep and 40 feet wide, kept filled with water from the Carondelet Canal.

In 1794 Étienne de Boré whose plantation occupied the site where the Seventh dis-

trict of New Orleans (Carrollton) now stands, succeeded in producing \$12,000 worth of superior sugar, and introduced sugar culture into Louisiana.

In 1787, New Orleans was doing a very large export trade for the American possessions, on the upper Mississippi and Ohio, the goods being shipped to the city on flat boats. In August, 1788, Gen. Wilkinson, received through his agent in New Orleans, viâ the Mississippi, a cargo of dry goods and other articles, for the Kentucky market, probably the first boatload of manufactured commodities that ever went up the river to the Ohio.

In 1793, the citizens of the colony were granted the valuable concession of an open commerce with Europe and America, and a number of merchants from Philadelphia established commercial houses in New Orleans. On October 20th, 1795, was signed at Madrid, the treaty, which declared the Mississippi free to the people of the United States, and New Orleans a port of deposit for three years free of any charge.

On the 1st of October, 1800, Louisiana was transferred by Spain to France. It was not however, until March 26th, 1803, that the French colonial prefect Laussat, landed at New Orleans, commissioned to prepare for the expected arrival of General Victor, with a large force of French troops. Instead of General Victor, however, a vessel from France brought the news in July that Louisiana had been purchased by the United States. On November 3rd, with troops drawn up in line on the Place d'Armes, and with discharges of artillery, Salcedo, the Spanish governor, in the hall of the Cabildo, delivered the keys of New Orleans to Laussat. On the 20th of the next month, Laussat, with similar ceremonies, turned Louisiana over to Commissioners Claiborne and Wilkinson, and New Orleans became a part of the United States. At that time, with its suburbs, it possessed a population of 10,000, the great majority of the white population being Creoles.

CHAPTER III.—THE OLDEN DAYS.

NEW ORLEANS UNDER THE SPANISH DOMINION—CONDITION OF THE CITY JUST PREVIOUS TO ITS ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES—OLD HABITS AND CUSTOMS THAT STILL SURVIVE.

The traveler approaching New Orleans by the river in the year 1802, would have discerned at the first glance, what would have seemed a tolerably compactly built town, facing the levee for a distance of some 1,200 yards from its upper to its lower extremity. From the rue de la Levée (now Decatur street) the town extended in depth (on paper) about 600 yards, although Dauphiné street was in reality the limit of the inhabited quarter in that direction. The line of what is now Rampart street was occupied by the palisaded fortification, with a few forts, all in a greater or less condition of dilapidation. At the upper end of the ramparts was Fort St. Louis, and on the ground now known as Congo square, was Fort St. Ferdinand, the chief place for bull and bear fights. Esplanade street was a fortification, beginning at Fort St. Ferdinand and ending at its junction with the ramparts on Rampart street. Along what is now Canal street was a moat filled with water, which terminated at a military gate on the *Chemin des Tchoupitoulas*, near the levée. This was the city protected from siege and attack.

Along the river the city's upper limit of houses was at about St. Louis street, and the lower at about St. Philip. The Spanish barracks on Canal street covered the whole block between what are now known as Hospital and Barracks streets.

The house occupied by the Spanish Governor-General of the province was situated at the corner of Toulouse and the rue de la Levée. It was a plain residence of one story, with the aspect of an inn. It fronted the river. One side was bordered by a narrow and unpretending garden in the form of a *parterre*, and on the other side ran a low gallery screened by lattice-work, while the back yard, inclosed by fences, contained the kitchens and the stables. This house was burned down in 1827, after having been used for the sessions of the Legislature.

Other public buildings, now passed away, were the Military or Royal Hospital, the Public or Charity Hospital, and a convent of Ursuline nuns. There was no merchants' exchange for the transaction of business, no colonial post-office, no college, no library, public or private, and but one newspaper, the *Moniteur de la Louisiane*, which, issued once a week, had but a limited circulation, and was confined to the printing of a few Government orders or proclamations on local affairs, business advertisements, formulas for passports, bills of lading, and a dribble of political news. Joachim Salazar, a portrait painter from Mexico, lived in the city at that period, and testimony to his presence still survives in the shape of portraits to be seen in the houses of some old families.

In the faubourg that extended above the city, with a frontage of 600 yards by a depth of 300, were two establishments where cotton was cleaned, put up in bales and weighed. The only other factory that deserved the name, also in the faubourg, was a sugar refinery, where brown sugar was transformed into a white sugar of fine appearance. This establishment the city owed to the enterprise of certain French refugees from San Domingo.

Of the public buildings which are familiar to the eyes of the present generation, only the French Market, the Cathedral, and the Cabildo, or City Hall, adjoining the Cathedral at the corner of St. Peter and Chartres streets, still remain. The Cathedral was not yet finished and lacked those quaint white Spanish towers and the central belfry, which in 1814 and 1815, were added to it. The "Very Illustrious Cabildo," which held weekly meetings in this building, was the municipal body of New Orleans. It was composed of twelve individuals called *regidores* and was presided over by the Governor-General or his Civil Lieutenant. Jackson Square, called



Spiegel Jr.

PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE PALM

MAURICE N.Y.

then the Place d'Armes, was used as a review ground for the troops, and was resorted to by nurses and children, the elders taking their "airing" on the Levee or the *Grand Chemin* that fronted the houses of the rue de la Levée. It was then but a grass plot, barren of trees and used as a playground by the children. It was rather a ghostly place, too, for children to play. A wooden gallows stood in the middle of it for several years and more than one poor fellow was swung off into eternity, about the spot where General Jackson now sits in effigy. Then there were no trees and no flowers, and no watchman to drive away the little fellows at play. The gallows was not the only stern and forbidding and uncongenial thing about the place either, for the *calabosa* stood just opposite; it is the police station now.

Here, in front of the Place d'Armes, everything was congregated—the Cathedral Church of St. Louis, the convent of the Capuchins, the Government House, the colonial prison or *calabosa*, and the government warehouses. Around the square stretched the leading *boutiques* and restaurants of the town; on the side, was the market or *Halles*, where not only meat, fruit and vegetables were sold, but hats, shoes and handkerchiefs; while in front was the public landing. Indeed, here was the religious, military, industrial, commercial and social center of the city; here the troops paraded on fête days, and here even the public executions took place, the criminals being either shot, or nailed alive in their coffins and then slowly sawed in half. Here, on holidays, all the varied, heterogeneous population of the town gathered; fiery Louisiana Creoles, still carrying rapiers, ready for prompt use at the slightest insult to their jealous honor; *habitans*, fresh from Canada, rude trappers and hunters, *voyageurs* and *coureurs-de-bois*; plain unpretending 'Cadians from the Attakapas, arrayed in their home-made blue cottonades and redolent of the herds of cattle they had brought with them; lazy *émigré* nobles, banished to this new world under *lettres de cachet* for interfering with the king's *petits amours* or taking too deep an interest in politics; yellow sirens from San Domingo, speaking a soft bastard French, and looking so languishingly out of the corners of their big black melting eyes, that it was no wonder that they led both young and old astray and caused their cold proud sisters of *sang pur* many a jealous heart-ache; staid and energetic Germans from "the German coast," with flaxen hair and Teutonic names, but speaking the purest of French, come down to the city for supplies; haughty Castilian soldiers, clad in the bright uniforms of the Spanish *cazadores*; dirty Indians of the Houma and Natchez tribes, some free, some slaves; negroes of every shade and hue from dirty white to deepest black, clad only in *braquet* and shapeless woolen shirts, as little clothing as the somewhat loose ideas of the time and country permitted; and lastly, the human trash, ex-galley slaves and adventurers, shipped to the colony to be gotten rid of. Here, too, in the Place d'Armes the stranger could shop cheaper if not better than in the *boutiques* around it, for half the trade and business of the town was itinerant. Here passed *rabbais*, or peddling merchants, mainly Catalans and Provençals who, instead of carrying their packs upon their backs, had their goods spread out in a coffin-shaped vehicle which they wheeled before them; colored *marchandés* selling *callas* and cakes; and milk and coffee women, carrying their immense cans well balanced upon their turbaned heads. All through the day went up the never-ceasing cries of the various street hawkers, from the "Barataria! Barataria!" and the "*callas tous chauds!*" in the early morning, to the "*belles chandelles!*" that went up, as twilight deepened, from the sturdy negroes who sold the only light of the colony, horrible, dim, ill-smelling and smoky candles, made at home from the green wax myrtle.

Lake Pontchartrain was connected with New Orleans by the Carondelet Canal and the Bayou St. John, by which water-way schooners reached the city from the lake and the neighboring Gulf coast. The canal served moreover to drain the marshy district through which it ran and to give outlet to the standing waters.

With the exception of Levee, Chartres, Royal and perhaps Bourbon streets in the direction of its breadth, and the streets included between St. Louis and St. Philip in its length, the city was more in outline than in fact. The other streets comprised within the limits of the town were regularly laid out, it is true, but they, as well as the faubourg, were but sparsely settled. Along

Levee street, Chartres and Royal, and on the intersecting squares included between them, the houses were of brick, sometimes of two stories, but generally one story high, with small, narrow balconies. These had been erected within a few years, and since the disastrous fires of the years 1788 and 1794, terrible calamities which had compelled the inhabitants to flee for safety to the Place d'Armes and the Levee to avoid death by the flames. Farther back in the town the houses were of an inferior grade, one story in height, built of cypress and resting on foundations of piles and bricks, and with shingled roofs. On the outskirts and in the faubourg the houses were little better than shanties. The sidewalks were four or five feet wide, but walking was sometimes rendered difficult by the projecting steps of the houses.

One of the most disagreeable features of the city in those early days was the condition of the streets in which not a stone had been laid. A wooden drain served for a gutter, the banquette was also of wood, and the street between the sidewalks was alternately a swamp and a mass of stifling dust. Wagons dragged along, with the wheels sunk to the hubs in mud. It was not until 1821 that any systematic attempt was made to pave the streets. The city, in that year, offered \$250 per ton for rock ballast as inducement to ship captains to ballast with rocks instead of sand, and this plan was quite effectual. In 1822 St. Charles street was paved for several blocks, and patches of pavement were made on other streets.

Prior to 1815, and, indeed, for some years afterward, the city was lighted by means of oil lamps suspended from wooden posts, from which an arm projected. The light only penetrated a very short distance, and it was the custom always to use lanterns on the streets. The order of march, when a family went out in the evening, was first, a slave bearing a lantern; then another slave bearing the shoes which were to be worn in the ball-room or theatre, and other articles of full dress that were donned only after the destination was reached, and last, the family.

There were no cisterns in those days, the water of the Mississippi, filtrated, serving as drinking water, while water for common household needs was obtained from wells dug on the premises. Some houses possessed as many as two of these wells.

New Orleans, eighty years ago, was woefully deficient in promenades, drives and places of public amusement. The favorite promenade was the Levee with its King's road or *Chemin des Tchoupitoulas*, where twelve or fifteen Louisiana willow trees were planted, facing the street corners, and in whose shade were wooden benches without backs, upon which people sat in the afternoon, sheltered from the setting sun. These trees, which grow rapidly, extended from about St. Louis street to St. Philip. Outside the city limits was the Bayou road, with all its inconveniences of mud or dust, leading to the small plantations or truck farms forming the Gentilly district and to those of the Metairie ridge. It was the fashion to spend an hour or two in the evening on this road, riding on horseback or in carriages of more or less elegance. This custom was one that had crept in with other luxurious habits within the past eight or ten years, a period which had been marked by a noticeable growth in the desire for outside show of the citizens. Almost up to the year 1800 the women of the city, with few exceptions, dressed with extreme simplicity. But little taste was displayed either in the cut of their garments or in their ornaments. Head-gear was almost unknown. If a lady went out in summer, it was bareheaded; if in winter, she usually wore a handkerchief or some such trifle as the Spanish women delight in. And at home, when the men were not about—so, at least, said those who penetrated there—she even went about barefooted, shoes being expensive luxuries.

A short round skirt, a long basque-like over garment; the upper part of their attire of one color and the lower of another, with a profuse display of ribbons and little jewelry—thus dressed, the mass of the female population of good condition went about visiting, or attended the ball or theatre. But even three years had made a great change in this respect; and in 1802, for some reason that it would be difficult to explain, the ladies of the city appeared in attire as different from that of 1799 as could well be imagined. A surprising richness and elegance of apparel had taken the place of the primitive and tasteless garb of the few preceding years—a garb which, had it been seen at the ball or theatre in 1802, would have resembled to the critical

feminine eye a Mardi-Gras disguise. At that period the natural charms of the ladies were heightened by a toilette of most captivating details. Their dresses were of the richest embroidered muslins, cut in the latest fashions, relieved by soft and brilliant transparent taffetas, by superb laces, and embroidered with gold. To this must be added rich ear-rings, collars, bracelets, rings and other adornments. This costume, it is true, was for rare occasions, and for pleasant weather; but it was a sample of the high art in dress that had come just in the nick of time to greet the fast-approaching American occupation.

Of the ten thousand people, of all ages, sexes and nationalities, who at that time formed the permanent population of New Orleans, about four thousand were white—native, European and American; three thousand free colored, and the rest slave. In addition to these there were from seven to eight hundred officers and soldiers composing the Spanish garrison, many other Government underlings, and numerous undomiciliated foreigners. In the ranks of those not native to the city or the colony were Frenchmen, Spaniards, English, Americans from the States, Germans, Italians, a few refugees from San Domingo and Martinique, emigrants from the Canaries and a number of gypsies. The mass of the Frenchmen were small shopkeepers and cultivators of the soil; the Spaniards were generally in the employment of the Government, either in the magistracy or the military service, or as clerks; the Catalonians kept shops or drinking houses; the commercial class comprised chiefly the Americans, the English and the Irish; the Italians were fishermen; the Canary Islanders or Islennes as they were termed, cultivated vegetable gardens and supplied the market with milk and chickens; and the gypsies who had been induced to abandon a wandering life, were nearly all musicians or dancers. Of the Americans, some were of the *Kaintock* (Kentucky) element, worthy fellows who came periodically to the city in their flatboats, floating down the river laboriously and bringing with them up-country produce from the banks of the Ohio and the Illinois, and returning on horseback to their distant homes, by the way of the river-road, after having disposed of their wares. *Kaintock* was a generic name given by the Creoles of those days to the Americans who came from the Upper Mississippi, and, as the name imports, chiefly from the flourishing State of Kentucky. They were regarded as in some way interlopers on the profound conservatism of the city. There was an idea of something objectionable—even more so than in the later phrase, *Americain*—attached to the word. Creole mothers would sometimes say to ill-behaved and rude children, "*Toi, tu n'es qu'un mauvais Kaintock.*" But still, fortunately for the future of New Orleans, the *Kaintock* continued to come, clad in his home-spun and home-dyed jeans—sometimes in the hunter's buckskin garb—the advance guard of that great subsequent immigration of *Americains*, who were destined to be seen, ten or fifteen years later, on the streets of the city, and of whose presence, about 1816, there is still extant in most abominable French, a reminder in the way of a quatrain which was sung by small boys, white as well as black, natives of the town, at the passing-by of these strange and unwelcome new-comers—

"*Méricain coquin,
Billé en nanquin,
Voleur di pain
Chez Miché D'Aquin !*"

Which may be thus freely rendered in English :

"American rogue !
Dressed in nankeen !
Stealer of bread,
Mr. D'Aquin !"

In 1802 New Orleans possessed a theatre—such as it was—situated on St. Peter street, in the middle of the block between Royal and Bourbon, on the left-hand side going toward the swamp. It was a long, low wooden structure, built of cypress and alarmingly exposed to the dangers of fire. Here, in 1799, half a dozen actors and actresses, refugees from the insurrection in San Domingo, gave acceptable performances, rendering comedy, drama, vaudevilles and comic

operas. But owing to various causes the drama at this place of amusement fell into decline, the theatre was closed after two years, and the majority of the actors and musicians were scattered. Some, however, remained, and these, with a few amateurs, residents of the city, formed another company in 1802. Several pieces were presented, among others one, by the amateurs, entitled *The Death of Cæsar*—the character of the illustrious Roman having been taken by an old citizen who had lived in the colony forty years. This gentleman, who was an ancient *militaire*, was very stout, and it required some ingenuity on the part of the audience to fail to recognize in this personage and in Antony, Brutus, Cassius, etc., the familiar lineaments of their unheroic *camarades* in daily life.

The devotees of the dance in those primitive days were compelled by circumstances to satisfy themselves with accommodations of the plainest description in the exercise of this amusement in public. In a plain, ill-conditioned, ill-lighted room in a wooden building situated on Condé street, between Ste. Ann and Du Maine—a hall perhaps eighty feet long and thirty wide—the adepts of Terpsichore met, unmasked, during the months of January and February, in what was called the Carnival season, to indulge, at the cost of fifty cents per head for entrance fee, in the fatiguing pleasures of the *contre-dances* of that day. Some came to dance, others to look on. Along the sides of the hall were ranged boxes, ascending gradually, in which usually sat the non-dancing mammas and the wall-flowers of more tender years. Below these boxes or *loges* were ranged seats for the benefit of the wearied among the fair dancers, and between these benches and chairs was a space some three feet in width, which was usually packed with the male dancers, awaiting their turn, and the lookers-on. The musicians were composed usually of five or six gypsies; and to the notes of their violins the dance went on gayly. The hall was usually opened twice a week—one night for adults, and one night for children—and was under the management of one Jean Louis Ponton, a native of Brittany, who died in New Orleans about 1820, and who once figured as an English prisoner of war.

Tradition has preserved the memory of quarrels and affrays that originated in, or were developed from, this ball-room. Sometimes these quarrels ended in duels with fatal results. To tread on one's toes, to brush against one, or to carry off by mistake the lady with whom one was to dance, was ample grounds for a challenge. Everything was arranged so nicely and quickly, even in the ball-room itself. The young man who had received the fearful insult of a crushed corn dropped his lady partner with her chaperone, and had a few minutes' conversation with some friend of his. In a very short time everything was arranged. A group of five or six young men would quietly slip out of the ball-room with a careless, indifferent smile on their faces. A proper place was close at hand. Just back of the Cathedral was a little plot of ground, known as St. Anthony Square, dedicated to church purposes, but never used. A heavy growth of shrubbery and evergreens concealed the central portion of this square from observation; and here, in the very heart of the town and only a few steps from the public ball-room on the rue d'Orleans, a duel could be carried on comfortably and without the least danger of interruption. If *colchemards*, or Creole rapiers, which were generally used, and are to this day, in Creole duels, could be obtained, they were brought into use; but, if this was impossible, the young men had to content themselves with sword-canes. According to the French code, the first blood, however slight, satisfied jealous honor. The swords were put up again; the victorious duelist returned to complete his dance, while his victim went home to bandage himself up.

There was one disturbance in particular, which promised at the time of its occurrence to provoke a serious riot between the natives and the Spaniards, and which furnishes a significant commentary on the ill-will that prevailed between the Creoles and their uninvited temporary rulers. One night the eldest son of the Governor-General, wearied out, perhaps, with the French *contre-dances* of the evening, several times interrupted the festivities by calling to the musicians to play the English *contre-dances*. At first the citizens, out of respect to him as the son of the

Governor, yielded to his arbitrary whim. But finally, seven French *contre-danses* having been formed, the Governor's son again cried out: "*Contre-danses Anglaises!*" To this, the dancers in the sets replied, by crying out in a still more animated tone: "*Contre-danses Françaises!*" The young Spaniard, backed by some of his adherents repeated his call for the English *contre-danses*, and as the dancers and the spectators redoubled their cries of "*Contre-danses Françaises!*" the young man in the confusion of cries and tongues, ordered the musicians to cease playing, an order which was promptly obeyed. What followed has been graphically described by a writer who was in the city shortly after the event.

"The Spanish officer," says this gentleman, "who was deputed to preserve good order at this place, thought only of pleasing the Governor's son, and ordered up his guard composed of twelve grenadiers, who entered the ball room with swords at their sides and with fixed bayonets. It is even said that, the tumult having redoubled at the sight of this guard, he gave the order to fire on the crowd unless it should disperse at once; but that is only what people say. Imagine, now, the terror of the women, and the fury of the men, whose numbers were increased by the addition of their friends who flocked in from the gaming-halls. The grenadiers on one side and the players and dancers on the other were about to come to blows; on the one hand were guns, bayonets and sabres—on the other side, swords, benches, chairs, and whatever could be conveniently utilized as a weapon of offense or defense. During all this squabble, what was done by several Americans, peaceably disposed individuals, accustomed to the prudent and advantageous role of neutrality, and who had pronounced for neither the English nor the French *contre-danses*? They carried away from the battle-field the ladies who had fainted, and, loaded with these precious burdens, they made a path for themselves through the bayonets and swords and reached the street. M——, a French merchant of the city, running from a gaming-room to the assistance of his wife, found her already outside of the dancing hall in a fainting condition and in the arms of four Americans who were bearing her off.

"The confusion was at its height, and the scene seemed to be about to be transformed into a bloody one, in which the farce begun by the Governor's son should end in a tragedy. It was at this critical moment that three young Frenchmen who had but recently arrived in the city ascended into the boxes that lined the hall, and harangued the company with eloquence and firmness, urging peace and harmony, in the interest of the sex whose cause they had espoused. They succeeded, like new Mentors, in calming the agitation of all alike, pacifying the minds of the antagonists, and restoring order and concord. Even the dancing was resumed and continued the rest of the night in the presence of the old Governor, who repaired to the spot to affirm by his presence the happy pacification that had been effected; the victory remained to the French *contre-danses*, and the officer of the guard escaped with the simple penalty of being put under arrest next day."

The *cordon bleu* balls were most productive of these dueling encounters. The quadrone women, from whom these balls take their name, were probably the handsomest race of women in the world. They were, besides this, splendid dancers, and finished dressers. The balls were, consequently, very popular with gentlemen, and nearly all had a favorite among these women. They were also popular with strangers, many of whom came from Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas, and it was between these and the Creoles that the trouble oftenest arose, and almost, invariably from jealousy excited by too much attention paid to some gentleman's favorite. Duels were fought with pistols and small swords, the French and Creoles invariably choosing the latter and the Americans almost as invariably choosing the former. The small sword duels were generally fought in halls or rooms, while those with fire-arms were of course fought in the open air. "The Oaks" was a favorite duelling ground, as was also a place on the Metairie road called "Les trois Capalins," or the three sisters, from three principal trees which grew there.

Bernard Marigny, of the most illustrious family in Louisiana, was a great wag. Among his friends was a Monsieur Tissier, afterward a prominent judge, who was a confirmed beau, or dude we would call him in this generation. Marigny delighted in nothing more than to quiz his

friend, and did so upon every occasion. Meeting him in the street or in the ball room, Marigny would throw up his hands, assume an attitude and expression of the most intense admiration, and exclaim, "What a beau you are! How I do admire you!" Monsieur Tissier bore it for a long time without remonstrance, but forbearance at last ceased to be a virtue, and he insisted that Monsieur Marigny should be more considerate of his feelings. Monsieur Marigny waited until he met his friend in a ball-room among the ladies, and repeated the offensive exclamation, whereupon Monsieur Tissier challenged him. The challenge was accepted, pistols were chosen, and the whilom friends repaired to the Oaks. They were placed in position, and the word was about to be given, when Monsieur Marigny threw up his hands, his face assumed the old expression and he said in tones of the deepest grief, "How I admire you! Is it possible that I am soon to make a corpse of Beau Tissier?" Monsieur Tissier's anger was not proof against this attack, and he burst into laughter, threw himself into his opponent's arms, and the duel was brought to a sudden and peaceful termination.

Another affair is recorded somewhat later, in which Monsieur Marigny was also one of the principals. Marigny was sent to the Legislature in 1817, at which time there was a very strong political antagonism between the Creoles and Americans, which provoked many warm debates in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Catahoula parish was represented by a Georgian giant, an ex-blacksmith, named Humble, a man of plain ways, but possessed of many sterling qualities. He was remarkable as much for his immense stature as for his political diplomacy, standing, as he did, nearly seven feet in his stockings. It happened that an impassioned speech of Monsieur Marigny was replied to by the Georgian, and the latter was so extremely pointed in his allusions that his opponent felt himself aggrieved and sent a challenge to mortal combat. The Georgian was non-plussed. "I know nothing of this duelling business," said he; "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend; "no gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia; "I am only a blacksmith."

"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends; "you have the choice of weapons, and you can choose in such a way as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."

The giant asked time to consider the proposition, and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to Monsieur Marigny:

"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."

Monsieur Marigny was about five feet eight inches in height, and his adversary was almost seven as has been stated. The conceit of the Georgian so pleased Monsieur Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied, and the duel did not take place.

The father of Bernard Marigny, the hero of these anecdotes, was a Creole of immense wealth and distinction. It was he who received Louis Philippe, when he came to this country, on his plantation, which comprised the territory afterward laid out as a faubourg, and now the most densely populated portion of the city. When the father died, Bernard inherited his wealth, and laid out the plantation in squares, and called it the Faubourg Marigny. The ground was sold at a large profit and Bernard became the wealthiest man of his time.

However insignificant and rude may seem to us this ball-room of Condé street and of the year 1802, it must not be supposed that the citizens of that day were not vain of it. Far removed as they were from the great world and its powerful centres, the good people of our little municipality looked upon it almost as a Ridotto, a Vauxhall, or a *grand bal de l'opéra de Paris*.

A singular custom of the period and one so generally observed among the families of planters living within thirty or forty miles of New Orleans as almost to have been a fashion of the day, was to transport the sick from the country to the city, there to be treated by the physicians of the town. Nearly every well-regulated family possessed its copy of the medical

hand-books of Tissot and Duchan (translated) and when, on the occasion of sickness, it became necessary to prescribe medicines, these were the authorities consulted. But when the sickness threatened to become serious the patient was brought to New Orleans and placed in the hands of one of the dozen or so surgeons who practiced in the city and who were, indifferently, surgeons, physicians, apothecaries, and even *accoucheurs*, according to the necessities of the case.

The authority of the Spanish rulers of the colony was mildly exercised in 1802. The citizens of New Orleans, assured full liberty under the civil and municipal rather than military rule that prevailed, had little reason to complain. Everyone, in town and country, enjoyed the ordinary independence of the law-abiding citizen. The duty of preserving the peace was confided to a few soldiers and citizens who patrolled the streets, rather negligently it must be confessed. Hence crimes were not infrequent—a result which might have been anticipated from the number of *cabarets*, constantly open, where the white and black *canaille*, thieves, etc., drank to excess, night and day, and from the numerous gambling dens and ball-rooms of the lower class. One of these last, the *maison* Coquet, notorious in its day, situated nearly in the center of the town, often posted its advertisements at the street corners, with the express permission, as announced in the placard, of the Honorable Civil Governor of the city.

Rents on the rue de la Levée and the streets nearest to the river were much higher than in other parts of the town. Immigration had tended to double the price of nearly every commodity, and as the commerce of the place was carried on near the Levee, in front of the city, where were moored the flatboats, the pirogues (small vessels of six or eight tons, with a latteen sail), and the schooners and few barks and ships that constituted the shipping, rooms and houses in that quarter were held at high rents. A barrel of rice cost in the market from eight to nine dollars; a turkey from \$1.50 to \$2.00; a capon from 75 cents to \$1.00; a hen from 50 cents to 75 cents; a pair of small pigeons 75 cents; a barrel of flour from seven to eight dollars. The average expenses, without superfluities, of a family consisting of father, mother, a few children and two or three servants, would have amounted to not less than \$2,000 per annum under ordinary circumstances.

The city was guarded at night by Spanish watchmen, who sang out the hours as well as the state of the weather—"nine o'clock and cloudy," or "ten o'clock and the weather is clear," as the case might be. In the daytime the gens d'armes patrolled the city in squads of four or five, each with a full uniform of gold lace, cocked hat and sword. Many were the battles fought between the gens d'armes and the flat-boatmen.

The city guard of those days wore a most imposing uniform. His cocked hat, his deep-blue frock coat, his breast straps of black leather supporting cartridge box and bayonet scabbard, his old flint-lock musket and his short sword made him an object of profound respect on the part of the small boys, and a terror to the slaves who happened to be out a little late. These proud old guardians of the peace were not compelled to do beat duty. Early in the evening the sergeant would gather his squad together in the guardroom, which adjoined the old calaboose, and under his orders the corporal would put his men through the manual of arms. Then with muskets at a right shoulder, they would march off on their patrol.

The limits extended as far up as Canal, down to Esplanade street and back to Rampart. Beyond this, nothing but swamps and neighboring plantations were to be seen. After making a tour they returned to the guardroom, to make a second round later. If a disturbance occurred the guard had to be sent for, as it would have been almost a breach of discipline to have been on hand in time to prevent a fight, or to disperse a crowd before a riot had already taken place.

They bore themselves with that stern, sullen demeanor that awed the peaceable and amused the gay spirits of those days. Frequently in the upper portion of the city, where the Kentucky flatboatmen mostly did congregate, were the gens d'armes ignominiously put to flight, swords, muskets and all.

The old calaboose in which they incarcerated the victims of their displeasure was a curious old building of Spanish style. It was situated on St. Peter street, just in the rear of what is now the Supreme Court room, and occupied all the space down to within about fifty feet of Royal street, where now there are private dwellings. It was two stories in height, with walls of great thickness. Opening on St. Peter street where now runs St. Anthony's alley, near the Arsenal, was the huge iron gateway. The ponderous door was one mass of bars and crossbars and opened upon an ante-room, on either side of which were the officers' rooms. Passing through a second iron door one entered the body of the prison, a gloomy, dismal-looking place, as silent as the dungeons of the old Inquisition. A number of windows opened on the street, through which the inmates drew what little fresh air they got. The building was put up in the year 1795, by Don Almonaster, when the Cabildo or City Council occupied the present Supreme Court rooms. When the Territorial Government of Louisiana was formed it was still used as a calaboose, and, as imprisonment for debt was then allowed, its upper story was given up to unfortunate debtors.

After the close of the war with England, New Orleans began to grow rapidly, and overflowed beyond its ancient boundaries. The old Marigny plantation below had been cut up into squares, and new comers were building there, whilst, above, scattered houses showed that the people could not be confined to the narrow and restricted limits of the ramparts. A new and larger prison became necessary, and in 1834 the foundations for the present Parish Prison were laid just back of Congo square. As soon as it was completed all the prisoners were carried thither, and the work of demolishing the calaboose was commenced. It was a work of much more difficulty than was expected. The mortar of the Spaniards, made from the lime of lake shells, was as tenacious as the most durable cement, and would not yield. It was found easier to cut through the solid bricks than to try to separate them, and, therefore, the work of tearing the old donjon down occupied some time. There is a story of how the workmen discovered skeletons bricked up in the walls, and chains and shackles in the vaults, but none of our citizens who were living at that time ever saw any of those ghastly souvenirs of Spanish rule.

Beneath the building, it is true, they came across some three or four deep vaults, which had not apparently been used for years, and this was enough to give rise to the report that they had discovered the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition. The tale has come down, and many old Creoles still believe it.

After it had been razed to the ground, parties claimed the ground, alleging that the Spanish Government had occupied the site without reimbursing them, and accordingly it was awarded to them, and private dwellings were built upon it, saving an alleyway, which now intersects Cathedral Alley.

In those days flatboating was a business of immense proportions. The flatboatman was a distinct character, like no one else in the world, and disposed to believe himself a superior being. Rough as he was, a great deal was owed to him, and his lack of refinement is lost sight of in the contemplation of his worth as a pioneer. He was the only medium of trade in those days with the Northwest, and his real importance was, perhaps, not overrated even by himself.

The crews of the flatboats, after a passage of many weeks, during which they underwent hardships that we know nothing of in these days of railroads and steamboats, were disposed to enjoy themselves at the end of their journey, and their idea of enjoyment was in harmony with their rough lives. When they came on shore they spent their money like lords, and assumed privileges in accordance with their individual views of their own importance. They resented interference, and were disposed to protect their rights with their muscle.

The natural consequence was war. In these battles the flatboatmen, armed with clubs, were as often victorious as the gens d'armes, armed with swords. When their carousals were over they went peaceably across the lake on some sailing craft, and made their way back to their Northern homes overland and on foot, through the Indian country, leaving their boats to

be utilized as junk shops, or to be still more debased by doing duty as sidewalks or banquettes. To come by a keel boat from Louisville, Kentucky, to New Orleans took over three months. Very few passengers employed this mode of travel, the custom being to go overland on horseback through the Indian country.

Socially, the people were happier in those times than now. Their wants were few, their tastes simple. Balls were the most popular form of amusement, and the play came next. These two were all, and they were sufficient. They extracted genuine enjoyment from a ball. Here was found pleasant social intercourse, and the excitement of the minuet, the reel and the contra-dance filled the measure of their requirements.

The old colored nurse, the Creole "mammy" was the ideal servant—a good cook, a thorough nurse, a second mother to the children, but teaching them to prattle a horrible jargon, sometimes called "gombo," and again "Creole." The negro lingo of Virginia is classical compared with the jargon of the Creole negro. Whether it was that French was a language too difficult for their tongues, or whether it was due to the presence of so many *nègres brutes*, wild negroes of African birth, in the colony, cannot be said; it is only known that they spoke a distinct patois—another language from that of their masters, made up of about equal parts of French and African words, and absolutely incomprehensible to an ordinary Frenchman. Who was to know that "*ma pe couri*," was gombo for "*je m'en vais*," "I am going away;" "*mo va taye li*," for "*je vais le fouetter*," "I am going to whip him;" "*me ganyé choue*," for "*j'ai un cheval*," "I have a horse"? The whole gibberish contained but a few hundred words and was without tense, mood or grammar. One word did duty for a hundred, and the very animals and trees were without distinctive titles, because the language was not rich enough to give them names.

There were a few Indian slaves. They were always troublesome, not submitting to slavery as readily as their African brethren, and becoming finally so dangerous that the government interfered and issued the first American emancipation proclamation, freeing all the Indians. The result was a negro rising which was put down only with considerable loss of life, and which was commemorated for some time afterward by the decapitated heads of the negro leaders, which were stuck on pikes at the city gates to overawe the colored population.

In those days, the children cast fearful glances under the old beds with their baldachins while the old negro nurse told of Compe Bouqui (the clown of the negroes), and the knavery of Compe Lapin, whose type represents punchinello of Europe, or sang some of those Creole ballads whose simple and touching melody goes right to the heart and makes you dream of unknown worlds.

One of the favorite stories was that of Jean Bras Coupé, captain of the runaway negroes of Bayou Sara, who filled the whole of Louisiana with the reports of his sanguinary exploits. He resisted alone, this hero of the swamps, all the expeditions sent in pursuit of him. Strange rumors were in circulation on this subject. Sometimes it was a detachment of troops that had ventured to the haunt of this brigand, who disappeared without anyone being able to discover any trace of them. Sometimes it was the hunter, who told of a ball flattened against the breast of Bras Coupé, whose skin was rendered invulnerable by certain herbs with which he rubbed it. The negroes asserted that his look fascinated, and that he fed on human flesh.

He was finally captured and condemned to be hung in the square opposite the Cathedral. He had been attacked by a terrible scurvy, and the infecting odors exhaled by his corpse, two hours after his execution, made them bury him contrary to the law, that condemned him to remain suspended to the gallows for two days.

Sometimes the old negro servant interrupted this tale to exorcise a "zombi," whose impure breath she felt on her face; and the children shivered with fright and gathered around the grandmother, who crossed herself and went on with the story.

NEW ORLEANS IN 1805.

Governor Claiborne, when he came down here to inspect Louisiana and take possession of New Orleans, noticed among the curiosities and striking buildings of the city a saw mill with two saws turned by horses, a wooden-horse riding circus for children, a French theatre, two banks, a custom-house, navy-yard, barracks, a fort, public storehouses, government house - (its hospital has been lately burnt), a Catholic church of the first order in size and elegance, and the Capitol, a superb building adjoining the church, both built by a Spaniard, at an expense of half a million dollars, and presented by him to the Spanish Government at New Orleans. The cotton presses of the city give much labor, and the *pressing song* of the men is interesting. It is similar to the *heave ho!* of the sailor, with this difference, that several are engaged in singing, and each has his part, consisting of two or three appropriate words, tuned to his own fancy, so as to make harmony with the other. Other presses go by horse and steam power, where the men have no other labor than rolling in the bales, untying, retying, etc. They repress a bale in seven or ten minutes.

NEW ORLEANS IN 1822.

The first directory ever published in New Orleans, in 1822, gives the following description of the city, showing the changes that had taken place under American rule :

The city is regularly laid out ; the streets are generally thirty-eight feet wide, and with few exceptions cross each other at right angles ; Orleans street is forty-five feet wide ; Esplanade and Rampart streets, each 108 feet ; Canal street, 171 ; and Champs Elysees street, 160 feet.

The spacious streets which bound the city, namely, Canal, Rampart and Esplanade streets and the levee, have lately been planted with four rows of the sycamore or butter-wood tree, which in the course of a few years will afford a fine shade, contribute to the health of the city and present one of the most elegant promenades in the United States. There are several large public squares, one of which, *The Place of Arms*, 350 feet on the levee, by 330 in depth to Chartres street, is very handsome, being planted with trees, and inclosed with an iron palisade, having beautifully ornamented gateways of the same metal. The Circus *public square*, is planted with trees, and inclosed, and is very noted on account of its being the place where the Congo and other negroes *dance, carouse and debauch on the Sabbath*, to the great injury of the morals of the rising generation ; it is a foolish custom, that elicits the ridicule of most respectable persons who visit the city ; but if it is not considered good policy to abolish the practice entirely, surely they could be ordered to assemble at some place more distant from the houses, by which means the evil would be measurably remedied.

Those streets that are not paved in the middle, have brick sidewalks, and gutters formed of wood, which are kept clean by the black prisoners of the city, who are generally runaways, carrying heavy chains to prevent them making their escape.

The wells are generally from five to fifteen feet in depth, the water in them is clear from salt, but unpleasant to the taste, and unfit for drinking or washing of clothes. Drinking water, and that used for cooking and the washing of clothes, is taken from the river, carried through the city for sale, in hogsheads or carts, and sold at the rate of four buckets for six and a quarter cents, or fifty cents per hogshead. The water for drinking is either filtered through a porous stone or is placed in a large jar, and cleared by alum, etc. The water is considered wholesome.

In consequence of the deposits of earthy particles from the eddy part of the river, the harbor above St. Louis street becomes more shallow annually ; and below the said street it deepens, as the channel or main current approaches the shore. It is thought by most persons that the water ought to be introduced from the river into the city, from above the eddy and point, as it is certainly more pure than that opposite the city, *where it becomes impregnated with all kinds of filth, the very thought of which is sufficient to turn the stomach of a person of delicate constitution.*

The buildings of the city were formerly almost entirely of wood, but those recently erected are, for the most part, neatly built of brick, covered with slate or tile. On the streets nearest the river the houses are principally of brick, from one to four stories high, but in the back part of the town they are generally of wood. The buildings have no cellars, except the vacancy, in some of them, formed between the ground and lower floor, which is raised five or six feet from the earth. The houses are built without cellars, in consequence of the dampness of the earth, water being found generally by digging from one and a-half to three feet; but an experiment has lately been made in the new stores, New Levee, above Gravier street, which promises to be highly useful. The cellars are lined with strong plank, the joints of which are caulked and pitched, to keep out the water; and which is found to answer, notwithstanding the surface of the water in the river is at this time higher than the bottom of the cellars.

There are two villages, McDonoughville and Duvergesville, on the opposite side of the river, where ship-building is carried on, and where a number of vessels are always harbored; this port is considered as part of the port of New Orleans. A steam ferry-boat keeps up a constant and regular communication between this city and the opposite shore; it starts from the Levee, near the Market House.

The barracks and military hospital have been sold, cut through by Hospital street, and converted to private use, by being altered into stores and dwellings. The fortifications erected in former times for the defence of the place, were found not to answer the intended purpose, and have therefore been entirely removed, and new places of defence have been built at more distant and judicious points. "It is likewise defended by nature; on one side by the river, and on the other by a swamp that no labor can reclaim, and no effort can penetrate; it is only to be approached through a defile three-fourths of a mile in width, which, being protected by a breast-work, manned by 5,000 men (for a greater number could not operate), New Orleans, in point of strength, is another Gibraltar; she laughs defiance at the most powerful invaders."

The incorporated portion of New Orleans embraces the city proper, and the suburbs St. Mary, above, and Marigny, below, being between Delord street, the upper boundary, and D'Enghien street, the lowest boundary. The city is governed by a Mayor and City Council, and a number of wholesome ordinances have been passed for the establishment and support of order. The city is guarded at night by about fifty armed men, who, during the daytime, are generally private citizens. They patrol the streets in small squads, which are generally, and should always be, composed of persons capable of speaking both French and English.

Every exertion has been made to render the city more healthy; the low ground in the rear has been drained by ditching, and care is taken to remove all nuisances.

A cannon is fired at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in the summer, as a signal for all sailors, soldiers and blacks to go to their respective homes, and all such persons found in the streets afterwards, without a *pass* from their employers or masters, are taken to the calaboose or city prison; it is also a notice for groceries and taverns, with the exception of a few reputable hotels and coffee-houses, to be closed.

The present population of the city and suburbs of New Orleans is about 40,000. The population was much increased by the unfortunate French immigrants from San Domingo, and afterward, in 1809, by those who were compelled to flee from the island of Cuba, to the number of about 10,000. The population is much mixed, consisting of foreign and native French, Americans born in the State, and from every State in the Union; a few Spaniards and foreigners from almost every nation; consequently the society is much diversified, and there is no general fixed character. There is a great "*confusion of tongues*," and on the levee, during a busy day, can be seen people of every grade, color, and condition; in short, it is a world in miniature.

The State Prison, in 1821, contained 236 debtors and criminals, and the calaboose, or city prison, 140 black and colored prisoners, generally runaways, who are employed on the public works and the streets.

(The unfortunate debtor was at that time confined in the same prison with criminals.)

The Charity Hospital is situated on Canal street, and consists of two large white buildings, having a number of convenient apartments, which are kept remarkably clean. The lot on which these buildings stand embraces the whole square between Canal and Common, and Basin and St. Philip streets. About 1,800 males and females were admitted during the year 1821, and the average number of the patients is about 130. Sick persons wishing admission, apply to the Mayor of the city, or to one of the administrators.

There are, besides the above, the Masonic and Naval Hospitals, and a private hospital.

The Poydras Female Orphan Asylum, situated at 153 Poydras street, is a neat, new frame building with a large garden. This institution commenced its operations in 1816, with 14 orphans, which increased in 1821 to 41. *Any female child in want* may be admitted by consent of the board, though not an orphan. The constitution declares "that they shall provide a house for the reception of indigent female orphans and widows, which shall be enlarged according to the income of the society."

This excellent charitable establishment owed its existence, principally, to the liberality of Julien Poydras, who contributed a house and the large lot on which the new house stands. The State Legislature voted \$4,000.

New Orleans appears to have been pretty well supplied with educational institutions at that time, as the following enumeration of the various establishments will show: The New Orleans College, a large building, situated at the corner of Bayou and St. Claude streets; an Academy on the Levee, two miles below town, under the direction of the Rev. Bertrand Martial and several other gentlemen attached to the Catholic clergy, where sixty boys receive the benefit of their united labors; an academy under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Hull, No. 2 Bourbon street, below Canal street; four schools on the plan of Joseph Lancaster, one of which, 77 Chartres street, under the superintendence of the Rev. Michael Portier, an academy with 170 boys; a large brick school on Magazine street, under the direction of Francis F. Lafon; one for young ladies, 27 Conti street; one for colored boys and girls; an academy for young ladies in the convent of the Ursuline nuns, where about sixty scholars receive "the most accomplished education, *with the exception of dancing*;" twenty-five orphans are supported and educated gratis in a separate apartment, and as many poor day-scholars. Also several other academies, and forty-eight common schools, some of which are for persons of color.

Among the public buildings standing in 1822 may be mentioned: The City Hall or Principal, with a front on Chartres street of 103 feet, built in 1795, in which are the City Council chamber, city officers and city guard; the City and State Prisons, on St. Peters street, in the rear of and adjoining the City Hall; the Presbytery, with a front on Condé street, of 114 feet, built in 1813, in which the Supreme, District and Parish Courts hold their sessions; the Government House, built in 1761, where the Legislature meets and in which is the Treasurer's office and the Orleans Library, of about 6,000 volumes; the Customhouse, a spacious, plain brick building, with a coating of white plaster, situated on the levee, where, besides the offices connected with the customs, are the United States District Court-room, and offices of the United States District Clerk, Attorney, Marshal and Land; the Charity Hospital, on Canal street, a large building, erected in 1815; the Ursuline Convent, built 1733; the New Orleans College, built 1812; the Market House, a neat building about 300 feet long, situated on the levee, near the Place of Arms, contains more than 100 stalls, erected in 1813; the Orleans Theatre, with Davis' Hotel, and the Orleans Ball-room, a considerable pile of brick buildings, first erected in 1813, destroyed by fire in 1815, rebuilt and furnished with a very handsome front and interior decorations in 1816 (there were dramatic performances here almost every night throughout the year by full and respectable French and English companies, who played alternately); the St. Philip street Theatre, a neat brick building, with a handsome interior, erected in 1810. The public expectation, for a long time manifested for an American theatre, will soon be realized, as Mr. Caldwell, the manager of the American Theatre, has purchased the ground between Gravier and Poydras streets for a theatre. Liberal subscriptions have been made, and it is said that

the foundation of a large and elegant edifice, to be styled the American Theatre, will be laid in June next. A new brick market-house, 42 feet in width, by from 200 to 250 feet in length, is to be built immediately on the upper end of the batture, between St. Joseph and Delord streets. A new and handsome brick building is to be erected at the corner of Orleans and Bourbon streets, for the accommodation of all the courts and public officers of the parish. It is contemplated to build a corn and vegetable market. The State Bank is a neat brick building with a coat of white plastering, and there are two other banks, kept in buildings that were formerly dwellings, altered for their reception. The Louisiana Insurance Office is a small but neat brick building. The United States Navy Yard and stores, a marine barracks, quartermasters' stores, an ordnance arsenal, with a great number of mounted field and battering cannon, mortars, shells, balls and other implements of war; and a fine commodious building, erected exclusively for the accommodation of different lodges and Free Masons, may be mentioned as the most important buildings in the city.

Among the public institutions of this city are a branch of the United States Bank, and two others, whose joint capital is \$3,000,000—three insurance companies, whose joint capital is \$1,000,000; besides there are agents of four foreign insurance companies; the New Orleans Library Society, two medical societies, and a board of medical examiners.

There are no less than nineteen lodges of the various orders of Free Masons in New Orleans, and the Grand Lodge of Louisiana was formed and constituted on the twentieth day of the month of June, 1820, and of Masonry, 5820, by five regular lodges which then existed in the State, and deriving their charters from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. There is a "Female Charity Society," the object of which is to relieve women and children laboring under sickness, and for the accommodation of whom it is contemplated to build an hospital. There are several handsome ball-rooms, where balls are frequent and well attended by the inhabitants, more particularly the French.

The means for extinguishing fires are twelve fire-engines and hose, ladders, hooks, and a great number of leather fire-buckets; "the Washington Fire Society," has been formed for the protection of property; each member is provided with two leather buckets, two bags four feet long, a bed-screw and a knapsack. The citizens, during fire, are generally active, are set a worthy example by the indefatigable Mayor and Fire Wardens, who, on an alarm, are amongst the first to repair to the spot. In order to remedy the evil of fire, no other than brick houses are allowed to be erected within the compactly built part of the city.

Perhaps no city in the Union can boast of being better lighted than New Orleans. There are 250 of the most complete and brilliant reflecting lamps, suspended to iron chains, which are stretched from the corners of houses or high posts, diagonally across the junctions of the various streets, in such a manner as to be seen in a range from the middle of any street, the cost of which is about forty-five dollars each.

The following were the various branches of manufactures and business carried on in the city and suburbs of New Orleans at that time, embracing the professional, mercantile, mechanical and other establishments, namely: many physicians and counsellors-at-law; 260 mercantile establishments; wholesale grocery and dry goods merchants, carrying on an extensive trade in produce and merchandise; seven auctioneers, with a great business; 102 retail dry-goods stores, twenty-seven millinery and fancy stores and a number of small shops of various kinds; a number of billiard tables; the Planters' and Merchants' Hotel, a spacious building, 60 feet front, situated on Canal street, containing upwards of one hundred rooms, besides which there were other very extensive hotels and coffee-houses, that had not their superiors in the Union; 350 taverns and groceries, retail, and seventy groceries that sell by wholesale, besides a number of porter and oyster houses, etc.; one public bath-house, two fumigating bath-houses; thirty-two blacksmiths, five brass-founders, one bell-hanger, thirty-seven barbers, one brewery, twelve bricklayers; nine book and stationery stores, four bookbinders; the New Orleans Society library, kept in the Government House, containing 6,000 volumes, principally in

French and English, and one English and one French circulating library; nine book and newspaper printing offices; the following daily gazettes were printed: "The Louisiana Courier," the "Orleans Gazette and Commercial Advertiser," the "Louisiana Advertiser," the "Friend of the Laws," the "Louisiana Gazette," and the "Commercial Report," a weekly paper; three of these were printed in French and the same number in English; one lithographic printer, many commission and exchange brokers, four lottery offices, thirty-seven coopers, fifty-three cabinet makers; many builders, carpenters and bricklayers; six large steam saw-mills, one of which was of brick, embracing a grist mill, and was built by Dr. Geo. Hunter; 105 cordwainers, employing 153 persons; sixteen confectioners and pastry cooks; a number of public officers; several surveyors; four carvers and gilders, thirteen coach and harness-makers, forty-four coach, sign, ship and ornamental painters, glaziers and paper-hangers; thirteen portrait and miniature painters; several landscape and scene painters; four musical instrument makers and stores; many musicians, dancing and fencing masters; two chocolate manufacturers, six cutters, a number of French and English comedians, five chair stores and makers, twenty-four drug and apothecary stores; six large rum distilleries, three for gin and nine for cordials; seven dentists, four dyers and scourers, three engravers; two iron foundries, lately established; one fringe maker, a number of gardeners, fowlers, fishermen, oystermen, boatmen, mariners, caulkers, stevedores, riggers and ship carpenters; five sail makers; three furniture stores, thirteen glass china and queensware stores; seventeen gunsmiths; a very great number of *would-be gentlemen and ladies*, or, in other words, persons who had no apparent business; four working hatter shops; fifty-six hat, shoe and clothing stores; twenty-one hardware and ship chandlery stores; a number of perfumers and hair dressers, two ice houses, one laboratory; several large livery stables and veterinary hospitals, a number of wood and lumber merchants, two last makers, one screw cutter, several mill-wrights and engineers, one mathematical instrument-maker, two mineral water establishments, a number of midwives and nurses, many notaries, translators, interpreters and ship brokers; three pump, block and mast-makers; one plumber, two rope-walks, twelve saddlers and saddlery stores, one sugar refinery, four stone-cutters, one spectacle-maker, two sculptors, many shoeblacks, sixty-two working tailor-shops, nineteen tin and copper smiths; a great number of traders, peddlers and travelling merchants, of all colors, four tanners and curriers, seventy-seven tobacconists and sugar-makers, employing 417 hands; four soap and candle manufactories, eight turners in wood and metals, a number of victuallers and sausage-makers, twenty-two upholsterers and mattress-makers, two umbrella-makers, eight wheelwrights, and fifty-six watch-makers, gold and silver smiths and jewelry stores, 450 licensed drays and carts, sixteen two-wheeled and thirteen four-wheeled carriages for hire.

There were a number of extensive cotton pressing and tobacco warehouses, among which were the large *fire-proof* warehouses of Mr. B. Rilleux, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets, worthy of particular notice. They were commenced in 1806; they were on Tchoupitoulas, Poydras and Magazine streets, with passages leading to each, and contained 11,500 bales of cotton; there were three cotton presses—one by steam, one hydraulic, and one by horse-power; with this range of buildings were eight wells, a fire-engine, hose and fire-buckets for extinguishing fire, if it should occur, and twenty-five men who slept in the yard. This building, with the lots, presses, etc., cost about \$150,000; the passages and alleys through this building were paved with pebble stones in 1806, so that this gentleman has the credit of being the first to introduce that necessary and important improvement in highways.

Mr. Benjamin Morgan followed Mr. Rilleux in the important experiments of improving the highways, by paving Gravier street with pebble stone, between Tchoupitoulas and Magazine streets, which was so well executed as to stand the test of some years, and convinced every thinking person of its utility.

CHAPTER IV.—BY RAIL.

HOW TO REACH NEW ORLEANS—THE VARIOUS RAILROAD LINES CENTERING THERE—REMINISCENCES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO—THE FIRST RAILROAD IN THE UNITED STATES—ITS STYLE OF ENGINES AND CARS—STREET CAR AND FERRY LINES.

The Pontchartrain Railroad, out Elysian Fields street to Milneburg, was the first railroad for general transportation completed in the United States, and was opened for traffic in 1830. The President of the Company was Morris W. Hoffman, of Maryland, then a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, and among the Board of Directors were Judge Eustis, Samuel J. Peters, and Messrs. Pritchard, Hewlett, Cornelius Paulding and others, all of whom have died long since.

The Albany & Schenectady, Baltimore & Ohio, and Camden & Amboy Railroads were commenced about the same time as the Pontchartrain Railroad, but the latter was completed and in use before any of the others. The capital stock of the company was originally \$500,000. Capt. John Grant contracted to build the road, and when it was finished he was made Superintendent. While acting in that capacity, he had the honor of running the first locomotive over the Pontchartrain Railroad that ever turned a wheel south of the Potomac River. This engine never went into regular service on the road, being too light for the purposes for which it was intended. It was built in Cincinnati, Ohio, by a man named Thomas Shields, and was originally designed for a turnpike locomotive. Finding that his invention did not answer his expectations in this respect, Shields changed the wheels to flange wheels, and there being then no railroad on which to use his invention at Cincinnati he shipped it on a steamboat, and in 1832 arrived in New Orleans. He took rooms at Richardson's Hotel, on Conti street, and placed himself in communication with the officers of the old Pontchartrain Railroad Company. They agreed to allow him to test the merits of his engine on their road, and referred him to Capt. Grant. After the engine had been fitted up and placed on the rails, Shields could not find an engineer to run the locomotive, and Capt. Grant volunteered, and one morning a coach was attached and steam raised. The engine did not possess power enough to make the apparatus a success, and Capt. Grant so informed Shields. The latter had expended all his money on the perfection of his engine, was indebted to the boat for freight charges as well as his own passage, and could not liquidate his board bill at the hotel. In this dire strait he appealed to Capt. Grant, begging the latter to make him an offer for the engine. Capt. Grant candidly informed him that he could not pay him anything near the money which the construction of the locomotive had cost, as he could not utilize it as it stood. If he bought it he would have to dismantle it, and apply one of the engines to use it as a motor to turn a lathe and grindstone in the repair shops of the company. He therefore made Shields an offer of \$1,000 for the locomotive, which was accepted, and soon afterwards the inventor left for Cincinnati.

For many years afterwards this engine did service in the shops, and was finally superseded by more modern and improved machinery. The first locomotive in actual service on the Pontchartrain Railroad was the "Creole," and soon afterwards the locomotive "Pontchartrain" was received and placed in service. The coaches were of every design and pattern, and a train of cars presented a unique appearance which compared with those of the present day would be ludicrous in the extreme; but at that time they were a source of admiration and wonder to everybody.

The road, according to the measurement of the engineers, was originally $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and there was a turntable at each end of the line. The engine, when it reached the end of the run, was detached from the tender and turned; then in succession the tender and each of the cars

were turned and the train again made up for the return trip. The fare for the round trip was 75 cents, and the transportation of freight was attended by a corresponding high rate of charges.

The loading and unloading of freight to and from the cars was accomplished by means of a crane, by which it was picked up or deposited on the floor of the depot.

Captain Grant, after mature deliberation, concluded that the handling of freight would be greatly facilitated by building a raised platform, and broached the subject to the directors of the road. They were opposed to this plan, but he was confident that it would be successful, and the next day commenced the work. He left instructions with his men that if the President or any of the officers came and ordered them to cease operations not to pay any attention, but to continue the work.

As he had anticipated, the President did visit the depot, and on ascertaining what was going on he ordered the men to cease. They however continued, and after the platform was built Captain Grant invited the directors to visit the depot and witness the loading and unloading of freight.

Thus it is that New Orleans not only has the honor of having the first railroad on this continent, but also that of the first freight platform in the world. It was not until after the year 1858 that the raised platform was finally adopted generally throughout England and Europe.

The first schedules for trains over the Pontchartrain railroad provided for hourly trips, the train leaving each alternate hour from either the city or Milneburg. The demand for transportation for both passengers and freight was so great that it was desired to place two trains on, but there being only a single track built, the running of these trains was impossible.

Capt. Grant was also found equal to this emergency, and commenced the construction of a side track at Gentilly Ridge, which, when completed, answered all the requirements.

The first locomotives were not provided with cabs for the engineers and firemen, who were thus exposed to all the variations of weather. The smokestacks were straight, and not supplied with spark arresters, and cinders and sparks flew into the cars so that accidents in which the clothing of the passengers took fire were frequent. The adoption of the funnel-shaped stack and other improvements obviated this danger.

It was the original intention of the company to build a solid pier of earth, shells and brick protected by wooden fascines, out into the lake; and they did, indeed, erect about five hundred feet of it, which yet stands as firm as a rock. This work was covered with an arched roof, high enough to allow trains to pass underneath; but at the suggestion of the superintendent, after the first five hundred feet had been built, the design was abandoned and a wharf was built, which was several times washed away by storms and destroyed by fire. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad, on acquiring this road by purchase, have since rebuilt the wharf.

The iron rails used on this road were originally nothing but flat bars of iron perforated at short intervening distances, with drilled holes, to allow spikes or screws to be driven into wooden sills, which were bolted on top of the cross ties. These flat iron rails were subsequently superseded by the T rail (iron), similar in shape to the steel rails of modern railways.

The New Orleans & Nashville Railroad was commenced in 1835. The road was graded as far as Bayou LaBranche and was ready for the superstructure when the company failed. It extended out Canal street in a bee line to the lake shore, which it first touched between Bayou Labarre and Lorriet, about five miles west of West End. The remains of the roadbed can still be found all along the lake shore as far as Bayou La Branche, whilst the piling of a larger pier, extending out into the lake for the distance of fully half a mile, at what is still known as Prairie Cottage, can be seen distinctly, and proves a source of danger to vessels plying in the waters of Lake Pontchartrain. Prairie Cottage was intended to be a watering place, and had the road been completed would doubtless have proven to be as popular a resort as West End and Spanish Fort have since become. It was located about midway between Long Point and

Bayou Lorriet, and is decidedly the best place for a resort that could be found west of the New Canal, the ground being higher and the beach a very good one indeed for bathing purposes.

The roadbed was constructed in a most substantial manner, and to this alone can be attributed the fact that much of the old roadbed still remains, despite the washings over it of the lake. First, a layer of flatboat gunwales was placed, and on these flatboat planks were laid. Clam shells and clay formed the roadbed on which the cross-ties were placed, and on top of these were laid the sills on which the flat iron rails were to be spiked.

The piling of the bridges across Bayous Tchoupitoulas, Indian and Labarre still stands firmly in the channels of these water courses, and the planking of the old roadbed is frequently used by hunters and fishermen in the marshes for fuel.

When the New Orleans & Nashville Company, the capital stock of which was \$10,000,000, failed, the six miles of completed road was sold to Martin Gordon and Laurent Millaudon, who afterwards used the iron to construct the old Mexican Gulf Railroad to Proctorville.

The Mexican Gulf Railroad, the route of which was the same as the present Shell Beach Railroad, was completed in 1838 or 1839, and Mr. F. Garcia was the first President. The capital stock was \$2,000,000, and when the road was first completed it was well patronized. Several railroads were in contemplation during the early days of railroads. One was designed to run out to Spanish Fort alongside of the Bayou St. John, but the Pontchartrain Company had the exclusive right of way from New Orleans to Lake Pontchartrain in Orleans parish, and they enjoined the Bayou St. John Company. Subsequently the Carrollton Railroad was built, and then a branch road from Carrollton, in Jefferson parish, to the lake at West End, then called Jefferson Lake End.

Prior to the building of railroads the popular route from New Orleans to Washington overland, was as follows: From New Orleans to Mobile, via the lake and Mississippi Sound, by schooner. Thence by a small steam ferryboat to Blakely, where the stage coach was met, and travelers then proceeded on to the East.

PRESENT RAILROAD LINES AND CONNECTIONS.

New Orleans was one of the last cities in the Union, east of the Mississippi, to be brought into communication with the railroad system of the rest of the country, and it was but a very few years before the war that the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern Railroad, now the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans connected it with Columbus, Ky., whence a boat carried passengers to Cairo, Ills., connecting there with the Illinois Central Railroad. Even at the end of the war, New Orleans had but one trunk line. Within the past few years, however, five new roads have been completed, which place it in an almost air-line communication with all the leading cities of the country.

Its railroad connections now are the Louisville & Nashville, running to Mobile, which gives it connection with all of Florida, as well as the Southern and Eastern States.

The Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas, or New Orleans & Northwestern, an almost direct line to Cincinnati via Meridian, Birmingham and Chattanooga.

The Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans, or as it is familiarly called, "the big J," which connects with the Illinois Central at Cairo, and gives a line to St. Louis and Chicago.

The Louisville, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, running parallel to the river in an almost direct line to Memphis.

West of the river—The Texas & Pacific, running alongside the Mississippi and Red River to Shreveport, and there connecting with the Texas system of the Texas & Pacific.

The Southern Pacific, running direct to San Francisco via Houston, San Antonio and El Paso.

The trip to New Orleans by each of these lines has special features of interest to passengers.

Coming by the Louisville & Nashville, you skirt the beautiful Mississippi Sound for a hundred odd miles. In the distance can be seen the islands of the Southern seas, while fringing the shores is a constant succession of watering places into which New Orleans pours itself in summer time. Pascagoula, Scranton, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, Camp Grounds, Mississippi, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, Waverley follow each other in rapid succession. Here are to be seen elegant seaside villas, gardens rich in foliage, orchards in which the orange and other tropical fruits predominate, while in the background rise the mighty pines of a virgin forest extending a hundred miles into the interior. As you get nearer New Orleans and pass the Pearl river, you reach a region of sea marsh cut up by myriads of bayous and lakes, which are the favorite hunting and fishing grounds of the South. You can see the fish in the streams as the cars flash by, and the dull winking eye of lazy alligators; or the roar of the train may frighten from some lagoon where they were feeding a flock of ducks or *poules d'eau*. Houses are miles and miles apart. Here and there the few there are for the accommodation of the sportsmen from the city will recall Venice, for they are perched high above the waters, on long stilts. You cross the beautiful Pearl river which separates the two States of Louisiana and Mississippi, the Rigolets, and then dash into New Orleans by way of Elysian Fields street, and thence along the Levee, where you can see the whole commerce of the city, the French Market, the Mint, the Cathedral and Jackson Square, the train landing you at the foot of the great boulevard of New Orleans, Canal street.

If you come by the New Orleans & Northeastern, you run through a portion of Mississippi thinly settled but wonderfully beautiful, a rolling country of trees, forests and crystal streams, where deer and bear are still to be found, and where wild turkeys and such game are abundant. When finally you reach Lake Pontchartrain, you are treated to a most extraordinary trip on the water, for you cross over the lake on the longest bridge in the world, with its approaches being over 16 miles in length. When you reach the middle of the bridge and see the land dimly visible in the distance, you cannot but feel as if you were at sea, while the strong but pleasant lake breeze pours through the cars, and the red-sailed Italian luggers sail alongside the train.

By the Jackson route you skirt the southern shores of Lake Pontchartrain and come into the city over one of the worst *prairies tremblantes* that have ever defied an engineer, the soil a perfect quicksand, which sinks under any weight. Thousands of dollars and millions of cubic feet of earth and lumber have been expended to give the road a solid foundation, which has only just been accomplished. As it is, you pass through the dreariest and most dismal swamp it is possible to see, the track of the old Bonnet Cave crevasse.

By the Mississippi Valley route you run alongside of the river, striking Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, and all the river towns. As you approach the city, you traverse the finest sugar plantations of the State, run close by the plantation quarters; by the immense sugar houses looking with their big bagasse chimneys like some feudal castle; by the palatial residences of the planters, built in the old "flush times" of Louisiana; by acres on acres of cane, the purple sticks and dark-green leaves making a handsome contrast; by rice fields and orange orchards. The country is thickly, densely populated, and while towns may be few, or rather none of any importance south of Baton Rouge, you will find the country covered with houses, and each plantation looking like a village.

The Texas Pacific will bring you through the cotton country along Red River, through long pine forests, over the turbulent, boiling Atchafalaya, and through a series of fine plantations; and thence across the Mississippi in a ferry to New Orleans.

The Louisiana & Texas, the Southern Pacific route, will bring you first over the prairies of Calcasieu, with their flocks of cattle; and thence along the Têche—the beautiful, poetic, romantic Têche—the loveliest stream in Louisiana, with its mossy rolling banks, the giant live oaks watering their branches in it, and the plantation houses hidden in groves of trees.

By whichever route you come, you cannot fail to get a view of truly representative scenery,

and the scenery of each road is absolutely different—one gives you the sea, another the swamp, another the sugar plantations, another the weirdest, wildest forest seen east of the Mississippi River.

The following is the location of the ticket offices and the passenger and freight depots of the various roads centering at New Orleans, and the means of reaching them:

Star and Crescent Route—Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Railroad, or, New Orleans & Northeastern. Ticket office, 34 St. Charles street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel. Depots, passenger and freight, at the old Natchez Cotton Press, corner of Press and Decatur streets, in the Third district, two miles from Canal street. Depot reached by the Rampart & Dauphiné, and Barracks & Levee lines of street cars.

Great Jackson Route—Chicago, St. Louis, & New Orleans Railroad. Ticket office, on Canal street, corner of Carondelet, under the Pickwick Club. Passenger depot, corner of Magnolia and Clío streets, about a mile and three quarters from Canal street, uptown. Depot can be reached by the Clío, Erato, Royal and Bourbon street cars.

Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ticket office, corner of St. Charles and Common, under St. Charles Hotel. Passenger depot, foot of Canal. Can be reached by the Coliseum & Upper Magazine, Canal & Claiborne, Canal & Common and Tchoupitoulas & New Levee cars. Freight depot on the river, at the foot of Girod street.

Star and Crescent Route, Southern Pacific—Morgan's Louisiana & Texas. Ticket Office, corner of Natchez and Magazine. Passenger depot in Algiers; depot for New Orleans, foot of Elysian Fields street, whence passengers are carried by ferry to the depot on the opposite side of the river. Ferry landing reached by Clío, Erato, Royal & Bourbon, and by Levee & Barracks cars. Freight depot, foot of Julia street.

Texas & Pacific Railway. Ticket offices, 47 St. Charles street, under the St. Charles Hotel. Depots, foot of Terpsichore street, whence passengers are ferried to the opposite side of the river to reach the cars.

New Orleans, Louisiana & Texas Pacific. Ticket office, 61 St. Charles. Passenger and freight depots on Poydras and Magnolia, reached by the Canal & Common, and Poydras & Girod cars.

Beside these trunk lines, New Orleans possesses a number of local steam lines connecting it with suburban, seaside and other resorts.

The Shell Beach, or Mississippi River, Terre aux Bœufs & Lake Borgne Railroad runs along the line of the Mexican Gulf Railroad to Shell Beach, formerly Proctorsville, on Lake Borgne, where fine fishing, hunting and bathing is to be had. The depot is at the corner of Claiborne and Good Children streets, and is reached by the Canal & Claiborne cars. Thence the line runs along the Gentilly ridge, and through a number of sugar plantations in St. Bernard parish, and out on the Terre aux Bœufs ridge to Shell Beach. Along the Terre aux Bœufs is to be seen the colony of Islingues, or descendants of the Canary Islanders, who settled in Louisiana over a century ago. This colony, nearly purely Spanish, still preserve all the names, habits, language and characteristics of their Castilian ancestors. In the immediate neighborhood of Shell Beach is the singular Malay colony of St. Malo, a settlement composed almost without exception of Malays, speaking only the Tamil and Spanish languages, living in a queer little village, perched on stilts over the water, following the habits and customs of the Philippine Islands, their main diet, fish, generally eaten raw, their laws of their own make, and their supreme control vested in a chief, the most ancient of the inhabitants.

The Pontchartrain Railroad, by which all visitors to New Orleans from the North, formerly reached the city, coming by way of boat from Mobile, and thence by this line to the city, is now the property of the Louisville & Nashville railroad. The cars start either from the depot of the latter road at the foot of Canal street, or from the old Pontchartrain depot, at the foot of Elysian Fields street, to be reached by the Clío, Erato, Royal & Bourbon streets cars. The road runs along the levee and thence out Elysian Fields street, due north in a straight line over

the swamps to Mandeville, famous in former years as the old Lake End. Here Boudro, Miguel, and other famous restaurateurs flourished in the olden days, and here New Orleans came to eat its fish and game dinners. Here, too, in the little straggling village, which rises in the midst of the marsh Milneburg, named in honor of the philanthropists who gave all these swamp lands in charity, was born that remarkable woman who electrified the world afterwards as Adah Isaacs Menken. Milneburg, or "the Old Lake" as it is called, has suffered somewhat from the establishment of New Lake resorts, such as Spanish Fort and West End, but it still boasts of several delightful hotels and restaurants, with elegantly shaded and well laid-out walks; a long wharf projects into the deep water of the lake, at which steam-vessels plying with Mobile, Pensacola and points on the Mississippi Sound, land. From here, also, steamers run regularly to Mandeville, Louisburg, Covington, and other watering places lying on the north side of Lake Pontchartrain, and distant from the wharf some twenty or thirty miles.

The depot of the New Orleans & Spanish Fort Railroad, also a steam line, is located on the corner of Canal and Basin streets. Thence, the cars run out Bienville street, through the Lower City Park, and along the Orleans Canal to Lake Pontchartrain, and for about a mile along the lake to Spanish Fort, formerly Fort St. John, lying at the mouth of Bayou St. John, and erected over a century ago by the Spanish Governor, Baron Carondelet, for the purpose of preventing the invasion of New Orleans. The fortifications still remain, built in the Spanish style, and as massive as ever, and some of the long Spanish cannon then in use are preserved here; but the whole place has been converted from its military use into a pleasure resort. The old building inside the fort has become a restaurant and hotel; the old orchard is now laid off in mounds and shell walks, with seats for visitors where they can listen to the music. A large casino has been erected, and a theatre built directly over the water in which dramatic and operatic performances are given. Besides these are shooting galleries, bath houses, and everything else to make the place agreeable. Spanish Fort may also be reached via the shell road running along Bayou St. John from Esplanade street.

The cars of the New Orleans, Cemeteries & Lake Railroad start from the corner of Canal and Dauphiné, running straight out Canal street on the same track as the Canal street horse-cars to the cemeteries; and thence along the new canal to West End on Lake Pontchartrain. On the opposite side of the canal is the famous Shell road, famous thirty years ago for the display of fast horses. The canal itself is a favorite rowing place for the various rowing clubs, a number of whom have their club-houses located directly on it. At West End most of the rowing regattas are held, the crews rowing to Spanish Fort and back; here also is the magnificent house of the Southern Yacht Club, one of the finest in the country, and from which all sailing matches take place. From the terminus of the railroad extends westward for about a mile the revetment or protection levee to prevent the overflow of New Orleans from the waters of the lake, which sometimes become very turbulent and high, being driven up by the winds from the south and east, and frequently flooding the back portions of the city. This levee is laid out in an elegant esplanade, with the choicest flowers and shrubs, statues, mazes, and walks and drives. Innumerable hotels and restaurants face it, and there are, in addition, the Lake Hotel, an opera house and concert saloon, at which dramatic performances are given in the summer.

West End is also reached by the Shell road, from Canal street, and Washington and Carrollton avenues.

On all these three lake lines, the Pontchartrain, Spanish Fort, and West End railroads, the cars leave both termini, from every ten minutes to every hour according to the season and time of day. The fare is 15 cents to the lake and return, the distance being from 6 to 8 miles, and requiring from 20 to 40 minutes to make it.

The Carrollton railroad, formerly a regular steam line, is now run with horses from Canal and Baronne streets to Napoleon avenue and St. Charles, and thence to Carrollton by dummies, each of which draws a single ordinary horse-car. This road runs along Baronne to

Delord, thence to St. Charles avenue, and thence along that street, which is semicircular, to Carrollton. It runs by way of the prettiest avenue in New Orleans, the palatial residences on the avenue, in their gardens and parks exceeding anything to be found in this country in the extent of their grounds and the variety of their architecture. The line runs by the upper end of the Exposition Park and terminates at the Carrollton Garden, directly on the river, a favorite evening resort and whence a beautiful view of the river can be obtained.

On the opposite side of the river, in what is known as the Fifth district, or Algiers, is the Algiers & Gretna street railroad, also a dummy line. The road begins immediately on the river front at a point in Gretna nearly opposite the Jackson street or Fourth district levee, and runs through various water levees and settlements to the depot of the First district or Canal street ferry.

STREET CARS.

In the matter of street cars, New Orleans is as bountifully provided as any city in the Union, there being over twenty different lines with over 150 miles of track. It has grown the custom to take the cars on every possible occasion, and an Orleanist seldom walks if there is a horse car in sight. The cars are small, capable of holding twenty conveniently, and drawn by one horse or generally by a mule, and are of what is known as the bobtail variety, being without conductors. The drivers are required to make change but collectors collect fares at most of the depots. The time is rather slow, not averaging over five and a half miles an hour. The universal price of travel is 5 cents, no matter what distance you go; and if it is two squares or six miles, for some of the roads are of that length, the fare is the same. There are no tickets sold—save on the Carrollton cars—and no transfers made, not even between two branches of the same line. Passengers on the Napoleon avenue branch of the Carrollton cars, however, need not pay on the main line; and passengers by the Barracks & Levee, and Rampart & Dauphiné lines can travel from their terminus on Poland street via the Barracks & Slaughterhouse road, to the slaughterhouse below the city, in St. Bernard parish, without paying extra fare.

The following are the different railroad companies and their respective lines:

Canal & Claiborne line—office, 6 Camp street—operates the following lines:

CANAL & CLAIBORNE LINE.—The cars of this line start at the foot of Canal street near the Levee, and go out Canal to Claiborne, thence out Claiborne to Elysian Fields, thence by Elysian Fields to Urquhart street, thence by Urquhart to the station on Lafayette avenue. In returning, the cars pass from Lafayette avenue into Good Children, thence to Elysian Fields back to Claiborne, and through Claiborne by a double track back to the starting point on Canal street.

Cars of this line marked **CANAL & COMMON** streets, start from the same point near the Levee, thence go cut Canal street to Rampart, through Rampart to Common, out Common to the station between Tonti and Rocheblave streets. On returning, the cars pass by a parallel double track down Common to Basin, out Basin to Canal, and thence to the starting point.

The Canal & Claiborne street cars leave the starting point at the head of Canal street every five minutes until nine p. m., then every fifteen minutes until midnight. The cars are yellow and carry at night a red light.

The Canal & Common street cars leave their starting point at the head of Canal street every five minutes until nine p. m., and then every fifteen minutes until midnight. The cars are yellow with a white light at night.

The **GIROD & POYDRAS LINE** starts from the head of Common street, going out Front, Girod, and Claiborne to Common, where they run along the same track as the Common street cars to the Rocheblave street station. Returning, they come by way of Common to Claiborne, thence to Perdido, thence to Poydras, and out Poydras to Fulton and their starting point at the head of Common street. The cars run every five minutes until nine p. m., and from that time every fifteen minutes until midnight. They are yellow and carry a green light at night.

The Canal and Claiborne lines run along some of the widest and prettiest avenues in the

city. On Claiborne street it runs in the centre of four rows of large and ancient trees, which give the street a neat park-like appearance, and a drive here is almost like a ride in the country. The cars pass the St. Louis Cemetery, and the St. Bernard and Delamore markets. At the corner of Claiborne and Elysian Fields is the Claiborne street station of the Louisville & Nashville and Pontchartrain Railroads, where passengers can take the cars of these lines without going to the head of Canal street. At Good Children street is the depot of the Mississippi River, Terre aux Boeufs & Lake Borgne or Shell Beach Railroad.

The Common street line runs in front of the Charity Hospital, Hotel Dieu, and St. Joseph's Church.

The Girod and Poydras line is the shortest road to the depot of the Mississippi Valley, or Louisville, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railroad.

The office of the Crescent City Railroad Company is at the corner of Canal and Well streets. It operates the following lines:

THE TCHOUPITOULAS AND LEVEE LINE.—The Tchoupitoulas street cars start from Canal street, near Camp, thence up Tchoupitoulas street to Louisiana avenue. Return by Tchoupitoulas street (double track) to Felicity road, thence down Peters street to Canal to starting point.

By this line the visitor can see the ice manufactory and the grain elevator. By a change of cars at Louisiana avenue visitors can go to the Upper City, or Exposition Park, Sixth district, and return by the same route. At Louisiana avenue and Napoleon avenue, visitors can take cars to return to the city by Carrollton railroad cars.

The line runs very near the river front, and enables one to get a very good view of the shipping and wharves of New Orleans, the warehouses, cotton presses, etc. Cars leave the starting point every five minutes until 9 P. M., then every 15 minutes until midnight; yellow cars; at night, green light.

CHIPPEWA & ANNUNCIATION STREET LINE.—The cars of this line start on the river side of the Clay Statue, between Camp and Magazine streets, thence out Tchoupitoulas to the junction of Delord and Annunciation, thence by Annunciation street and to the right around Annunciation square back into Annunciation street, and out Annunciation street to the station on Louisiana avenue.

In returning, the cars enter Chippewa, and follow that street to Annunciation square, thence around that square to Annunciation street, and down that street to Delord, thence by Delord to Peters street, and via Peters street to Canal and back to the starting point. This line, like the Tchoupitoulas & Levee, connects with the cars running along Tchoupitoulas to the Upper City or Exposition Park. The Annunciation cars run by Maginnis' cotton mills, the old St. Mary market, Annunciation square, the water works, and through the district devoted to the compressing of cotton.

On Annunciation street are to be seen very many handsome residences, including a number of old plantation houses, around which the city has grown up, and the first residences built by the Americans settling in New Orleans, as the road traverses the old faubourgs, Ste. Marie and Annunciation, the original American quarters of the city.

The cars start every five minutes until 9 P. M., then every fifteen minutes until midnight. Red cars; at night, red light.

THE CANAL, COLISEUM & UPPER MAGAZINE, generally known as "the snake line," from its frequent turnings and twistings. The cars start from the head of Canal street, near the depot of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, thence to Carondelet, and up that street to Clio, in Clio to Coliseum, up Coliseum along Coliseum place to Felicity, in Felicity to Chestnut, up Chestnut to Louisiana avenue, thence to Magazine and up Magazine to the Upper City or Exposition Park. It returns by way of Magazine to Louisiana avenue, thence to Camp, thence to Calliope, thence to St. Charles, down St. Charles to Canal, and by Canal to the starting point.

Green cars; at night, green light. Cars leave the starting point every five minutes until nine P.M., then every fifteen minutes until midnight; after midnight, every hour until five A.M., when the morning cars begin to run.

The line traverses one of the prettiest residence quarters of the city, in the Fourth and Sixth districts, and also passes the Jefferson market.

The New Orleans, City, & Lake Railroad, Office, 102 Canal street, operates the following lines:

CANAL STREET STEAM RAILWAY.—Starts from corner Canal and Carondelet to Cemeteries and West End; returns by same route.

CANAL STREET LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, out Canal to Cemeteries. Returns by same route. Green cars; at night, white light. Leaves starting point every seven minutes for station on White street, and for end of route every fifteen minutes until midnight. Cars marked to "station only" go only to White street depot.

ESPLANADE STREET LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, out Canal, Rampart, Esplanade to Louisiana Jockey Club Racecourse. Returns by same route. Yellow cars; at night, red light. Leaves starting point every five minutes until nine P.M., then every thirty minutes until midnight; after midnight, every hour until five A.M.

ESPLANADE & FRENCH MARKET LINE.—Starts from Custom House, and goes by Canal, Peters and Esplanade, to Fair Grounds and Bayou Bridge. Returns by the same route. Yellow cars; at night, red light. Leaves starting point every eight minutes until ten P.M., then every thirty minutes until midnight.

LEVEE & BARRACKS LINE.—Starts from Customhouse, goes by Peters, Lafayette avenue, Chartres, and Poland street to station (here take Barracks cars for Barracks and Slaughterhouse, without extra fare). Returns by Poland, Royal, Lafayette avenue, Peters and Canal. Green cars; at night red light. Leaves starting point every 5 minutes until 10 P. M., then every 30 minutes until midnight.

MAGAZINE STREET LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, goes up Camp and Magazine to Upper City Park. Returns by Magazine and Canal. Green cars, at night white light. Leaves starting point every 2 minutes from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M.; every 3 minutes from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.; every 2 minutes from 3 P. M. to 7 P. M., and every 5 minutes from 7 P. M. to midnight; after midnight, every hour until 5 A. M.

RAMPART & DAUPHINE LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, goes by Canal, Rampart, Esplanade, Dauphiné and Poland to station (here take Barracks cars for Barracks and Slaughterhouse, without extra fare). Returns by Rampart and Canal. Red cars, at night white light. Leaves starting point every 5 minutes until 10 P. M., then every 15 minutes until midnight; after midnight, every hour until 5 A. M.

BARRACKS & SLAUGHTERHOUSE LINE.—Starts from station on Rampart, corner of Poland street, goes by Poland, Dauphiné, Delery and Peters to Slaughterhouse. Returns by Peters, Flood, Dauphiné and Poland. Red cars, at night white light. Leaves starting point every 15 minutes until 7 P. M., then every 30 minutes until midnight.

CAMP & PRYTANIA LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, up Camp and Prytania to Upper City or Exposition Park. Returns by Prytania, Poyfarre, Magazine and Canal. Yellow cars; at night red light. Leaving starting point every 5 minutes until 10 P. M., then every 15 minutes until midnight; after midnight every hour until 5 A. M.

CANAL STREET LINE.—The horse cars on the lake side of the Clay statue marked "Ridge Cemeteries," convey passengers out Canal street to the Half-Way House, a distance of about three and a half miles. This Half-Way House is so called from being about one-half way between the city and the lake end of the new canal on the route of the various shell-road drives which concentrate at that point, and is a famous place for rest and refreshment.

In the vicinity of the Half-Way House are situated the various Ridge Cemeteries, so called from being located on the Metairie ridge, a plateau of ground elevated some six or eight feet above the surrounding swamps.

Just beyond the Half-Way House is the new Metairie Cemetery, laid out on the spot of the old and famous Metairie racecourse.

These various cemeteries are beautifully laid out and embellished, and from the peculiar manner in which interments are made in tombs above ground afford a curious attraction to strangers. A double track on this line enables passengers to return by same route.

The steam cars on this line start from the same point near the Clay statue, follow the same track as the horse cars to the Half-Way House; then by a double-track railway located on the east bank of the "New Canal" to the Lake Pontchartrain, a distance from Clay statue of nearly seven miles. At the lake terminus is the celebrated Revetment levee, which affords a fine drive and promenade.

Famous restaurants are located at this point.

From the cemeteries a line called the Bayou Bridge & Cemeteries Line runs along Metairie ridge by the Lower City Park to Bayou Bridge, where it connects with the Esplanade street line.

THE MAGAZINE & PRYTANIA STREET LINES.—The cars of these lines start on the river side of Clay Statue. Both these lines pass in common up Camp street by a single track to the junction of Prytania. At this point the Prytania street cars proceed up that street to Exposition Park, and the Magazine cars continue up Camp, by old Camp street into Magazine, at the Magazine Market; and thus along Magazine street to Louisiana avenue, in Louisiana avenue to Constance, and via Constance to the Exposition Park.

In passing up Camp street by either of these lines there will be seen on the right Lafayette square, in the centre of which is a statue of Franklin, by the celebrated sculptor Hiram Powers. Fronting the square, on Camp street, will be seen to the left the Odd Fellows' hall and the new St. Patrick's hall, and fronting the square, also on the upper side, is Dr. Palmer's Presbyterian church. Just beyond Lafayette square, and to the left, will be seen St. Patrick's Catholic church.

On Prytania street there are some of the handsomest private residences in New Orleans.

In returning, the Magazine cars pass entirely down Magazine street by a double track to its intersection with Canal, and thence to the starting point near the Clay Statue. In returning by the Prytania line from the terminus at Toledano street, the cars pass down Prytania by a parallel double track to its intersection with Camp, and thence along Camp to the starting point at Clay Statue.

LEVEE & BARRACKS LINE.—The cars of this line start on the river side of Clay Statue, opposite the Custom-House. A turn is made from Canal into Peters street around the Custom-House, and thence through Old Levee back into Peters street, then along Lafayette avenue or Enghien street to Chartres, out Chartres to Poland, and through Poland to the station, at the corner of Poland and Love streets. At this station a change is made into another car, which conveys you to the slaughter-house, located on the Mississippi river, a few hundred yards beyond the United States Barracks.

From the initial point, opposite the Custom-House, there is a double track as far as Chartres street, and a single track outgoing on Chartres street, and a single track incoming on Royal.

From the station up Poland street down to the Barracks and slaughter-house, there is a double track nearly all the way, so that a passenger can return by the same general route. In leaving Canal street this line passes in front of the Jackson square, which is a most beautiful public garden, and has in the centre a magnificent equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson. Around this square are located the St. Louis Cathedral, the court rooms and the Pontalba buildings, and the whole forms one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in the Crescent City. The edifices are built after a quaint old French style of architecture, and with the entire surroundings, no picture within the limits of New Orleans offers such a field of interest and sight pleasure to the American stranger.

Just beyond the Jackson square the car passes through the French Market.

A little further on and to the left, at the corner of Esplanade street, is located the United States Mint.

On the route from the Poland street station to the slaughter-house can be seen, to the right, the convent of the Ursuline nuns, the oldest religious organization in Louisiana.

In returning by this line from the station at Poland street, the cars pass from Poland into Royal, thence by a single track to its junction with Enghien street or Lafayette avenue, thence to the corner of Chartres, where they reach the parallel double track, and return to the starting point on Canal street.

ESPLANADE & BAYOU BRIDGE LINE.—The cars of this line go out Esplanade to the Bayou Bridge, a distance of about three miles. It has a parallel double track, so that a passenger can return by the same route.

On Rampart street, between St. Peter and St. Ann, will be seen Congo square or Place D'Armes, and on the further side of this square is located the Parish Prison.

Both Rampart and Esplanade are two of the widest and most attractive streets in New Orleans.

At a point near the Bayou Bridge is a station leading to the Fair Grounds. These grounds are also used as the racecourse of the Louisiana Jockey Club.

Just beyond the Fair Grounds station is the club-house, which, together with its garden and surroundings, is one of the handsomest establishments of the kind in the country.

If it is not desired to return by the same route, a passenger can cross the Bayou Bridge and take a car which will convey him to the Half-Way House, and thence by the Canal street line back to the Clay Statue, or, *vice versa*, the same tour can be performed by the Canal street line to the Half-Way House, and thence, *via* Bayou Bridge and Esplanade street, back to the starting point.

On the route between the Bayou Bridge and the Half-Way House can be seen the City Park, which is famous for its magnificent live oak trees, and has been celebrated as a great dueling ground under the familiar name of The Oaks.

NEW ORLEANS AND CARROLLTON RAILROAD COMPANY.—Office, 17 Baronne street. The following lines are operated by this company:

CARROLLTON LINE.—Starts from Baronne and Canal, up Baronne, Delord and St. Charles to Carrollton. Returns same route. Green cars; at night, green light. Leaves starting point every five minutes until 9 P.M., then every fifteen minutes until midnight, then every hour until five A.M.

JACKSON STREET LINE.—Starts from Baronne and Canal, up Baronne, Delord, St. Charles and Jackson to Gretna Ferry Landing. Returns same route. Red cars; at night, red light. Leaves starting point every five minutes until nine P.M., then every fifteen minutes until midnight.

NAPOLEON AVENUE LINE.—Starts from the head of Napoleon avenue, thence out Napoleon avenue to St. Charles avenue, where connects with Carrollton cars, running either to Carrollton or Canal street. No extra charge is made for passengers transferred here.

The Carrollton cars have already been described under the head of steam lines, it being half steam and half horse, the cars being conveyed to the depot on Napoleon avenue by mules or horses, and thence by steam dummies to Carrollton. The cars run along St. Charles avenue, the Fifth avenue of New Orleans.

The Jackson street cars run to the head of Jackson street, whence starts the Fourth district or Gretna ferry, connecting the city with the little town of Gretna, the capital of Jefferson parish, on the opposite side of the river.

ORLEANS RAILROAD COMPANY.—Office, at station, Laharpe, cor. White. The following lines are operated by this company:

CANAL, DU MAINE & BAYOU ST. JOHN LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, out Canal, Dauphiné, Dumaine, Bayou St. John and Grand Route St. John to station, Laharpe street. Returns by Broad, Ursulines (every fifteen minutes a car on this line returns by St. Peter street), Burgundy

and Canal. Blue cars; at night blue light. Leave starting point every five minutes until midnight.

CANAL, DU MAINE & FAIR GROUNDS LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, out Canal, Dauphiné, Dumaine and Broad to station and Fair Grounds. Returns by Broad, Ursulines (every fifteen minutes a car on this line returns by St. Peter street), Burgundy and Canal. Green cars; at night green light. Leave starting point every five minutes until midnight.

FRENCH MARKET LINE.—Starts from Decatur, cor. Dumaine, out Dumaine and Broad to station and Fair Grounds. Returns by Broad, Ursulines and Decatur. Red cars; at night red light. Leave starting point every five minutes until 9 p.m., then every fifteen minutes until midnight.

These cars traverse the most essentially French or Creole portion of the city, and give one the best opportunity to see Creole architecture, life and habits. Along their line will be seen old-fashioned adobe and tile covered roofs, large enclosed courts, and orange and banana groves. The Bayou St. John line runs along the margin of Bayou St. John for some distance through a district very Arcadian and rustic. The Fair Grounds line passes by the old Spanish cock pit, once the great rallying place for the admirers and patrons of cock fighting. It is also the short route to the Fair Grounds and the racetrack of the Louisiana Jockey Club. The French Market line connects the French with the old Creole quarter of the city.

The St. Charles Street Railway Company—office, corner of Carondelet and Eighth—operates the following lines:

CLIO, ERATO, ROYAL & BOURBON, OR JACKSON RAILROAD LINE.—Starts from the head of Elysian Fields, up Royal, St. Charles, Delord, Dryades, and Clio to Jackson Railroad depot. Returns by Erato, Carondelet, Bourbon, Esplanade and Decatur. Red cars; at night red light. Leaves starting point every five minutes until nine p.m., then every fifteen minutes until midnight.

DRYADES & RAMPART LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, up St. Charles, Delord, Dryades, St. Andrew and Baronne to station on Eighth street. Returns by Baronne, Dryades, Rampart and Canal. Green cars; at night green light. Leaves starting point every five minutes until nine p.m., then every fifteen minutes until midnight.

CARONDELET & BARONNE STREET LINE.—Starts from Clay Statue, up St. Charles, Delord and Baronne to station on Eighth street. Returns by way of Carondelet and Canal to starting point. White cars; by night white light. Leaves starting point every five minutes until nine p.m., then every fifteen minutes until midnight.

The Jackson railroad cars of this line connect the various railroad depots of the city. Starting from the depot of the Jackson route, they run to that of the Pontchartrain and Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railroad, at the foot of Elysian Fields street. The cars are smaller than most of the other lines, to accommodate them to the narrow streets of the old French quarter, which they traverse. On Bourbon and Royal street are to be seen the best specimens of French and Creole architecture of the city. These streets recall some of the older boulevards of Paris. The stores on them are bright with all the latest Paris nouveautés, the signs are French and the language almost universally spoken is French. At the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon is the celebrated French Opera House; at the corner of St. Louis and Royal is the Hotel Royale, formerly the old St. Louis.

All the lines of this company, in going out St. Charles street, pass the St. Charles Hotel, Masonic Hall, Academy of Music, St. Charles Theatre and City Hall. The Dryades street cars run by the Dryades Market.

These various lines give one communication with nearly every portion of the city.

FERRIES.

Opposite the city of New Orleans is Algiers, now the Fifth district and Fifteenth ward of the city; Freetown, Westwego, Gouldsboro, and Gretna, capital of Jefferson parish. With all of these New Orleans is connected by several lines of ferryboats.

The two railroads starting from the west side of the river have each its ferry. That of Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railroad, the Southern Pacific, starts from the head of Elysian Fields street, where it has a passenger depot, reached by the Clio, Erato, Royal & Bourbon, and the Levee & Barracks cars. This ferry conveys passengers to the Algiers depot on Atlantic avenue.

The New Orleans Pacific, of the Texas & Pacific system, has a ferry from the foot of Terpsichore street, whence passengers are conveyed to its depot on the west side of the river.

The regular ferry lines for the ordinary intercourse between the two banks of the river are the following :

FIRST DISTRICT.—New Orleans and Algiers Ferry Landing, Canal street, to Seguin street, Algiers.

SECOND DISTRICT.—New Orleans and Algiers Ferry Landing, St. Ann street.

THIRD DISTRICT.—New Orleans and Algiers Ferry Landing, Levee, foot of Barracks street, to Valette street, Algiers.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—New Orleans and Gretna Ferry Landing, Jackson street, to Gretna, near Oil Works.

SEVENTH DISTRICT FERRY.—Starts from foot of Jefferson street, Seventh district, to Nine Mile Point.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE Co.'s FERRY.—From and to Slaughter House, Algiers.

LOUISIANA AVENUE FERRY.—To Harvey's Canal ; starts from foot Louisiana avenue.

UPPER LINE FERRY.—From foot of Upper Line street to Gretna.

CHAPTER V.—BY WATER.

APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS BY THE RIVER—THE VARIOUS OCEAN AND RIVER
VESSELS REACHING CITY—WHARVES AND LANDINGS.

Lines of steamboats connect New Orleans with all the towns on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, while the ocean vessels run to every port in America and Europe.

The arrival at New Orleans, via the river, shows the city to its greatest advantage. If you come by way of the Gulf, you pass through the Jetties, the greatest engineering enterprise of the age, and by Eadsport, built in the midst of a wild country, neither land nor water, but a mixture of both. All the way up to the city the scenery is varied and attractive. For the first twenty miles the shores are nothing but a narrow strip of mud, separating the river from the Gulf. As you ascend higher you pass the Quarantine station, and Forts St. Philip and Jackson, which protected New Orleans against the Federal fleet for several months, but were finally passed by Farragut, and the city captured. Above this is Buras settlement, with its acres of orange groves, the finest and handsomest in the State, worth from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre. Then comes the rice country, around Pointe à la Hache, with hundreds of small farms, managed by Creole farmers; the grandest sugar plantations in the State, which make Plaquemines parish the sugar bowl of Louisiana. In the distance is the Crescent City, never looking more beautiful than when thus seen from the river, its long front of twelve miles, full of steamboats, steamers and ships, and barks of every nation. As the highest part of the city is that directly on the river, and it falls as you go towards the lake, you can go and look down from your vessel upon the streets and avenues. A river parade shows you the entire city, for New Orleans clings to the Mississippi, and is a narrow fringe along that river, seldom running back over one or two miles. You pass the battle ground of New Orleans, the Jackson monument, the Chalmette National Cemetaries, the Slaughter-house, U. S. Barracks, Jackson square, the Cathedral, Canal street, all the Railroad depots of the city, for all the lines have their freight depots directly on the river front, in close propinquity to the wharves, the Elevator, the Upper City or Exposition Park, and finally Carrollton; while on the western bank of the river will be seen Algiers, Freetown, Goulsboro, Gretna, and other suburban villages, with their dockyards, railroad repair shops, foundries, and mills.

Coming down the river by steamboat you pass an even more picturesque country. The whole river bank is densely populated and an almost continuous town. The country on both sides is highly cultivated, and it is one succession of farms and plantations, sugar, rice, corn and tobacco. Scores of little towns look down on you from the bluffs or nestle beneath you safe behind the levee, and so much lower than your steamer that you can actually look down into the houses and see what is going on within.

The steamboats of the Mississippi are *sui generis*, different from the vessels traveling upon any other river. The little ones are as comfortable and as agreeable as any mode of travel can be imagined. The packets and the steamers plying between New Orleans and St. Louis and Cincinnati are really floating palaces. In most of these the old and uncomfortable berths have been done away with and the traveler is furnished instead with state-rooms provided with large bedstead, washstand, bureaus, etc., fitted up, in fine, like a room in a first-class hotel. The saloons extend the entire length of the vessel, 200 feet or so, and are as handsomely fitted up as elegant carpets, magnificent furniture, and grand pianos can make them. As for the table, the fare furnished by the steamboats is unexcelled, the *table d'hôte* including every delicacy of the season, cooked in the finest style, for which the stewards of the river boats have obtained a world-wide reputation.

A trip by river to St. Louis or Cincinnati is a favorite excursion, and half the wedding tours from New Orleans are made by boat to these cities. One is not cramped up as in the cars

nor shaken or jolted, and can walk about, and read, play or dance. The company on the steamboat, indeed, live as if in a floating hotel, with all the pleasures and enjoyments of hotel life. From the decks is to be seen the panorama of the river scenery, and the stops made at the different towns and landings give one an opportunity to step ashore and inspect.

During the carnival season, the boats from St. Louis and Cincinnati come down to the city, laden with passengers. So comfortable are they and so pleasant the accommodation, that their passengers seldom leave the vessels, but reside in them as if staying at an hotel. The steamer ties up against the river bank, at the foot of Canal street or some other important thoroughfare and remains there until the holidays are over and its passengers are anxious to return. The distance from this landing to the central and business portion of the city is but little more than from the hotels. The passengers board on the boats, eating their meals there and sleeping there at night, but spending their mornings and evenings ashore, viewing the sights of the city or at the theatre. Whatever the time of night when one returns to the steamer, there is never any difficulty or danger in getting aboard, as the wharves are brilliantly illuminated by electric lights and well policed and guarded. This system of visiting New Orleans and spending a week or so there has grown in great favor of late years, and now the upper river boats seldom arrive at the city during the season without a large party of visitors aboard who lodge thus over the water. When the city is crowded with visitors moreover, the steamboats are converted into floating boarding-houses and seem to accommodate several thousand guests.

Each steamship, sailing vessel and steamboat line has its special landing. The foot of Canal street is the cotton landing for vessels running in the Vicksburg and Bend trade, and whose principal freight is cotton. Below this, immediately in front of the Sugar Sheds, is the sugar landing, where steamers engaged in the Bayou Lafourche, Têche, Atchafalaya and Bayou Sara trade, and the greater portion of whose freight is sugar, land. Still further below this is the landing for the lower coast packets, running down the river towards the Jetties. Above Canal street, the steamboats from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and other points land.

In leaving New Orleans, the hour of departure for all up-river boats, whatever their destination is 5 P. M.; and 10 A. M. and 12 M. for those engaged in the lower coast trade.

The following is the division of landings in the city, and the trade for which each is set apart:

FIRST SECTION—First district: Steamboat Landing—From Canal street ferry landing to the upper line of Julia street.

SECOND SECTION—First district: Barge, Flatboat and Coalboat Landing, from Julia to St. Joseph—New Orleans, Mobile & Texas Railroad, from St. Joseph to Callopie—Florida & Mexican Steamship Landing, from Callopie to Gaiennie—Upper Steamboat Landing, from Gaiennie to Thalia.

THIRD SECTION—First district: Sea-going Vessels and Coalboats of the N. O. Gas Light Co. From Thalia street to upper limits of First district (Felicity street).

FOURTH AND FIFTH SECTIONS—Second district: Steamboat Landing—From Canal street ferry landing to St. Louis street; New York Steamship Landing—From St. Louis to Morgan's Ferry.

SIXTH SECTION—Second district: New York Steamship Landing—From St. Ann street ferry landing to St. Philip street; Sea-going Vessels, Schooners, Coalboat Landing—From St. Philip to Elysian Fields street.

SEVENTH SECTION—Third district: Sea-going Vessels—From Third district ferry landing to Montegut street.

EIGHTH SECTION—Third district: English and other Steamers' Landing—From Montegut to Clouet street.

NINTH SECTION—Third district: Sea-going vessels, Flatboats and Coalboat Landings—From Clouet street to lower limits of city.

TENTH SECTION—Fourth district: Sea-going Vessels and British and German steamers—From Felicity Road to Jackson street ferry landing.

ELEVENTH SECTION—Fourth district: Steamships, Sea-going Vessels and Coalboat Landing—From Jackson street ferry landing to Third street.

TWELFTH SECTION—Fourth district: Sea-going Vessels and Flatboat Landing—From Third street to upper limits of city.

U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP Co.—Second district: New Orleans, Havana, Philadelphia and New York—Opposite Jackson Square, between St. Peter and St. Ann streets.

GENERAL COALBOAT LANDING.—Foot Henry Clay avenue, Sixth district.

Small vessels running to Covington and Pensacola, of draft sufficient to ascend the new Canal, land at the new basin between Rampart and Liberty streets; if of greater draught, they land either at Milneburg, the "old lake end," or at Spanish Fort (Bayou St. John), or West End (New Canal).

The following are the chief steamship lines running from the City, and their ticket and freight offices:

Allen, American, Cunard, Glynn, Guion, Hamburg, Inman, Italian, National, Red Star, State, White Star and other New York lines; office 37 Carondelet.

Anchor Line, 173 Common. Destination, Liverpool.

Catalonian Transatlantic Steamship Co., 57 Custom-house.

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 3½ Carondelet.—Antwerp and Bordeaux.

Cromwell Line, N. Y. & N. O. Steamships, 41 Carondelet.—New York.

Hall Line, 29 Carondelet.—Liverpool.

Harrison Line, 66 Baronne.—Liverpool.

Mississippi & Dominion Steamship Line, 48 Carondelet.—Liverpool.

Morgan's Louisiana & Texas R.R. & Steamship Office, Magazine corner Natchez.—Havana, Vera Cruz, Cedar Keys, New York, Corpus Christi, and Galveston.

New York, Havana & Mexican Mail Steamship Line, 37 Carondelet.

North German Lloyd Steamship Line, 42 Union, 1st District.—Bremen.

Philadelphia & Southern Mail Steamship Co., 37 Carondelet.

Watts, Ward & Co. Line, 29 Carondelet.—Central American ports.

West India and Pacific Steamship Co., 62 Baronne.—Havana, Liverpool.

White Cross Line, 173 Common.

Oteri Pioneer Line, 43 Carondelet.—Central American ports.

New Orleans and Central American Steamship Line, 32 South Peters.—Central American ports.

Compañía de Vapores de Guatemala, 61 Carondelet.—Central American ports.

The following are the chief steamboat lines running from New Orleans:

Anchor Line, 104 Common.—St. Louis.

Mandeville & Covington Line, 33 Carondelet.—Lake coast.

Ohio River & Southern Transportation Co., Levee, foot of Lafayette.—Cincinnati, O.

Ouachita River Consolidated Line, 7 Delta.—Monroe, La.

Southern Transportation Line, 82 Gravier.

Red River & Coast Line, 46 Camp.—Shreveport, La.

Vicksburg, Greenville & Bayou Sara Packet Line, 52 Carondelet.—Vicksburg, Miss.

New Orleans, Baton Rouge & Bayou Sara Line. Offices: 122 Gravier, 35 Natchez, 53 Carondelet, 64 Common.

New Orleans & Bayou Têche Packet Company, 35 Natchez.—New Iberia, La.

Memphis & New Orleans Packet Co., 52 Carondelet.—Memphis, Tenn.

Merchants' & Planters' Packet Company, 35 Natchez.

Besides these, there are innumerable independent packets and lines, while both ocean steamers and sailing vessels run casually between New Orleans and other ports, on which there is no trouble to secure cabin accommodation.

CHAPTER VI.—THE STREETS.

STREET NOMENCLATURE OF NEW ORLEANS—THE HISTORY HIDDEN IN THE STREET NAMES—DUPLICATE AND TRIPPLICATE NAMES TO CONFUSE A STRANGER—A FULL STREET GUIDE OF THE CITY.

Oakey Hall, in his book, "The Manhattaner in New Orleans," goes wild over the nomenclature of the streets of the Crescent City, which he declares are the prettiest named of any in the Union. He is undoubtedly right in this. New Orleans, alone of American cities, has preserved all the romance of its earlier days in the titles of its streets, and with a simple directory one can recall the entire history of the French and Spanish dominion. Having changed its ownership no less than five times, having passed under so many masters, having witnessed such vicissitudes of fortune, New Orleans has a history full of incident and romance, and this it tells in its street nomenclature.

The old *carré* or parallelogram of the original city still preserves the names given by Le Blond de la Tour, who laid it out. There have been few changes here. The rue de l'Arsenal, Arsenal street, has given way to the rue des Ursulines, named in honor of the Ursuline nuns, who preserved their convent here a century and a half ago. The rue des Quartiers, Barracks street, and the rue de l'Hôpital, Hospital street, are titles given to unnamed streets, because the government barracks and hospital were erected on them. Similarly the rue de la Douane, or Customhouse street, received its title, not from the massive granite customhouse that now stands there, but from the old wooden building, devoted to the same purpose, erected by the Spaniards a century and a quarter before. The boundary streets of the city, which marked the line of the old wall, all bear military titles referring to the old fortifications. Esplanade street was where the troops drilled; Rampart, rue des Remparts, marks, like the boulevards of Paris, the destroyed walls; while Canal street was the old fosse or canal which surrounded the city and which was continued as a drainage canal to the lake, and filled up only a few years ago.

Of the old streets only two have disappeared, rue de l'Arsenal into Ursulines, and rue de Condé into Chartres.

There have been some few corruptions in the old names. The rue de Dauphiné, named after the province of Dauphiny, in France, has dropped the accent on the e, and become simply Dauphine (pronounced Daupheen) street, as if it were named after the Dauphin's wife. The street named in honor of the Duc du Maine, has got the preposition for ever mixed with the noun, and is, and will be ever, Dumaine, instead of Maine street.

In naming the streets of the city as it grew beyond its original boundaries, a dozen different systems were pursued. The gallantry of the French Creoles is commemorated upon old city maps by a number of streets christened with the sweetest and prettiest feminine names imaginable. Some of these were christened after the favorite children of rich parents, but again not a few were named after favorite concubines. The old maps of New Orleans were covered with such names as Suzette, Celeste, Estelle, Angelie, Annette, and others; many of these have died away into later titles, but not a few still survive.

The religious tendency of the population showed itself in giving religious names to many of the streets. There are several hundred saints so honored, and scarcely one in the calendar has escaped a namesake in the Crescent City. There are besides these, such streets as Conception, Religious, Nuns, Assumption, Ascension, etc.

At the time of the French revolution there was an outbreak in France of Roman and Greek fashions. The modern French tried to imitate the ancient classics by assuming the Roman dress and Roman names. The Creoles who, although dominated by the Spaniards, were red

republicans in these days, followed that fashion and all the names of antiquity were introduced into Louisiana and survive there to this day. Achille (Achilles), Alcibiade (Alcibiades), Numa, Demosthène (Demosthenes), came into fashion. The streets found a similar fate and the new faubourg Ste. Marie was liberally christened from pagan mythology. The nine muses, three graces, the twelve greater gods and the twelve lesser ones, and the demi-gods, all stood god-parents for streets. The city fathers went beyond this, and there was a Nayades and a Dryades street, a Water Work, a Euphrosinè street, and so on without end.

Then came the Napoleonic wars, and with them, intense enthusiasm over the victories of the Corsican. A General of Napoleon's army who settled in Louisiana after the St. Helena captivity named the whole upper portion of the city in honor of the little Emperor. Napoleon Avenue, Jena and Austerlitz streets are samples which survive to this day.

In addition to these came the names and titles of the early Louisiana planters, such as Montegut, Clouet, Marigny, Delord, the early Governors of Louisiana, Mayors of New Orleans, and distinguished citizens.

These, however, failed to supply the 500 miles of streets that New Orleans boasts of, with a sufficiency of names.

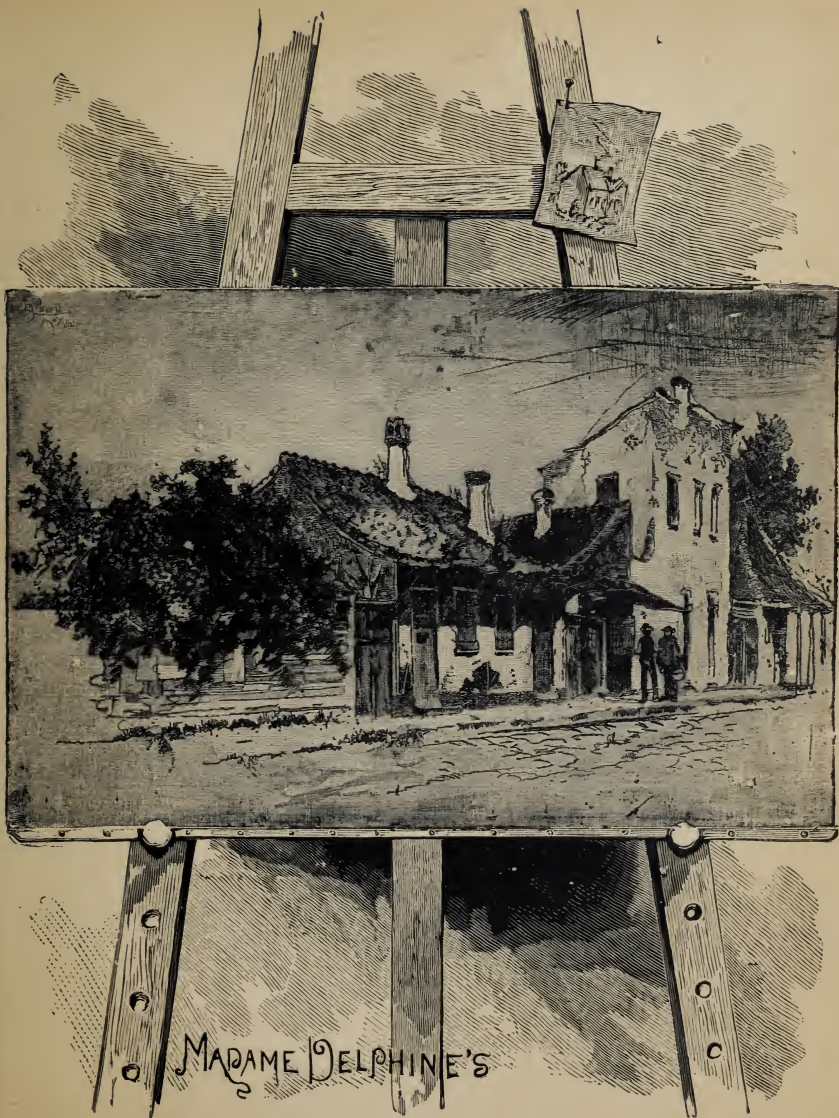
In the naming of streets the French are not quite so matter of fact as the Anglo-Saxons, and they have shown this in some titles they have left behind. In New Orleans no Anglo-Saxon, for instance, would ever think of naming a street Goodchildren street, *rue des Bons Enfants*, or Love street, *rue de l'Amour*, Madman's street, Mystery street, Piety street, etc. Old Bernard Marigny christened two thoroughfares in the faubourg Marigny which he laid out, "Craps" and "Bagatelle" in honor of the two games of chance at which he lost a fortune. A curious mistake was that of the first American directory-maker who insisted upon translating Bagatelle into English and described it as Trifle street.

But even when a person is acquainted with the names of the New Orleans streets, the next thing is to know how to pronounce and spell them. This is very important, for they are seldom pronounced as they would seem to be. Tchoupitoulas—pronounced Chopitoulas—and Carondelet are the shibboleth by which foreigners are detected. No man is ever recognized as a true Orleanais until he can spell and pronounce these names correctly; and the serious charge made against an Auditor of the State, that he spelled Carondelet, Kerionderlet, aroused the utmost indignation of the population, who could never forgive this mistake.

The classical scholar who visits New Orleans and hears the names of the muses so frightfully distorted may regard it as unfortunate that Greek mythology had been chosen. The explanation of the mispronunciation, however, will relieve the people of New Orleans of any charge of ignorance. The Greek names are simply pronounced in the French style. Thus the street that the scholar would call Melpomene, of four syllables and with the last "e" sounded, would be in French Melpomène, and is translated by the people of New Orleans into Melpomeen. So Calliope is Callioap; Terpsichore, Terpsikor; Euterpe, Euterp; and others in the same way. Coliseum is accented like the French Colisée, on the second instead of the third syllable; and even Felicity street—it is named, by the by, after a woman (Félicité), not happiness—is actually called by many intelligent persons Filly-city. The influence of the old French days is seen in the spelling of Dryades, instead of Dryads, as the word is pronounced, and in a number of other apparent violations of orthoëpy or orthography, the truth being that the old French pronunciation and spelling are preserved and have become current among the English-speaking portion of the population.

The constant annexation to New Orleans of suburban villages and towns, with streets of the same name produces considerable inconvenience to strangers and even to natives of the city. There is a duplicate to nearly every name, and sometimes four or five streets bearing the same title.

Thus there is a North Peter's and a South Peter's miles apart, one in the First, the other in the Second district; then there is a simple Peter's in the Sixth district, and a Peter's avenue in



MADAME DELPHINE'S

the same division, while in the Fifth district there is a Peter street, and in the Third a Petre, pronounced Peter. A fine chance this to get confused.

There are Chestnut streets in the First, Fourth, Fifth and two in the Sixth district. And much more confusion of the same sort.

Another circumstance that is likely to deceive and mislead strangers is the preservation of the ancient names of the streets. These have been changed time and time again with the names, until even the residents on the streets get confused. Suppose you start down Rampart street, some will call it Love (the old name), and some Rampart. Beyond Canal you will see a building called the Circus street infirmary—this was, of old, Circus street. A little further on and you will hear that it is Hercules street, and when you get well up town, exactly half the population will swear it is St. Denis, and the other half stick to Rampart.

You want to go to the Moreau street Methodist Church and inquire for Moreau street. There is none; it is now Chartres; while the Craps street Church is not on Craps, but on Burgundy, its successor.

When, in addition to this, it is remembered that few of the streets in New Orleans have any signs on the corners, that these signs one encounters are often in French, and that the numbering of the houses is very imperfect and defective, it will be seen that without a map or a good street-guide, giving not only the names of the streets to-day, but those they used to bear some years ago, a stranger can very easily lose himself in New Orleans.

STREET GUIDE.

ABBREVIATIONS.

dist.....	district	rt.....	right
E or e.....	east	S or s.....	south
lft.....	left	sw.....	southwest
nw.....	northwest	W or w.....	west
N or n.....	north		

ADAMS, 4th se. from and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to Nelson, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

ADAMS, 2d east of the river from Americus, south to limits, McDonoughville (Algiers).

ADAMS AVENUE, 31st n. of City Park, or 3d s. of lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne.

ADELE, third n. of Felicity, from the river to St. Thomas, 4th dist.

AGRICULTURE, 14th n. of Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue to Lower Line, 3d dist.

ALABAMA (now Arabella).

ALEXANDER, 3d w. of Convent of the Ursulines, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

ALEXANDER, 3d w. of Carrollton avenue, from Canal n. to New Metairie road, 2d dist.

ALEXANDER, 3d w. of Carrollton, from Canal w. to New Orleans Canal, 1st dist.

ALGIERS, now Olivier, 5th dist. (Algiers).

ALINE, 3d w. of Toledano, from the river n. to St. Charles, 6th dist.

ALIX, 4th s. of Canal street Ferry Landing, from Summer running east, 5th dist. (Algiers).

ALONZO, 2d n. of Nashville avenue, from the river w. to Laurel, 6th dist.

AMELIA, 6th w. of Toledano, from the river to Clara, 6th dist.

AMEN, parallel with Franklin avenue, from Lafayette avenue to the Lake, 3d dist.

AMERICUS, 18th s. of Canal street Ferry landing, from river e. to Hancock, McDonough (Algiers).

ANNA, 5th sw. from and parallel to First, from Adams to Lower Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

ANNETTE, 5th w. of Elysian Fields, from St. Bernard w. to the lake, 3d dist.

ANNUNCIATION, ELIZABETH and JERSEY are known as Annunciation st., 6th from river, from junction Tchoupitoulas, 1st dist., to Calhoun, 6th dist.

ANNUNCIATION SQUARE, bounded by Race, Orange, Chippewa and Annunciation, 1st dist.
 ANSON, 5th s. of Americus, from river e. to Hancock, McDonough (Algiers).

ANTHONIA, from Monroe avenue to the lake, 3d dist.

ANTHONY, 9th n. of Carrollton avenue, from Canal to New Metairie road, and recommences at Monroe avenue and runs n. to the lake, 2d dist.

ANTONINE, 4th w. of Louisiana avenue, from river to St. Charles, 6th dist.

APOLLO, now Carondelet.

ARABELLA, 16th w. of Napoleon avenue, from the river n. to Claiborne, 6th dist.

ARCHITECT, between Chartres and Royal, from Port to St. Ferdinand, 3d dist.

ATHIS, 1st n. of Calhoun avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

ATLANTIC AVENUE, 2d. e. of Opelousas R. R., from boundary line to Jefferson parish, 5th dist. (Algiers).

ATLANTIC AVENUE, now Nichols.

AUBRY, 7th e. of Esplanade, from junction of Miro and St. Bernard to Gentilly road, 3d dist.

AUSTERLITZ, 8th w. of Louisiana avenue, from river to Plaquemine, 6th dist.

AZELIE, now Constance.

BACCHUS, now Baronne.

BAINBRIDGE, 8th s. of Americus, from Adams e. to Hancock, McDonough (Algiers).

BALDWIN, 9th n. of Peters, from Peters w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

BANKS, 3d s. of Canal, from Johnson n. to St. Patrick's cemetery, 1st dist.

BANK PLACE, bet. Camp and Magazine; from Gravier to Natchez, 1st dist.

BARONNE, 1st w. of Carondelet, from Canal to Peters avenue, 1st and 6th dists.

BARRACKS, 1st sw of Esplanade, from river to Broad, and from New Metairie road to lake, 2d dist.

BARTHOLOMEW, 1st n. of Claiborne, from upper Line, Jefferson City, w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

BARTHOLOMEW, 16th s. of Lafayette avenue, from the river e. to the woods, 3d dist.

BASIN (now North Basin), 5th w. of St. Charles, from Canal n. to St. Peter, 2d dist.

BASIN (now South Basin), 5th w. of St. Charles, from Canal s. to Toledano, 1st and 4th dists.

BAYOU ROAD, from junction Claiborne and Hospital, 2d dist., ne. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.

BAYOU ST. JOHN, commences 8th n. of Broad and at Carondelet walk, thence n. to the lake.

BEAUREGARD, from Marigny avenue to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.

BELFAST, ne. of and parallel to Mobile, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

BELLECHASSE, s. of Thalia, from Tchoupitoulas to St. Thomas, 1st dist.

BELLECATTLE, 3d e. of Peters avenue, from river n. to Leonie, 6th dist.

BELLEGARDE, now Chippewa.

BELL'S ALLEY, bet. Peters and Decatur, 3d dist.

BENEFIT, 17th n. of and parallel with Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue to Lower Line, 3d dist.

BENJAMIN, 1st s. of St. Charles, from Octavia w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

BENJAMIN, now Thalia.

BENTON, 6th above U. S. Barracks, from St. Claude (Good Children) n. to woods, 3d dist.

BERLIN, 1st e. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to Broad, 6th dist.

BERNADOTTE, continuation of Lower Line, from 12th to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

BERNADOTTE, 7th w. of Carrollton avenue, from Canal n. to New Metairie road, 2d dist., and from Canal s. to New Orleans Canal, 1st dist.

BERNARD, now St. Bernard.

BERTRAND, 3d w. of Claiborne, from Common s. to Lafayette, 1st dist.

BIENVILLE, 2d n. of Canal, from river to cemeteries, and from New Metairie road n. to lake, 2d and 3d dists.

BLACKBERRY, 15th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from South Line to North Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

BLANCHE, now Marais.

BOLIVAR, 3d w. of Claiborne, from Common s. to Lafayette, 1st dist.

BONNEVILLE, 5th w. of Paris, from Pleasure n. to the lake, 3d dist.

BORDEAUX, 4th w. of Napoleon avenue, from river nw. to Upper Line, 6th dist.

BOREE, 7th s. of Claiborne, from Burtheville w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

BOUDOUSQUIE, 2d e. of St. Charles, from Soniat to Joseph, 6th dist.

BOUNY, 1st w. of Seguin, from Market n. to river, 5th dist. (Algiers).

BOURBON, 1st nw. of Royal, from Canal e. to Esplanade, 2d dist., and from Esplanade n. to lake, 3d dist.

BRAINARD, 2d w. of St. Charles, from St. Andrew s. to Philip, 4th dist.

BREEDLOVE, continuation of Terpsichore, from St. John to State, 6th dist.

BRESLAU, 2d n. of St. George, from Toledano w. to boundary line, 6th dist.

BRICKYARD, 4th n. of Fair grounds, from St. Bernard avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

BRINGIER, 10th s. of Market, from the river e. to Sumner, 5th dist. (Algiers).

BROAD (now North Broad), 5th w. of Galvez, from Canal, 1st dist., n. to St. Bernard.

BROAD (now South Broad), 5th w. of Galvez, from Canal, 1st dist., s. to Upper Line, 6th dist.

BROADWAY, 2d e. of Lower Line, Carrollton, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.

BROOKS, 8th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

BROOME, now Lafayette.

BROWN, 5th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

BRUTUS, 1st s. of Monroe avenue, from Lafayette avenue, w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

BRUXELLES, 1st e. of Paris avenue, from St. Bernard avenue n. to lake, 3d dist.

BURDETTE, or COLUMBUS, 3d se. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to Lower Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

BURGUNDY, 1st e. of Rampart, from Canal, 2d dist., ne. to Columbus, and from Columbus e. to lower limits, 3d dist.

BURKE, 1st n. of Claiborne, from Upper Line to State, 6th dist.

BURTHE, nw. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Monroe, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

BUTLER, 6th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

CADIZ, 2d w. of Napoleon avenue, from River to Broad, 6th dist.

CALHOUN, 3d w. of State, from Levee, n. to boundary line, 6th dist.

CALHOUN AVENUE, n. of and parallel with St. James avenue, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue, Milneburg.

CALLIOPE, Louisa and Duplantier are known as Calliope, 10th s. of Canal, from river to woods, 1st dist.

CALOPISSA, 25th nw. of First, from Upper Line, to Marley avenue, 6th dist.

CAMBRONNE, 3d nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

CAMP, 8th w. of river, from Canal, to Greenville, 1st, 4th and 6th dists.

CANADA, 16th n. of First, from Walnut to Lower Line, 6th dist.

CANAL, dividing 1st and 2d dists. from river w. to limits.

CANAL AVENUE, 3d w. of Opelousas R. R. from river to boundary line of Jefferson Parish, 5th dist. (Algiers).

CANONGE, 1st w. of eastern boundary, from U. S. Barracks n. to woods, rear of 3d dist.

CARNOT, 2d s. of Monroe avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

CARONDELET, 10th w. of river, from Canal 1st dist. to St. Charles and Soniat, 6th dist.

CARROLL, 1st w. of Carondelet, from Poydras to Perdido, 1st dist.

CARROLLTON, 1st s. of First, from Walnut to Lower Line, 6th dist.

CARROLLTON AVENUE, from river ne. to New Orleans Canal, parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

CARROLLTON AVENUE, 14th w. of Broad, from Canal, 1st dist. to N. O. Canal; and from Canal to Metairie road, 2d dist.

CARONDELET BASIN, bounded by Toulouse, Basin, Franklin and Carondelet walk.

CARONDELET WALK, n. bank of Carondelet Canal and Basin from St. Claude to Bayou St. John, 2d dist.

CASACALVO, now Royal.

CASS, 5th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Orleans, 2d dist.

CASTIGLIONE, 10th n. of Esplanade, from Bayou road to St. Bernard avenue, 3d dist.

CATO, from Bayou St. John e. to Lafayette avenue.

CEDAR, now Howard.

CELESTE, 2d s. of Market. from Felicity e. to river, 1st dist.

CHARBONET, 11th e. of the Convent of the Ursulines, from Dauphine to St. Claude, 3d dist.

CHARTRES, 6th w. of river, from Canal n. to Frenchmen, thence e. to limits, 3d dist.

CHESTNUT, 5th e. of Opelousas R. R. from river to woods, 5th dist. (Algiers).

CHESTNUT, 3d e. of Lower Line, from the river n. to woods, 6th dist.

CHESTNUT, between Camp and Coliseum, 4th dist. from Felicity s. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

CHILD, 16th s. of McDonough avenue, from Franklin to Hancock, 5th dist. (Algiers).

CHIPPEWA, bet. Annunciation and St. Thomas, from Melpomene, 1st dist. to Aline, 6th dist.

CHOCTAW, 2nd n. of Claiborne, from Foucherville to Lower Line, 6th dist.

CHURCH (late St. Mary and late St. Francis), $8\frac{1}{2}$ w. of the river, from Poydras to Julia, 1st dist.

CHURCH, 2d s. of Canal st. Ferry landing, from the river se. to Market, 5th dist (Algiers).

CIRCUS (now Rampart).

CLAIBORNE (now North Claiborne), 7th w. of Rampart, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, thence e. to limits, 2d and 3d dist.

CLAIBORNE (now South Claiborne) 1st, 4th and 6th dists., from Canal street, to Lower line, 6th dist.

CLARA, 12th w. of St. Charles, from Gravier s. to State, 1st, 4th and 6th dists.

CLARK (now North Clark), 1st w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to Bayou St. John, 2d dist.

CLARK (now South Clark), 1st w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to Melpomene, 4th dist.

CLAY, bet. Front and Peters, from Customhouse to Toulouse, 2d dist.

CLAY, nw of and parallel to Canal avenue, from Upper Line to North Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

CLAY (now Henry Clay) avenue, 6th dist.

CLAY SQUARE, bet. Second and Third, Chippewa and Annunciation, 4th dist.

CLEMENS, 2d n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

CLINTON, bet. Peters and Decatur, from Customhouse to Bienville, 2d dist.

CLINTON, 6th se. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to Lower Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

CLO, 11th s. of Canal, from Camp w. to Clark, 4th dist.

CLOUET, 6th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

COFFEE, now Dryades.

COCULUS, 3d s. of Claiborne from Upper Line to State, 6th dist.

COHN, 13th ne. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

COLISEUM, 2d e. of St. Charles, from Melpomene, 1st dist. s. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

COLISEUM SQUARE, junction of Camp and Coliseum, bet. Melpomene and Euterpe, 1st dist.

COLUMBIA, 4th n. of Edinburgh avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

COLUMBUS, 2d n. of Esplanade, from Rampart w. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.

COLUMBUS, 2d n. of Americus, from river to Hancock, 5th dist. (Algiers).

- COLUMBUS, now Bernadotte (Carrollton).
- COMMERCE, bet. Peters and Tchoupitoulas, from Poydras to St. Joseph, 1st dist.
- COMMERCIAL, 2d sw. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Story, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- COMMERCIAL PLACE, between Gravier and Poydras, from Camp to St. Charles, 1st dist.
- COMMON, 1st s. of Canal, from river w. to limits, 1st dist.
- CONL, now Chartres.
- CONGRESS, 11th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods.
- CONRA, 8th s. of the lake from Bayou St. John, to Milne, 2nd dist.
- CONREY, between Washington avenue and 6th, from St. Charles to Prytania, 4th dist.
- CONSTANCY, 6th w. of river, formerly Foucher, from Poydras, s. to Calliope, 1st dist; recommences at Calliope, s. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- CONSTANTINOPLE, 10th w. of Louisiana avenue from the river to Rampart, 6th dist.
- CONTI, 3rd n. of Canal, from river w. to cemeteries, 2nd dist., and recommences at New Metairie road and runs to the lake, 3rd dist.
- COPERNICUS, 1st s. of Americus, from river to Hancock, McDonough (Algiers).
- CORTES (now South Cortes), 4th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1d dist.
- CORTES (now North Cortes), 4th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to Bayou St. John, 2d dist.
- CORWIN, 3d n. of City Park from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- COTTON PRESS (now Press), 3d dist.
- CRAPS (now Burgundy).
- CRITTENDEN, 4th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- CROSSMAN, 1st n. of Canal, from river to Peters, 2d dist.
- CUSTOMHOUSE, 1st n. of Canal, from river w. to New Metairie road, 2d dist., thence n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- CYPRESS, n. of and parallel to Eighth, from Lower line to Upper line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- CYPRESS, 1st s. of Lafayette, from Liberty to Prieur, 1st dist.
- DABADIE, 6th n. of Esplanade, from St. Bernard avenue w. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.
- DAUPHINE, 10th w. of river, from Canal n. to Kerlerec, thence e. to limits, 2d and 3d dists.
- DAVID, bet. Carrollton avenue and Solomon, from Canal to Metairie Road, 2d dist.
- DAWNS, 11th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- DE ARMAS, 9th s. of Canal st. Ferry landing, from river e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- DE ARMAS, 4th sw. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Burdette, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- DECATUR, late Victory and Old Levee, 5th w. of river, from Canal n. to Esplanade, 2d dist. thence e. to St. Ferdinand, 3d dist.
- DEERS, 10th e. of Elysian Fields, from junction of Lafayette avenue and Virtue n.
- DELACHAISE, 1st s. of Louisiana avenue, from river n. to Miro, 6th dist.
- DELARONDE, 3d se. of Canal street ferry landing, from river ne. to Moss, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- DELTA, 2d w. of river from Canal s. to St. Joseph, 1st dist
- DELERY, 1st n. of Lower Line, from the river to the woods, 3d dist.
- DELORD, 9th s. of Canal, from river w. to Broad, 1st dist.
- DELORD, 1st s. of Claiborne, from Upper Line w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- DERBIGNY (now South Derbigny), 1st w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Upper Line, 6th dist.
- DERBIGNY (now North Derbigny), 1st w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard.
- DESIRE, 9th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- DESTREHAN, 13th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.
- DETER, 6th w. of Paris, from Pleasure n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- D'HEMECOURT, 5th s. of Canal, from junc. Common and Lopez w. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- DIVISION, bet. Rousseau and St. Thomas, from First to Second, 4th dist.

- DIXON, next to Seventeenth, from North Line to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- DOLHONDE (now North Dolhonde), 1st e. of Broad, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, 3d dist.
- DOLHONDE (now South Dolhonde), 1st e. of Broad, from Canal, 1st dist., s. to Berlin, 6th dist.
- DOLOPHON, 4th s. of the lake from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- DORSIERE, bet. Decatur and Chartres, from Canal to Customhouse, 2d dist.
- DRYADES, 1st e. of Rampart, from Canal s. to junc. St. Charles and Joseph, 6th dist.
- DRYDEN, e. of and parallel to Franklin avenue from Lafayette avenue to the lake, 3d dist.
- DUCAYET, 3d w. of Gentilly road from Esplanade n. to Pleasure, 3d dist.
- DUBLIN, 1st nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from First to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- DUELS, 12th n. of Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue, e. to Elysian Fields, 3d dist.
- DUFOSSEAT, 9th w. of Napoleon avenue, from river to St. George, 6th dist.
- DUMAINE, 9th n. of Canal, from river, w. to New Metairie road, 2d dist. and thence n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- DUPLESSIS, 7th w. of London avenue, from St. Bernard avenue, to the lake.
- DUPLANTIER, now Calliope.
- DUPRE (now North Dupre), 2d w. of Broad, from Canal n. to Esplanade, 2d dist.
- DUPRE (now South Dupre), 2d w. of Broad, from Canal, . to New Canal, 1st dist.
- EAGLE, nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- EAGLE, now Willow.
- EDINBURGH AVENUE, 4th from the lake, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue. Milneburg.
- EDINBURGH, n. of and parallel to Fifteenth, from North Line to boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- EDWARD, now Melpomene.
- EIGHTH, 3d w. of Washington avenue, from river n. to Rampart, 4th dist.
- EIGHTH, 14th ne. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- EIGHTEENTH, 34th ne. of and parallel to First, from North Line to Parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- ELEONORE, 5th w. of Peters avenue, from river n. to St. Charles, 6th dist.
- ELEVENTH, 20th ne. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- ELIZA, 5th se. of Canal street ferry landing, from river ne. to Sumner, thence e. to limits, 5th dist.
- ELIZABETH, now Annunciation.
- ELMIRA, 20th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- ELMIRA AVENUE, 4th w. of Opelousas R. R., from river boundary line of Jefferson Parish, 5th dist (Algiers).
- ELYSIAN FIELDS, line of the Pontchartrain R. R., from river to the lake, 3d dist.
- ENCAMPMENT, 2d w. of Bayou Sauvage, from Grand Route St. John n. to Pleasure, 3d dist.
- ENGHIEN, now Lafayette avenue.
- ERATO, 12th s. of Canal, from river w. to woods, 1st dist.
- ESPLANADE, dividing line bet. 2d and 3d dists. from river nw. to Bayou St. John, and recommences at New Metairie road, and runs n. to the river.
- ESTELLE, now Thalia.
- ESTHER, 4th sw. of St. Charles, from Foucherville to Lower Line, 6th dist.
- ESTHER, 6th sw. of and parallel to First, from Hillary to Lower Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- EUPHROSINE, 1st n. of Calliope, from Rampart w. to woods.

EUTERPE, 7th s. of Tivoli Circle, from Coliseum nw. to Felicity, 1st dist.

EUTERPE, 1st s. of Terpsichore, from junction Broad and Toledano w. to St. John avenue, 6th dist.

EVELINA, 6th se. of Canal street Ferry landing; from Church ne. to Sumner, thence e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).

EXCHANGE ALLEY, bet. Royal and Chartres, from Custom-house to St. Louis, 2d dist.

EXCHANGE PASSAGE, bet. Royal and Chartres, from St. Peter to St. Anthony square, 2d dist.

EXCHANGE PLACE, bet. Royal and Chartres, from Canal to Custom-house, 2d dist.

FELICIA, 2d sw. of St. Charles, from Foucherville to Lower Line, 6th dist.

FELICIANA, 5th e. of Lafayette avenue, from St. Claude n. to woods, 3d dist.

FELICITY, dividing 1st and 4th districts, from river nw. to woods.

FERDINAND, 7th n. of river, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

FIFTEENTH, 27th ne. and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

FIFTH, 3d w. of Broad, from Ursulines n. to Esplanade, 2d dist.

FIFTH, 8th ne. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton)

FILLMORE AVENUE, 26th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

FIRST, 7th s. of Felicity, from river w. to Dolhonde, 4th dist.

FIRST, head of depot Carrollton R. R., from Foucher, boundary, Greenville to Madison, 2d dist. (Carrollton).

FIRST (now Hagan avenue).

FISH, 1st s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John w. to St. Louis, 3d dist.

FISHERMEN'S CANAL, forming the boundary line bet. the Parish of Orleans and Parish of St. Bernard and running into Bayou Bienvenue, 3d dist.

FLORIDAS, 1st n. of Grand Route St. John, from Bayou Sauvage w. to Bayou St. John, 2d and 3d dists.

FLORIDA WALK, 11th n. of Claiborne, from Elysian Fields e. to limits, 3d dist.

FORCE (now La Force).

FORSHEY, ne. of and parallel to Fourteenth, from Lower Line to Upper Line 7th dist. (Carrollton).

FORSTALL, 2d e. of the Convent of the Ursulines, from the river to the woods, 3d dist.

FORSTALL, 9th n. of St. Charles, from Peters avenue to Bloomingdale, 6th dist.

FORTIN, 2d e. of Bayou St. John, from Pleasure n. to Bayou, 3d dist.

FOUCHER (now Constance).

FOUCHER, 3d w. of Louisiana avenue, from river n. to Green, 6th dist.

FOURTH, 1st and 2d dist. (now Gayoso).

FOURTH, 1st n. of Washington avenue, from river w. to Broad, 4th dist.

FOURTEENTH, 25th ne. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton)

FOX, 10th s. of and parallel to Monroe avenue, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.

FRANCE, 6th w. of the Convent of the Ursulines, from the river to the woods, 3d dist.

FRANKFORT, 3d n. of Edinburgh avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, Milneburg.

FRANKLIN (now South Franklin), 2d w. of Rampart, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist., thence to Phillip, 4th dist.

FRANKLIN (now North Franklin), 2d w. of Rampart, from Canal n. to Corondelet walk, 2d dist.

FRANKLIN, 4th e. of river, from Market s. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).

FREDERICK SQUARE, bounded by Fifteenth, Hamilton, Edinburgh and Laurel Grove, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

- FREMONT, 15th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- FRENCH, 17th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river to woods, 3d dist.
- FRENCHMEN, 1st w. of Elysian Fields, from Esplanade n. to lake, 3d dist.
- FRERET (formerly Jacobs), 6th w. of Rampart, from Canal to State, 1st and 6th dists.
- FRONT (now North Front), 3d w. of river, from Canal n. to Toulouse, 3d dist.
- FRONT (now South Front), 3d w. of river, from Canal s. to Celeste, then from Felicity, 1st w. of river, sw. and w. to lower line of Carrollton, 1st, 4th, and 6th dists.
- FULTON, 4th w. of river, from Canal s. to Delord, 1st dist.
- GAIENNE, bet. Calliope and Erato, from river w. to Camp, 1st dist.
- GASQUET, 5th s. of Melpomene, from Broad w. to Second, 6th dist.
- GAYOSO (now South Gayoso), 3d w. of Broad, from Canal, 1st dist., s. to Broad, 6th dist.
- GAYOSO (now North Gayoso), 3d w. of Broad, from Canal w. to Esplanade, 2d dist.
- GAINES, commences at Lafayette avenue, cor. Socrates, and runs n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- GAINES, 10th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- GALLATIN, 1st w. of river, from Ursulines n. to Barracks, 2d dist.
- GALLATIN, 3d s. of Americus, from river e. to Hancock, McDonough (Algiers.)
- GALVEZ (now South Galvez), 5th w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Peters avenue, 6th dist.
- GALVEZ (now North Galvez), 5th w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, 2d dist.
- GENERAL TAYLOR, 8th w. of Toledano, from river n. to Rocheblave, 6th dist.
- GENOIS (now South Genois) 2d w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- GENOIS (now South Genois), 2d w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to Bayou St. John, 2d dist.
- GENIUS, 5th n. of Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue, e. to Lower Line, 3d dist.
- GENTILLY AVENUE, continuation of Bayou road, commencing at Broad and running along s. bank of Bayou Sauvage to Fort McComb, Parish St. Bernard.
- GIROD (now Villere), 3d dist.
- GIROD, 6th s. of Canal, from river w. to Liberty, 1st dist.
- GIROND (now Howard).
- GOOD CHILDREN (now St. Claude).
- GORDON, 5th w. of U. S. Barracks, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- GOSLIN (now Vallette), 8th dist. (Algiers).
- GRAND ROUTE ST. JOHN, 3d n. of Esplanade, from Bayou Sauvage w. to Bayou St. John, crossing Esplanade, 2d dist.
- GRAVIER, 2d s. of Canal, from river, nw. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- GREATMEN (now Dauphine), 3d dist.
- GREAT ROUTE (now Louisiana avenue), 6th dist.
- GREEN, 7th n. of St. Charles, from Toledano s. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- HAGAN AVENUE (now North Hagan avenue), 7th w. of Broad, from Canal n. to Ursulines, 2d dist.
- HAGAN AVENUE (now South Hagan avenue), 7th w. of Broad, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- HAMBURG, 1st w. of Paris avenue, from St. Bernard avenue to the lake, 3d dist.
- HAMPSON, 1st ne. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Madison, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- HANCOCK, 3d w. of U. S. Barracks, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- HARMONY, 2d e. of Toledano, from river to Magazine, 4th dist.
- HARNEY, 9th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- HARRISON AVENUE, 16th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to New Orleans, 2d dist.
- HAYANA, 1st w. of London avenue, from junction of Miro and St. Bernard avenue n. to lake, 3d dist.
- HENDREE, 6th w. of Opelousas R.R., from river s. to boundary line of Jefferson Parish, 5th dist.

- HENDERSON, bet. Terpsichore and Robin, from river w. to Tchoupitoulas, 1st dist.
- HENRIETTA, 2d s. of Washington avenue, from Telemachus to Carrollton avenue, 6th dist.
- HENRY, 18th n. of St. Charles, continuation of Willow, from Upper Line w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- HERCULES, now Rampart.
- HERSCHEL, 7th s. of McDonough avenue, from Washington e. to Hancock, 5th dist.
- HEVIA, now Lafayette.
- HISTORY, now Kerlerec.
- HODGE, 3d ne. of St. Charles, continuation of Galvez, from Peters avenue w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- HOMER, 6th s. of Canal street Ferry Landing, from river e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- HOPE, 2d n. of Broad, from St. Bernard avenue to Elysian Fields, 2d dist.
- HOPKINS, 3d n. of Claiborne, from State to Fouchersville, 6th dist.
- HOSPITAL, 2d s. of Esplanade, from river w. to Broad, 2d dist.; recommences at New Metairie road and runs north to the lake.
- HOWE, 1st e. of St. John, from Esplanade n. to Pleasure, 3d dist.
- HUMANITY, 17th n. of and parallel to Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue to Lower Line, 3d dist.
- HUNTER, 1st n. of Thalia, from Peters to Tchoupitoulas, 1st dist.
- HUNTERS, 1st e. of Franklin avenue, from Lafayette avenue. n. to lake, 3d dist.
- HURST, 3d n. of Prytania, from junction St. Charles and Valmont w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- IDA, 2d s. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.
- INDUSTRY, 12th n. of and parallel to Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue to Lower Line.
- INDEPENDENCE, 12th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to Woods, 3d dist.
- INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, bounded by Urquhart, Robertson, Spain and Music, 3d dist.
- JACKSON, 4th s. of Felicity, from river nw. to Miro, 4th dist.
- JACKSON, 1st s. of Market, from river e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- JACKSON, 8th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- JACKSON AVENUE, 21st n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- JACKSON SQUARE (formerly Place d'Armes), between Peters and Chartres, St. Peter and St. Ann, fronting St. Louis Cathedral, 2d dist.
- JACOB OR JACOBS, now Freret.
- JAMES, 6th sw. of Melpomene, from Broad to boundary,
- JEANNA, 14th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- JEFFERSON, 4th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- JEFFERSON, bet. Toulouse and St. Peter, from Levee to Chartres, 2d dist.
- JEFFERSON, 1st e. of river, from Market s. to Limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- JENA, 1st w. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to Broad, 6th dist.
- JENNET, 2d n. of Prytania, from Robert w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- JERSEY, now Annunciation.
- JOHNSON (now North Johnson), 4th w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to Lafayette avenue, 2d and 3d dists.
- JOSEPHUS (formerly Josephine), 14th n. of River, from Lafayette avenue e. to limits, 3d dist.
- JOSEPHINE, now Josephus, 3d dist.
- JOSEPHINE, 3d s. of Felicity, from river w. to Melpomene, 4th dist.
- JOSEPHINE, 21st e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- JULIA, 6th s. of Canal, from river w. to Broad, 1st dist.
- JUMONVILLE, 4th w. of and parallel to Paris avenue, from St. Bernard avenue to the lake, 3d dist.

KERLEREC, 1st n. of Esplanade, from Chartres w. to Bayou Road, 3d dist.

LABATUT, w. line of Fair Grounds, from Esplanade s. to Pleasure, 3d dist.

LAFAYETTE, 1st s. of Poydras, from river w. to Rocheblave, 1st dist.

LAHARPE, 3d n. of Esplanade, from junction Marais and St. Bernard avenue w. to woods, 3d dist.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE, bounded by Camp and St. Charles, North and South, 1st dist.

LA FORCE, 7th n. of Claiborne, from Lafayette avenue e. to limits, 3d dist.

LAHARPE, 3d n. of Esplanade, from junction Marais and St. Bernard avenue w. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.

LANNES, 18th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from South Line to North Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

LANE, 16th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

LAPEYROUSE, 4th n. of Esplanade, from Claiborne n. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.

LAPEYROUSE, 10th s. of Canal street ferry landing, from river to Sumner, 5th dist. (Algiers).

LA SALLE, between New Orleans Canal and cemeteries, 1st dist.

LAUREL, 5th w. of river, from Felicity s. to Calhoun, 4th and 6th dists.

LAUREL GROVE, 11th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from Upper Line to North Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

LAURENT (now Rampart).

LAVERGNE, 4th ne. of Canal street Ferry-landing, from river se. to Peter, 5th dist.

LAW, 1st n. of Broad, from St. Bernard avenue e. to Lower Line, 3d dist.

LEONIDAS, 5th nw. of, and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

LEONIDAS, 4th s. of Monroe avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

LEONTINE, 6th w. of Upper Line, from river n. to St. Charles, 6th dist.

LEONCE, 8th n. of St. Charles, from State w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

LEPAGE, from junction Broad and Bayou road nw. to Grand Route St. John, 3d dist.

LESSEPS, 18th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river to woods, 3d dist.

LEVEE, 4th dist. (now Tchoupitoulas), from Felicity to Toledano.

LEVEE OR FRONT LEVEE, 1st and 4th dists. (now Water).

LEVEE OR NEW LEVEE, 1st, 2d and 3d dists. (now Peters).

LEVEE, 2d n. of river, from Toledano s. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

LEVEE, 2d from and parallel to river, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

LIBERAL, 6th n. of Claiborne, from Lafayette avenue, e. to limits, 3d dist.

LIBERAL (now Camp).

LIBERTY (formerly North Liberty), 3d w. of Rampart, from Canal n. to Esplanade, 2d dist.

LIBERTY (now South Liberty), 3d w. of Rampart, from Canal s. to Philip, 4th dist.

LIVAUDAIS, e. of Bayou St. John, from Pleasure to Pelopidas, 3d dist.

LIVINGSTON, 1st n. of Pelopidas, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.

LIVE OAK, nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from Upper Line to Lower Line.

LIVE OAK (now Constance).

LOCUST, now Pine, 1st e. of Lower Line, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.

LOCUST, 6th w. of Rampart, from Common, 1st dist. s. to State, 6th dist.

LONDON AVENUE, 8th w. of Elysian Fields, from junction St. Bernard avenue and Prieur n. to lake, 3d dist.

LONG, 5th n. of St. Charles, from State to Calhoun, 6th dist.

LOPEZ (now South Lopez), 5th w. of Broad, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.

LOPEZ (now North Lopez), 5th w. of Broad, from Canal n. to Ursulines, 2d dist.

LOUISA, 1st dist. (now Calliope).

LOUISA, 7th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

LOUISVILLE, between Customhouse and Bienville, from New Metairie road to the lake, 3d dist.

LOUISIANA AVENUE, 1st w. of Toledano, from river n. to Broad, 6th dist.

LOWER LINE, divides Greenville and Carrollton from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

LOVE (now Rampart).

LYON, 5th w. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to Prytania, 6th dist.

MACARTY, 3d sw. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Washington, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

MADISON, bet. St. Ann and Dumaine, from Peters to Chartres, 2d dist.

MADISON, 2d e. of river, from Market s. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).

MADISON, nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

MADMEN, e. of and parallel to Franklin avenue, from Lafayette avenue to the lake, Milneburg.

MAGAZINE, 6th w. of river, from Canal, 1st dist. s. to Toledano, thence se. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

MAGDALEN (now Magnolia).

MAGELLAN, 9th n. of Americus, from river e. to Hancock, 5th dist.

MAGISTRATE, 9th n. of Claiborne, from Lafayette avenue e. to limits, 3d dist.

MAGNOLIA, 7th w. of Rampart, from Common, 1st dist. s. to Toledano, 4th dist. thence se. to lower line of Carrollton, 6th dist.

MAGNOLIA WALK (now Broadway), 6th dist.

MAHOMET, 2d w. of Lafayette avenue, from the lake s. to New York, 3d dist.

MAIN (now Dumaine).

MANDEVILLE, 2d e. of Elysian Fields, from river n. to lake, 3d dist.

MANUEL, 1st w. of the Ursulines Convent, from river to woods, 3d dist.

MARAIS, 4th w. of Rampart, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, thence e. to Lafayette avenue, thence se. (formerly Morales) to Lower Line, 3d dist.

MARENGO, 11th w. of Toledano, from river n. to Clara, 6th dist.

MARIGNY, 1st e. of Elysian Fields, from river to lake, 3d dist.

MARIGNY AVENUE, north city limits, Elysian Fields to Bayou St. John.

MARKET, 3d s. of Patterson, from river e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).

MARKET, bet. Richard and St. James, from river w. to Felicity, 1st dist.

MARKET, 5th n. of river, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

MARKET PLACE, Peters bet. Market and St. James, 1st dist.

MARKS, n. of and parallel to Eighteenth, from North Line to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

MARLEY AVENUE, se. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from Belfast to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

MARSHALL, 7th s. of Melpomene, from Broad w. to Peters avenue, 6th dist.

MARTIN (now Willow).

MASON, 5th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

MAUNSEL (now Magnolia).

MAUREPAS, 2d n. of Grand Route St. John, from Bayou Sauvage w. to Esplanade, 3d dist.

MCDONOUGH AVENUE, 17th s. of Canal street ferry landing, from river e. to limits, 5th dist.

MELICERTE (now Erato)

MELPOMENE, 8th s. of Julia, from St. Thomas w. to woods, 1st dist.

MEMPHIS, 1st w. of and parallel with St. Louis, from New Metairie road to the lake, 3d dist.

MENDEZ, 1st s. of Calhoun avenue, from Bayou St. John.

MEXICO, 3d s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John w. to Ursulines, 3d dist.

MICHAEL (now Laurel).

MINTURN, continuation of Broad, from Upper Line w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

- MILLAUDON, 7th se. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to First, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- MILNE, 1st w. of Customhouse, from Metairie road n. to the lake, 2d dist.
- MILTON, 12th s. of Americus, from Madison e. to Hancock, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- MIRO (now North Miro), 6th w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, thence e. to Lafayette avenue, 2d and 3d dists.
- MIRO (now South Miro), 6th w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Lower Line of Carrollton, 1st, 4th and 6th dists.
- MITHRA, 17th s. of the lake, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John.
- MOBILE, 2d n. of and parallel to Ninth, from Foucher, boundary to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- MOLIERE, commences at Calhoun avenue, cor. Lafayette avenue, and runs n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- MORALES (now Marais), 3d dist.
- MONROE, 4th w. of U. S. Barracks, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- MONROE, 9th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to parish boundary, 9th dist. (Carrollton).
- MONROE, 3d e. of river, from Market to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- MONROE AVENUE, 1st rear City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne.
- MONTGUT, 4th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- MOREAN (now Chartres).
- MOUTON, 10th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- MURAT, 11th w. of Hagen avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- MYSTERY, 4th e. of Bayou St. John, from Esplanade n. to Fair Grounds, 3d dist.
- NAPOLEON, 9th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- NAPOLEON, 9th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to Metairie road, and thence n. to the lake, 2d dist.
- NAPOLEON, n. of and parallel to Ninth, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Algiers).
- NAPOLEON AVENUE, 14th sw. of Toledano, from river n. to Broad, 6th dist.
- NASHVILLE, 11th w. of Upper Line, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.
- NATCHEZ, between Gravier and Poydras, from Peters w. to Camp, 1st dist.
- NAYADES, now St. Charles.
- NELSON, n. of and parallel to Mobile, from Foucher, boundary to Upper Line.
- NEW ORLEANS, from junction St. Bernard avenue and Derbigny n. to lake, 3d dist.
- NEW YORK, 3d s. of Edinburgh avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John.
- Milneburg.
- NEWTON, 7th s. of Canal street Ferry landing, from river e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- NEY, 15th nw. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from North Line to South Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- NINTH, 3d e. of Toledano, from river n. to Chestnut, 4th dist.
- NINTH, 15th n. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line.
- NORTH, ns. of Lafayette square, from Camp to St. Charles, 1st dist.
- NORTH MARKET, 2d s. of Julia, from river w. to Tchoupitoulas, 1st dist.
- NOTRE DAME, bet Girod and Julia, from river w. to Magazine.
- NUNS, 1st n. of Felicity, from river nw. to Felicity, 1st dist.
- OAK, 2d s. of Esplanade, from Gentilly road w. to Rendon, 2d dist.
- OAK, 6th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.
- OCTAVIA, 1st w. of Peters avenue, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.
- OCTAVIA, 1st s. of Market, from Bouny e. to Moss, 5th dist.
- ODIN, 2d s. of Calhoun avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.
- OLD BASIN, bet. Carondelet walk and Toulouse, Franklin and St. Claude, 2d dist.
- OLD LEVEE, now Decatur.

- OLD MAGAZINE, 1st w. of Constance, from Felicity s. to St. Mary, 4th dist.
- OLYMPIA, 12th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to New Metairie road, 2d dist.
- OLIVIER, 7th w. of Opelousas R.R., from river s. to Market, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- ONZAGA, 5th n. of Esplanade, from St. Bernard avenue nw. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.
- ORANGE, 12th s. of Julia, from river w. to camp, 1st dist.
- O'REILLY, 8th n. of Esplanade, from St. Bernard avenue w. to Gentilly road, 3d dist.
- ORLEANS, 7th n. of Canal, from Royal w. to New Metairie road, 2d dist.
- ORLEANS AVENUE, from New Metairie road through City Park to the lake, 2d dist.
- OTAHEITE, 4th n. of Claiborne, from Lower Line to Foucherville, 6th dist.
- OURS AVENUE (now Calhoun avenue), 3d dist.
- PACANIER (now Chippewa) 4th dist.
- PACIFIC AVENUE, 3d w. of Opelousas R. R., from river s. to boundary line of Jefferson Parish, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- PAINTERS, 7th e. of Elysian Fields, from Lafayette avenue to lake, 3d dist.
- PALMYRA, 2d s. of Canal, from Claiborne w. to cemeteries, 1st dist.
- PARIS AVENUE, 8th e. of and parallel to Bayou St. John, from St. Bernard avenue to the lake, 3d district.
- PATRIOTS, 22d n. of Esplanade, from Bayou St. John to Lower Line, 3d dist.
- PATTERSON, or Public road, 1st s. of river, from Canal street Ferry landing e. to limits, 5th dist.
- PEACE, or Kerlerec, 1st n. of Esplanade, from Chartres w. to Dauphin, 3d dist.
- PAULINE, 13th e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- PEARL, bet. Peters and Tchoupitoulas, from Delord to Calliope, 1st dist.
- PEARL, 1st s. of and parallel to First, from Levee to Levee Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- PELOPIDAS, 7th s. of and parallel to Monroe avenue, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue.
- PENISTON, 7th s. of Toledano, from river n. to Claiborne, 6th dist.
- PENN, 1st w. of Baronne, from Perdido s. to Poydras, 1st dist.
- PENN, 12th s. of Patterson, from Hancock e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
- PENSACOLA LANDING, head of New Basin and parallel with Rampart, 1st dist.
- PEOPLE'S AVENUE, 4th e. of and parallel with Franklin avenue, from Lafayette avenue to the lake, Milneburg,
- PERDIDO, 4th s. of Canal, from St. Charles w. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- PERIANDER, 4th s. of Americus, from river e. to Hancock, McDonough.
- PERRIER, 3d s. of St. Charles, from Amelia w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.
- PERILLIAT, between Lafayette and Cypress, fronting City Workhouse, from Liberty w. to Magnolia, 1st dist.
- PERRY, 2d s. of Americus, from river e. to Hancock, 5th dist.
- PETER, 2d s. of Canal street ferry landing, from river to Sumner, 5th dist.
- PETERS, 6th dist. (now Prieur).
- PETERS, (now South Peters) formerly New Levee, 5th w. of river, from Canal s. to Felicity, 1st and 4th dists.
- PETERS, (now North Peters), 4th w. of river, (formerly New Levee), from Canal to St. Louis, 2d dist., intersected and recommences at Dumaine, and recommences numbering at Ursulines; from thence n. (formerly Levee), along river bank to lower limits, 2d and 3d dists.
- PETERS AVENUE, 13th sw. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.
- PETRE, 8th e. of Adams, from La Force n. to woods, 3rd dist.
- PHILIP, 5th sw. of Felicity, from river to Claiborne, 4th dist.
- PHILIP, n. of and parallel to Live Oaks, from South Line to North Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- PHILLIPPA, 1st dist. (now Dryades).
- PIETY, 8th e. of Lafayette avenue, from the river n. to woods, 3d dist.
- PINE, 1st dist. (now Freret),

PINE (formerly Locust), 1st e. of Lower Line, Carrollton, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.

PITT, 1st se. of St. Charles, from Amelia w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

PLAQUEMINE (now Coliseum).

PLAUCHE (now Marais).

PLEASANT, 1st e. of Toledano, from river nw. to St. Charles, 4th dist.

PLACE D'ARMES, betw. Rampart and St. Claude, St. Peter and St. Anne, 2d dist.

PLEASURE, 4th n. of Fair grounds, from Bayou St. John e. to lower limits, 3d dist.

PLUM, 7th n. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line.

POET (now Washington), 3d dist.

POYEFARRE, bet. Delord and Calliope, from Tchoupitoulas to Camp, 1st dist.

POLAND, 1st e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

POLK AVENUE, 11th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

POLYMNIA, 2d n. of Felicity, from Camp w. to Rampart, 1st dist.

POLYMNIA, 2d sw. of Terpsichore, from Broad ne. to St. John avenue, 6th dist.

POPE, commences at Lafayette avenue, cor. Virginius, and runs n. to the lake, 3d dist.

PORT, all along Bayou St. John, from Carondelet walk to Esplanade, 2d dist.

PORT, 1st e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

POWDER, 2d from Canal street Ferry landing, 5th dist. (Algiers).

POYDRAS, 6th e. of Canal, from river w. to New Canal, 1st dist.

PREAUX, 4th e. of Bayou St. John, from Pleasure n. to the lake, 3d dist.

PRESSBURG, 2d n. of Calhoun avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

PRESS (formerly Cotton Press), 3d e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

PRESTON, 3d n. of river, from Peters avenue, w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

PRIEUR (now South Prieur), 3d w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Calhoun, 1st, 4th, and 6th dists.

PRIEUR (now North Prieur), 3d w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, thence e. to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.

PRITCHARD (see Brickyard) 3d dist.

PRINCHARD, n. of and parallel to Twelfth, from Lower line to Upper line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

PRYTANIA, 1st e. of St. Charles, from Delord, 1st dist., sw. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

PTOLEMY, 12th s. of Canal street Ferry landing, from river e. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).

PULASKI, bet. Jackson and Philip, from St. Charles to Carondelet, 4th dist.

PUBLIC ROAD, along bank of river from Lower line to Upper line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

RAMPART (now North Rampart), 13th w. of river, from Canal n. to Columbus, thence e. to lower limits, 3d dist.

RAMPART (now South Rampart), 13th w. of river, from Canal s. to Toledano, 4th dist., thence to State, 6th dist.

REEDE, commences at Lafayette avenue, cor. Livingston, and runs n. to the lake, 3d dist.

RELIGIOUS, 4th w. of river, from Robin, 1st dist. s. to St. Andrew, 4th dist.

RENDON (now South Rendon), 6th w. of Broad, from Canal s. to Peters avenue, 6th dist.

RENDON (now North Rendon, formerly Second), 6th w. of Broad, from Canal n. to Esplanade, 2d dist.

REYNES, 3d e. of Convent of the Ursulines, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

RICHARD, 14th s. of St. Joseph, from river w. to Camp, 1st dist.

RICHELIEU, 4th n. of Fair Grounds, from St. Bernard avenue to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

RIDGELEY, 13th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

RINGOLD, 12th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

ROBERT, 7th w. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.

ROBERTSON (now North Robertson), 6th w. of Rampart, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, thence e. to limits, 3d district.

- ROBERTSON (now South Robertson), 6th w. of Rampart, from Canal s. to Common, 1st dist.
- ROBIN, 10th s. of St. Joseph, from river w. to Camp, 1st dist.
- ROCHEBLAVE (now North Rocheblave), 8th w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, 3d dist.
- ROCHEBLAVE (now South Rocheblave), 8th w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Napoleon avenue, 6th dist.
- ROMAN (now North Roman), 2d w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue thence e. to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.
- ROMAN (now South Roman), 2d w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Upper line, 6th dist.
- ROSE, n. of and parallel to Washington, from Lower Line to Foucher, boundary, Greenville, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- ROSE (now Boree), 11th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.
- ROSSIERE, 4th nw. of Broad, from St. Bernard avenue to Gentilly road, 3d dist.
- ROSSINI, commences at Lafayette avenue, cor. Mithra, and runs n. to lake, 3d dist.
- ROYAL, 8th w. of river, from Canal n. to Kerlerec, thence e. to Lower Line, 3d dist.
- ROSSEAU, 3d w. of river, from Felicity to Washington avenue, 4th dist.
- SALCEDO (now South Salcedo), 4th w. of Broad, from Canal s. to Upper Line, 6th dist.
- SALCEDO (now North Salcedo), 4th w. of Broad, from Canal n. to Esplanade, 2d dist.
- SALOMON, 1st w. of Lafayette avenue, from Columbia n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- SAUVAGE, from Fair Grounds to Marigny avenue, 3d dist.
- SAUVÉ, 12th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.
- SAUVÉ, n. of and parallel to Washington, from Lower Line to Foucher, boundary Greenville, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- SCOTT, 1st n. of Taylor avenue, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.
- SECOND, 9th sw. of Felicity, from river nw. to Broad, 4th dist.
- SECOND, n. of and parallel to First, from Foucher boundary, Greenville to Jefferson, 7th dist (Carrollton).
- SEGUIN, 2d e. of Canal street Ferry Landing, from landing se. to Market, 5th dist.
- SERE, 21 n. of Esplanade, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.
- SEVENTEENTH, 14th n. of and parallel to Mobile, from Canal avenue to North Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- SEVENTH, 2d w. Washington avenue, from river nw. to Magnolia, 4th dist.
- SEVENTH, n. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- SHAKSPEARE, commences at Monroe avenue, corner Lafayette avenue, and runs n. to the lake, 3d dist.
- SHELL ROAD, along bank of New Canal, from Delord to lake, 1st dist.
- SIXTH, 1st s. of Washington avenue, from river nw. to Claiborne, 4th dist.
- SIXTH, 10th n. of and parallel to First; from Lower Line to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
- SOCRATES, 2d n. of Monroe avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.
- SOCRATES, 11th s. of Canal street Ferry Landing, from river e. to Sumner, 5th dist.
- SOLIDELLE, 2d n. of Claiborne, from Lafayette avenue e. to lower limits, 3rd dist.
- SOLIS (now Locus), 4th dist.
- SOLOMON, 8th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.
- SOLOMON, 8th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to New Metairie road, thence north to May, 2d dist.
- SOLON, 8th s. of and parallel to Monroe avenue, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.
- SOLON, 10th s. of Americus, from Jefferson e. to Hancock, 5th dist.
- SONIAT, 8th sw. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to Claiborne, 6th dist.
- SORAFARU, bet. Philip and First, from river n. to Annunciation, 4th dist.

SOULE, 4th n. of Claiborne, from Upper Line to Bloomi gdale, 6th dist.

SOUTH, all streets crossing Canal street, and numbering both directions from it (those running south).

SOUTH, south side of Lafayette square, from Camp to St. Charles, 1st dist.

SOUTH MARKET, bet. Market and Richard, from river w. to Tchoupitoulas, 1st dist.

SPAIN, 3d e. of Elysian Fields, from river to woods, 3d dist.

ST. ADELINE, 2d nw. of Claiborne, from Common s. to Poydras, 1st dist.

ST. ANDREW, 2d s. of Felicity, from river w. to Claiborne, 4th dist.

ST. ANN, 8th n. of Canal, from river w. to Metairie road, thence north to the lake, 2d dist.

ST. ANTHONY, 4th ne. of Esplanade, from Rampart n. to lake, 3d dist.

ST. ANTHONY PLACE, Royal, between St. Peter and St. Ann, 2d dist.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW, now Erato.

ST. BERNARD, 6th w. of Pontchartrain R. R., from St. Bernard avenue to the lake, 3d dist.

ST. BERNARD AVENUE, 3d e. of Esplanade, from St. Claude nw. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

ST. CHARLES, 8th w. of river, from Canal s. to Upper Line, thence w. to Lower Line Carrolton, 1st, 4th and 6th dists.

ST. CLAUDE (formerly Good Children), 1st w. and n. of Rampart, from Carondelet walk, 2d dist. n. to St. Bernard avenue, thence e. to Lower Line, 3d dist.

ST. DAVID, 6th w. of St. Charles, from Philip se. to Calhoun, 4th and 6th dists.

ST. DENIS, now Rampart.

ST. FERDINAND, 2d e. of Lafayette avenue, from river n. to lake, 3d dist.

ST. FRANCIS, now Church, 1st dist.

ST. GEORGE, 4th w. of Rampart, from First, 4th dist. sw. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

ST. JAMES, 16th s. of St. Joseph, from river nw. to Felicity, 1st dist.

ST. JAMES, 1st dist., now Pierce.

ST. JAMES, 6th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to St. Ann, 2d dist.

ST. JOHN, from junction of Esplanade and Broad w. to Bayou St. John, 2d dist.

ST. JOHN'S AVENUE, 7th w. of Broad, from New Canal w. to Peters avenue, 6th dist.

ST. JOHN GRAND ROUTE (see Grand Route St. John).

ST. JOSEPH, 8th s. of Canal, from river w. to Dryades, 1st dist.

ST. MARY, 1st dist., now Locust.

ST. MARY, 1st s. of Felicity, from river w. to Carondelet, 4th dist.

ST. PATRICK, 13th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.

ST. PATRICK, 13th w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to Metairie road, 2d dist.

ST. PATRICK, 5th nw. of St. Charles, from Toledano sw. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

ST. PETER, 6th n. of Canal, from river w. to New Metairie road, thence n. to the lake, 2d dist.

ST. PHILIP, 10th n. of Canal, from river w. to New Metairie road, thence n. to May, 2d dist.

ST. THERESA, 4th s. of Calliope, from Tchoupitoulas to St. Thomas, 1st dist.

ST. THOMAS, 5th w. of river, from Gaiennie, 1st dist., to Toledano, 4th dist.

STATE, 13th w. of Upper Line, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.

STEPHANIS, ne. of and parallel to 16th, Foucher boundary to North Line.

STEPHEN GIRARD, 5th s. of and parallel to Monroe avenue, from Bayou St. John to Lafayette avenue, 3d dist.

STORY, 15th n. of St. Charles, from Upper Line w. to Calhoun, 6th dist.

STURKEN'S ALLEY, bet. Conti and St. Louis, from Liberty to Marais, 2d dist.

SUMNER, 7th w. of Opelousas R.R., from river s. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers.)

SUZETTE, now Erato, 1st dist.

SWAMP, 1st w. of Bayou Sauvage, from Grande Route St. John n. to Pleasure, 3d dist.

TAYLOR AVENUE, 6th n. of City Park, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

TCHOUPITOULAS, 6th w. of river, from Canal s. to Joseph, 4th and 6th dists.



TELEMACHUS (now North Telemachus), 3d w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal n. to Bayou St. John, 2d dist.

TELEMACHUS (now South Telemachus), 3d w. of Hagan avenue, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.

TENNESSEE, 1st e. of Convent of the Ursulines, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

TENTH (now Mobile), ne. of and parallel to First, from Foucher, boundary to Upper Line, 7th dist (Carrollton).

TERPSICHOIRE, 9th s. of St. Joseph, from river w. to Freret, 4th dist.

TERPSICHOIRE, 1st s. of Melpomene, from Broad s. to St. John's avenue, 6th dist.

THALIA (formerly Benjamin and Estelle), 6th s. of St. Joseph, from river w. to limits, 1st dist.

THAYRE, 2d s. of Patterson, from Thayre avenue e. to Opelousas R. R., 5th dist.

THERESA, 1st n. of Terpsichore, from Tchoupitoulas to St. Thomas, 1st dist.

THIRD, 6th s. of Felicity, from river nw. to Broad, 4th dist.

THIRD, ne. of and parallel to First, from Foucher, boundary to Monroe, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

THIRTEENTH, ne. of and parallel to Princhard, from Foucher, boundary, to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

THOMPSON (now Pacific avenue), Algiers.

TIMOLEON, 1st n. of Monroe avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

TIVOLI CIRCLE, junction of St. Charles and Delord, 1st dist. (now Lee Circle).

TOLEDANO, dividing 4th and 6th dists., from river nw. to limits.

TONTI (now North Tonti), 7th w. of Claiborne, from Canal n. to St. Bernard avenue, 2d and 3d dists.

TONTI (now South Tonti), 7th w. of Claiborne, from Canal s. to Calhoun, 1st, 4th and 6th dists.

TOULOUSE, 5th n. of Canal, from river w. to New Metairie road, thence n. to May, 2d dist.

TREME (now Liberty).

TRIANGLE, 1st s. of Delord, from Front to Peters, 1st dist.

TRICOU, 3d w. of U. S. Barracks, from river n. to woods, 3d dist.

TWELFTH, 4th ne. of and parallel to Mobile, Foucher, boundary, to Upper Line, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

TWENTIETH, ne. of and parallel to Stephania, from Hamilton to parish boundary, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

TWIGGS, 14th s. of the lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

ULLOA, 6th s. of Canal, from Genois w. to New Canal, 1st dist.

UNION, 2d e. of Elysian Fields, from junction of Royal and Kerlerec n. to lake, 3d dist.

U. S. BARRACKS, or JACKSON BARRACKS, near lower city limits, 3d dist.

UNIVERSITY PLACE, Dryades, bet. Canal and Common, 1st dist.

UPPER LINE, 6th w. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to Broad, 6th dist.

UPPER LINE, divides Carrollton and New Carrollton, from river to Edinburgh, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

URANIA, 1st n. of Felicity, continuation of Orange, from Camp to Felicity, 1st dist.

URANIA, 4th s. of Melpomene, from Broad w. to St. John's avenue, 6th dist.

URQUHART, 2d n. of St. Claude, from St. Bernard avenue e. to lower limits, 3d dist.

URSULINES, 11th n. of Canal, from river w. to New Metairie road, thence north to May, 2d dist.

VALENCE, 3d sw. of Napoleon avenue, from river n. to Clara, 6th dist.

VALETTE, 6th e. of Canal street ferry landing, from river s. to boundary line, 5th dist.

VALMONT, 5th w. of Upper Line, from river n. to Chestnut.

VARIETIES PLACE, between Carondelet and Baronne, from Common to Gravier, 1st dist.

VERRET AVENUE, 1st w. of Opelousas R. R., from river s. to limits, 5th dist. (Algiers).
 VERRER, 5th e. of Canal street ferry landing, from river to Lapeyrouse, 5th dist. (Algiers).
 VICKSBURG, bet. Bienville and Conti, from New Metairie road to the lake, 3d dist.
 VICTORY (now Decatur).

VIENNA, 3d n. of Calhoun avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.
 VILLERE, 1st s. of Canal street ferry landing, from Seguin ne. to Verret, 5th dist.

VIRGINIA, bet. the cemeteries and New Orleans Canal, 1st dist.

VIRGINIUS, 3d s. of Monroe avenue, from Lafayette avenue w. to Bayou St. John, 3d dist.

VIRTUE, 8th n. of Claiborne, from St. Bernard avenue e. to lower limits, 3d dist.

WALKER, 9th s. of the Lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

WALL, 7th sw. of and parallel to First, from Lower Line to Millaudon, 7th dist. (Carrollton).

WALNUT, 4th e. of Lower Line, from river n. to woods, 6th dist.

WANDORF, 10 n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

WAPPING, 9th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

WARREN, 8th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

WARSAW, 7th n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

WASHINGTON, 5th w. of Opelousas R. R., from river s. to woods, 5th dist. (Algiers).

WASHINGTON, 1st n. of St. Charles, from Walnut w. to Lower Line, 6th dist.

WASHINGTON, 1st n. of Esplanade, from Broad w. to Bayou St. John, 3d to 2d dist.

WASHINGTON (formerly Poet), 4th e. of Elysian Fields, from Decatur n. to Lake, 3d dist.

WASHINGTON, 2d se. of and parallel to Canal avenue, from river to Sixteenth, 7th dist. (Algiers).

WASHINGTON AVENUE, 12th sw. of Felicity, from river n w. to Broad, 4th dist.

WATER (now North Water), fronting the river from Canal n. to Bienville, 2d dist.

WATER (now South Water), fronting the river from Canal s. to Race, 1st dist.

WATER, 2d n. of river, from Walnut w. to Pine, 6th dist.

WATER, 1st. from the river, from Joseph to Bordeaux, 6th dist.

WEBSTER AVENUE, 4th w. of Opelousas R. R., from river s. to limits, 5th dist.

WEBSTER, 7th w. of Peters avenue, from river n. to St. Charles, 6th dist.

WELLS, 2d w. of river, from Canal to Bienville, 2d dist.

WHITE (now North White), 1st w. of Broad, from Canal n. to Grande Route St. John, 2d and 3d dists.

WHITE, 1st and 4th dists. (now Basin).

WHITE (now South White), 1st w. of Broad, from Canal s. to New Canal, 1st dist.

WILLIAM, 1st e. of Adams, from Liberal n. to woods, 3d dist.

WILLOW, 9th w. of Rampart, from Common s. to Upper Line, 6th dist.

WITHERS ALLEY, bet. Gaiennie and Erato, from Front to Peters, 1st dist.

WORTH, 7th s. of the Lake, from Bayou St. John to Milne, 2d dist.

ZEMPEL, n. of and parallel to Third, from Lower Line to Eagle.

CHAPTER VII.—SIGHTS ABOUT TOWN.

THE INTERESTING FEATURES OF NEW ORLEANS—ROMANTIC AND HISTORICAL EDIFICES—
THE CHIEF CHURCHES AND OTHER PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Most visitors to New Orleans imagine that they have "done" the city when they have seen the carnival, been to the lake, had the proverbial fish dinner, been to the Metairie cemetery, to Carrollton, to the Jockey Club, and to the French market. This is a great error. There is no city, presenting more interesting sights, but these are seldom visited, particularly in the French quarter of the town. There, odd little balconies and galleries jut out from the tall, dingy, wrinkled houses, peering into each other's faces as if in eternal confab. There, queer little shops are to be found, apothecaries' and musty stores where old furniture, brasses, bronzes and books are sold, bird stores innumerable, where alligators are to be purchased as well—all these lying in a sort of half doze.

A tour through any of these streets will bring before one sights to be found nowhere else in the world.

Chartres street is very picturesque, not merely to walk along, keeping your gaze at a level; but to halt and look up the street and down, at the oddly furnished galleries that look as if the rooms had come out to see what the neighbors were after. And one must halt and peer into doorways, even slyly penetrating a yard or so into some of the long, dark tunnel entrances in search of the paved court-yards, with arched piazzas or porticoes, such as one may see in Venice under the shadows of St. Mark's.

The inhabitants of the grim houses are very kind; they will see the stranger peering out of your eyes, the curious admiration, and will smile graciously, and with a prettily mingled air of graciousness and reserve motion you to look your fill. In most of these court-yards you will find plants in huge pots, pomegranate trees, flowering shrubs; sometimes you will see a battered bronze statue, or a marble figure, gone as gray as any old Creole darkey that smiles a "bon jour" to you from the banquette. And you will see great yellow and earthen water-jars, the ones in which the "Forty Thieves" were hid on a memorable occasion, but which have been transported into Frenchtown and numerous duplicated. These huge jars add much to the charm of the soggy court-yards.

There is nothing really of note to detain one in Chartres street until the old Cathedral is reached. It stands between two of the most picturesque buildings in New Orleans—the old court-houses, built a little before the birth of the present century by Don Andreas Almonaster, a Spanish noble, the old histories of the town say, and who was also perpetual regidor. Those buildings with their dormer windows and stuccoed balustrades "peeling off for their final plunge into oblivion" have looked down on many an execution in the Place d'Armes, which has been called "Jackson Square" ever since the General's statue was erected under the orange and banana trees of the sweet old garden.

An old lady who lived for a long time in the old Pontalba Buildings that are drawn up like twin regiments of French soldiers on either side the square, says she can remember a day when three pirates were hung in the Square. She is old and gray and wears time's white snows wreathed on her gentle brows; may be she can remember such a scene.

In the "Cathedral of St. Louis" a number of persons lie buried. Père Antoine, whom the same old history of the town calls a good and benevolent and saintly man, died in 1829; and during the forty or fifty years he lived in New Orleans he must have baptized, married and buried two-thirds of the persons who were born, married and who died in that time. Only a short time ago the gray stones were torn up by the roots, and the form of Archbishop Perche

was buried away under the great altar. A marble angel broods over the top of this altar. The huge yellow cross her arms embrace is said to be all of true, pure gold. A narrow paved alleyway runs down by the high Cathedral walls from Chartres street through to Royal.

Tall, many-storied houses look down on the alley, which is named after blessed St. Antoine, and the sweet, green garden that blossoms and grows behind the church. The balconies are hidden behind lattice work, and behind the lattices the priests who belong to the cathedral live their simple, frugal lives. Their homes are plain, their fare is scanty, their lives austere. It is pretty and pathetic to note how these men cultivate and care for the pots and boxes of flowers that grow on their galleries.

Two or three blocks further down Chartres street, one comes to a garden wall, dingy and dark, that is set up close beside the small St. Mary's Church. Behind the wall is the present Archiepiscopal Palace. Here lives the Archbishop; his life is almost as hard as that of a Carmelite, and the old Palace seems never to have drawn a dry breath since its walls, three feet thick they are, were mortared into place. This used to be the Ursuline Convent, and was occupied thus for nearly a century. The nuns moved from it in 1824. The doorkeeper at the Palace is a trifle crusty, as all good sentinels ought to be, but visitors can gain admittance and look through the curious old place with its cells and refectories and sunken stone stairways, with balustrades of iron that are worn thin and shadowy by the touch of vanished hands.

Visitors should ask for Father Rouquette, one of the gentlest priests and best of men, and a most exquisite writer in his own language, the French. He is a missionary to the Indians, and lives most of his time with them in the tangled woods of St. Tammany, or when at the Palace they come from across the Lake waters and talk with him, squatting on the dusty floor of his bare little room.

One can step from the Palace right into "St. Mary's Chapel," where the Archbishop often holds service. Up over the altar of this chapel, one of the oldest in the town, is a doorway hung with dark curtains, and many times the worshippers in the church have seen the wan, sweet face of the old Archbishop, he who died the other day, looking down on them from between the parted curtains, as with lifted hand he sent his benedictions on their bent heads. Here in this chapel the Archbishop's body lay in state for nearly a week.

Now, if you will go around Hospital to Royal street, you will find on the corner an immense house, which is a fine sample of the former elegance of the houses of the wealthy people of New Orleans. It is rich with carvings; richer in associations. It has been lived in by great men. There is one room in which Louis Phillippe has slept, Lafayette and Marechal Ney. From the observatory one gets the finest view of the lower part of the city, for it is the highest point in Frenchtown, excepting of course, the Cathedral towers.

Turning down Royal street toward Canal, one finds much that is charming. One should look up and note how fond the old architects were of exterior decoration, for the white cornices up under the eaves are generally richly carved. Many of these houses have *entre sols*—that is a sort of half-story between the first and second floor; and tiny windows with carved stone or wooden balustrades, are sunk into the walls across the window space.

In fact, there is nothing in Frenchtown more noteworthy than the windows of the houses. They are round, peaked, mere little rod-barred holes in the wall, gashes; they are filled with panes of stained glass, with dozens of tiny panes, with doors half of wood the rest of glass, with lattice work, or broad, flat jalousies, once painted green; they are any and all of these, and are any and everything except the modern conventional windows of the architecture of 1884.

Rooms are to be rented in many of these houses, as the dangling sign, "Chambres à louer," let down by a bit of string from one of the upper galleries, will inform you.

There is one fine house on Royal street not very far from Hospital. The entrance is a very wide alley, cool and refreshing, with the stout gates of solid wood always standing wide open. The flags are always clean. The stone walls are painted, with dados of pale brown and cool

green over the rest of the space. A tiny little yellow stream of Mississippi water—Madame Delicieuse might have arched her dainty instep over it—flows always close by the wall, over the flags. It makes a little rushing musical sound as it washes into the stone at the end of the alleyway. And out of sight of the street a broad flight of stairs lead up into a beautiful and elegant home. From the street one sees enticing green plants and the gray iron tank of a tinkling fountain that sends a thin stream of water in a needle-fine spray high into the air. A purple band along the garden walks shows how plentifully sweet violets grow. Little tufts of white moss-like blossom appear at intervals on the twigs of the sweet-olive plants, and the air is heavenly with delicious odors.

At 253 Royal street is the tiny cottage, with its bristling ridge of tiles on the comb of the roof, in which lived "Madame Delphine." On Dumaine street, between Royal and Chartres street, is the ragged house of M'me John. Cluttered-up galleries stand on the street, and the gray roof, like an overhanging brow, throws the wet sidewalk into shadow. Anything more decrepit cannot be imagined. One end of the gallery is littered with old tubs, stone water jars, more of the "Forty Thieves," broken boxes, all piled together. The battered weather-beaten sign of a *sage femme* now dangles from one of the shrunken green porch pillars.

In Toulouse street, near Royal, is the crumbled ruin of the old Citizens' Bank. The only deposit this bank has now is weeds, dirt, and vermin. It smells of bats; it is rank with weeds. In the blaze of summer its ruined marble walls and broken roofs are illuminated by the great yellow, flaring bloom of the golden rod. The skeleton stalks of the last year's lamps dip in the wind now. Toads, rats, and weeds dispute for the front steps. Even tramps avoid seeking shelter in its gloomy ruins. Two or three odd little second-hand shops will be found in Toulouse street, near the bank.

Another place worthy of note is the Academy of the Bon Secours in Orleans street, between Royal and Bourbon. The little green garden of the Cathedral looks right out on this convent school. The front of the building jamb on the street is of pinkish color, and with its portico roof thrown over the sidewalk looks more like some grand hotel entrance or theatre front getting superannuated. On the corner of Bourbon and Orleans used to stand the gay old Orleans Theatre, and this convent was the dance house of the theatre, the ball and supper room, and in this building used to be given those famous "quadrone" balls.

The visitor will be startled when he rings at the convent bell, and the door opens in on that fine marble floor that has been in its time pressed by the satin-clad feet of so many sadly, fatally beautiful women, to find himself in the presence of a colored sister of charity. The famous dance hall for quadrone women has become a convent for colored sisters of charity.

The old Spanish barracks were located at 270 Royal street; there are but few traces of them left in the stone arches of the building now used for manufacturing purposes. One cannot but notice the dilapidated condition of those old houses that under the French and Spanish domination were somewhat famous. Tile roofs have begun to disappear, the cozy little cottage tenements of those who were here before Canal street existed are fast changing into the newer style of corniced residences; and, in fact, on all sides, one, who is at all observant, can see how that fickle old fellow, Time, is pushing back the past to make way for the present.

It is true there are neighborhoods where his hand seems to have been stayed in a measure. Some of those old Creole houses whose roofs have sparkled and glittered in the spring showers of one hundred years still remain, but they are fast fading away. Curious old houses these. The very embodiment of the plain, simple, old-time ideas of what a Southern residence should be, where ample ventilation in summer and warmth in winter were the main objects of those earnest architects. Passing down Royal street and arriving at the corner of St. Peter, we see that at least one of the old notable houses of our city was not allowed to go into the sere and yellow without a remonstrance on the part of its owner. Three months ago it stood there, a tall Venetian looking four-story edifice of peculiar architecture

and more sombre appearance. Of a dull, faded, blue color, with splotches on its front like a convalescent small-pox patient, it gave evidence of its age, and showed how the weather of all these years had made its inroads on the once smooth stucco. Silent and rather forbidding it stood there, a gloomy reminder of days when prosperity and wealth made our city the Damascus of the South, whither the gay and rich voyaged for the nepenthe of revelry and pleasure. Many will recall the old swinging sign that creaked in the rough puffs of wind coming down St. Peter street from the river, and will recall the antique letters that announced to the world that "Jean Fisse, Grocer," in the corner store was ready to answer all calls upon his selected foreign stock. Poor John Fisse has gone to a better land, where it matters not whether a pound of butter be of light or heavy weight, and the plasterers and carpenters have lately taken the old sign down to make way for the new dress they were about to put upon the old building. A fresh coat of stucco has obliterated now all the work of weather, and the house stands in its new garb as bright and attractive as it did sixty years ago.

The reason we have called attention to this building, however, was not because of its recent repairs, but rather for the reason that it was the first four-story house built in New Orleans, and the laughable incidents connected with its building.

It was in the good old year of 1819, after peace had once more settled down upon us, and the Orleanais were no more looking out for the English, that it was erected. Here *Sieur George* lived. The oldest house now standing is on St. Anne street, between Burgundy and Rampart. It is queer, more tumbled down, with a deeper-drooping roof than even *M'me John's* house. It stands back in a little garden, behind a fence, and was the home of the "Voudou Queen," *Marie le Veau*, who, however, before she died turned from the superstitions of her life and died in the church.

On the corner of Conti and Rampart streets stands a brown church, which was, as a turbaned colored Frenchwoman will tell you, "billup in dat good *Père Antoine* day." This was the old Mortuary Chapel. It was finished in 1827, and is dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua. All funeral ceremonies of Catholics were compelled to be performed there. The Mortuary Chapel is now the Italian Church of the city, in charge of a quiet and gentle priest, who lives in a beautiful one-storied cottage with a tiled roof, and stone floors, behind the church, and where his sweet and simple household is in charge of his two sisters, quiet, thin-faced ladies speaking no language but their own smooth, flowing Italian.

The furniture in the priest's house is composed mainly of old carved church benches, altar stalls, settees and chairs that have served their time in the church. This cottage home, like so many of the houses in this side of the city, has a roof that reaches far over the sidewalk beyond the house walls. A queer little green gallery railing juts out from one end of the house top, and one can fancy that sometimes the thin, brown, little priest and his quiet, thin, brown sisters go up there in the moonlight and talk half to each other, half to the white and silent stars of *Bella Italia*. There is a famous shrine in the Italian church—the shrine of St. Bartholomew—and about it are placed innumerable thank-offerings from those whose prayers have been answered.

Some of these offerings are curious, some beautiful; among the former are waxen hands, arms, legs, feet, fingers, and under a glass globe is a head of a young boy, modeled in wax and faithfully colored. It was presented by the grateful mother of a sick lad, who long suffering with some illness in the head, was cured by the power of her prayers to St. Bartholomew. A statue of St. Bartholomew with his head in hand and skin over his arm—he was both flayed and beheaded—stands at one the side-altars.

Visitors should also see further up Rampart street the beautiful green Congo square, where long time ago *Bras Coupé* and other negroes danced and sung, and where the ladies and gentlemen used to go in early evening time to watch and listen to their strange, wild, weird amusement.

The Parish Prison lies just back of Congo square; these buildings are very old. From the neighboring streets show the tall masts of schooners unloading sweet-scented burdens of pine and cypress trees, with the breath of the forests still exhaling from their dead hearts. This long arm of water, reaching and diving down into the heart of the city to pluck at its commerce, is the Old Basin.

The "marble room" in the Custom-House, the long or central room, with walls, ceiling, pillars, floor, all of marble, is one of the largest and handsomest rooms in a public building in the country, and is well worthy of a visit.

The old St. Louis Hotel, on St. Louis, Chartres and Royal streets (now known as Hotel Royale), should also be visited. The dome of this building is very fine and richly frescoed. It is adorned with allegorical pictures and busts of famous men, the work of Canova and Pinoli. This building was originally the Bourse of the city, and a fine hotel was combined with it. It afterwards became the State-House; was dismantled, but is now restored.

Above Canal street, visitors should see the garden district, the houses being chiefly distinguished for the exquisite gardens in which they are placed. After a ride up in the Prytania street cars, one could leave the car at Jackson or Philip, and then walk about, weaving one's way in and out among the streets upon which there are no car tracks.

North of Canal street the handsomest residence street is Esplanade, upon which are situated some of the loveliest houses in the city.

On the south side of the town, or above Canal street, as it is locally known, the handsomest houses lie between St. Charles avenue and the river.

The town headquarters of General Jackson were at 84 Royal street. The old battle-ground of 1815, in St. Bernard parish, is where the national cemetery—Chalmette—is now situated. It is two miles below the United States Barracks, and a lovely walk or drive in good weather. The old Jackson monument is on the battle-field. The road down is lined with old plantation houses.

As for the other interesting sights to be visited in New Orleans, either from the size and architecture, or on account of historical or other interest, there are innumerable, but the following are some of the most striking of them:

THE CUSTOM HOUSE—Situated on Canal street, between Decatur and Peters streets, from the top of which building a full view of the city can be had.

THE UNITED STATES MINT AND SUB-TREASURY—Located on Esplanade, cor. of North Peters street.

CITY HALL—Corner of St. Charles and Lafayette streets, contains the different municipal business rooms, treasurer's office, lyceum, Council chamber and library, etc. It is a large, commodious and handsome structure of brick, marble and stone. The front is of the Grecian Doric order, and remarkable for the graceful beauty of its stately columns.

THE PARISH PRISONS—These edifices, which are three stories high and built of brick, at a cost of about \$200,000, are situated between St. Ann and Orleans streets, occupying 123 feet on each, and a space of 139 feet between them. They are two in number, divided by a wide passageway. The main building has its principal entrance on Orleans street, which is closed by strong iron doors. The lower story is used as offices and the apartments of the jailor. The second and third stories are used for prisoners, and are divided into large rooms. The building is surmounted by a pavillion with an alarm bell.

HALF-WAY HOUSE—Situated just over the bridge at the intersection of Canal street and the New Canal, and accessible by the Canal street cars. In the near neighborhood are the Metairie, Greenwood, and other beautiful cemeteries.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE—Situated on Carondelet street, corner of Gravier, was inaugurated in February, 1871, with a roll of 100 members, which, after dwindling down to about eighty, increased, under a system of daily news concerning the staple, to upwards of 400. Its building is considered one of the handsomest edifices in the country.

WEST END, OR NEW LAKE END—One of the most frequented resorts on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. It may be reached by the New Shell Road, a favorite drive, or by the steam trains of the New Orleans City Railroad Company.

SPANISH FORT—This has always been a point of interest, owing to its historical associations, and may be reached by the New Orleans, Spanish Fort & Lake Railroad; depot, corner Canal and Basin streets.

MILNEBURG—Or, as it is more popularly known, the "Old Lake End," is the terminus of the Pontchartrain Railroad. It is directly on the banks of the Old Lake, and the cool air always prevailing, the sails, fishing and bathing to be enjoyed, make it a favorite resort with all who wish to enjoy the day away from the brick and mortar of the city.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS—A trip to the barracks is one of the pleasantest excursions in the neighborhood of New Orleans. The distance from Canal street is about three and three quarter miles, and the whole distance may be accomplished by the street cars at the expense of five cents each way. The buildings used by the French government and afterwards by the Federal authorities, as a barracks, were located on Chartres street, just below the present residence of the Archbishop.

CARROLLTON GARDENS—The trip to Carrollton is deservedly one of the most popular excursions in the neighborhood of our city. The green cars from the corner of Canal and Baronne streets take passengers through one of the pleasantest avenues, lined by palatial residences and smiling gardens to that suburban district of New Orleans. Here are situated the Carrollton Gardens, a favorite resort, and a place much admired by strangers. The spacious walks are lined with the choicest flowers, whose bloom and fragrance are especially attractive to those who come from the North.

CEMETERIES—Firemen's, one of the Metairie ridge cemeteries, at the end of Canal street, contains a monument of Irad Ferry, the first fireman of this city who was killed while discharging his duty at a fire; the society tombs of many of the fire companies, and other beautiful crypts.

Greenwood, at the end of Canal street. Here is located the Confederate monument, erected by the ladies of New Orleans.

Metairie Ridge, at the head of Canal street, across the canal. This burial-ground has been laid out but a few years, yet contains many fine tombs and splendid walks and drives. The monument of Stonewall Jackson, and the one of the famous "Battalion Washington Artillery," are greatly admired.

Old St. Louis, on Basin, between Conti and St. Louis streets. It contains many beautiful tombs, and is the oldest cemetery in the city.

St. Louis, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, on Claiborne, between Customhouse and St. Louis streets, contain some magnificent mausoleums. No. 2 holds the monument of John Milne, "The Friend of the Orphan." No. 1 is for colored persons.

The Protestant, Girod street, at the foot of Girod street, on Liberty. It is the oldest Protestant burial ground in the city, and has many fine tombs.

Chalmette, the national cemetery in charge of the quartermaster's department, United States army. This beautiful resting place of the dead is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, a little over one mile below the Jackson barracks. The ground was donated by the city in 1865, and was laid out by Capt. Chas. Barnard. There are 12,192 graves; 6,913 of these are classed as "Known," and 5,279 are marked "Unknown."

Washington, corner of Prytanian street and Washington avenue, contains many beautiful souvenirs of the Confederate dead, and the monument erected by the people of Louisiana in memory of Governor Henry W. Allen.

CHURCHES—Christ Church, the pioneer of Protestant churches in New Orleans, is situated on the corner of Canal and Dauphine streets, facing on Canal, and is one of the most imposing and elegant structures in the city. It is built of brick, stuccoed and painted to imitate stone,

and is of the Gothic style in architecture. Approaching the city from any direction, the tall, graceful spire of this edifice is among the first to meet the eye.

McGehee Church, Methodist Episcopal—The first church belonging to this congregation was situated at the corner of Poydras and Carondelet streets, but fell in the disastrous fire of January, 1851. Almost immediately after its destruction, the work of erecting its successor commenced, and soon this beautiful structure was completed. The McGehee church, located on Carondelet street, between Lafayette and Girod, a little south of the old church site, is of the Grecian Doric order, bold and original in design, combining great grandeur of beauty, with simplicity and elegance in arrangement. This is the oldest Methodist congregation in the city.

The First Presbyterian Church is a beautiful large Gothic structure, situated to the south of Lafayette square, on South street, between Camp and St. Charles. It is one of the most graceful and time-honored in our city. It is a brick edifice 75x90 feet and 42 feet to ceiling. The tower and steeple, from foundation to pinnacle, together measure 219 feet. The body of the church is admirably arranged, and capable of seating 1,311 persons. There are also lofty and commodious galleries on a level with the organ loft.

St. Alphonsus Church is situated on Constance street, between St. Andrew and Josephine streets, Fourth district, one square from the Jackson and Baronne street cars, and two from the Annunciation street line. It is built in the Renaissance style and is exceedingly spacious and elegant in design; 70 x 150 feet, and capable of seating 2,500 persons. The front is very beautiful, having two lofty towers.

The Canal Street Presbyterian Church is situated corner of Canal and Derbigny streets, and is a handsome frame building. It is very neatly finished, and will seat between four and five hundred persons. The seats are free.

Coliseum Place Baptist Church, situated at the corner of Camp and Terpsichore streets, facing Coliseum square, is a beautiful edifice, well located, and has a very large congregation.

The Church of the Messiah, Unitarian, which is one of the most elegant edifices of the kind in the city, was built, on St. Charles street, near Julia, in 1854-5, to replace the one formerly used by the congregation, which was destroyed by fire in 1851, and which was known as Dr. Clapp's church.

Dispersed of Judah, a beautiful synagogue on Carondelet street, between Julia and St. Joseph. It is the immediate successor of the oldest Jewish house of worship in New Orleans. The first temple, formerly a church edifice, corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, was presented to the congregation by the late Judah Touro in 1847.

Trinity Church, Episcopalian, corner of Jackson and Coliseum streets, Fourth District, is one of the most graceful buildings in the country, and noted far and wide for the chaste beauty of its adornments, particularly its beautiful chancel and chancel window.

Temple Sinai, Jewish, a graceful and most imposing structure, is situated on Carondelet, between Delord and Calliope streets, and is, without doubt, the most beautiful edifice of the kind in the United States, combining grandeur with simplicity so appropriately that the beholder is charmed.

St. John's Church is situated on Dryades street, between Clio and Calliope streets; is built in the Renaissance style, and is of imposing grandeur and lofty proportions, 172 x 75 feet. The corner-stone was laid in October, 1869, and the church dedicated in January, 1872.

St. Patrick's Church, situated on Camp street, between Julia and Girod streets, is a triumph worthy of the genius of Gothic architecture, whether the dimensions or the splendor of the structure be considered. The style, taken from the famed York Minster Cathedral, is lofty and imposing, and is regarded as the finest effort in this style of architecture in the United States. It is built of brick, rougheast, and colored brown, giving the idea of uncut stone.

The Cathedral St. Louis, fronting on Jackson square, stands a link between the far past and the present time, an object alike of veneration and curiosity. This famous building is the third erected on the same site. The first cathedral, a wooden and adobe structure, was built

some time between the years 1718 (the date of the establishment of New Orleans) and 1723. In 1723 the fearful hurricane that swept over the city, spreading desolation in its path, destroyed "the cathedral and many other buildings of great worth and value."

The second edifice was built of brick about 1724 or 1725, and was the place where the worshippers gathered till 1788. On Good Friday, March 21, of that year, the sacred house was again destroyed, this time by fire. As in the former case, the cathedral fell amid the almost general ruin of the city, for the conflagration which reduced it to ashes destroyed nearly nine hundred houses, residences and public buildings, almost the entire city of New Orleans. For many months mass was celebrated in a temporary building erected for the purpose, and during this time no steps were taken toward the reconstruction of the church. To Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, a Spanish noble and colonel of the provincial troops, New Orleans is indebted for the resurrection of their favorite church, as at the personal expense of that gentleman the present massive structure was erected in 1794, as were also, a little later, the two buildings which stand one on either side of the cathedral, now occupied by courts, but originally intended for the use of the priests of this church of St. Louis. Sixty years afterwards his daughter, the Baroness Pontalba repaired and slightly altered the church, leaving it what it is to-day.

DRIVES.—The favorite drive for the majority of visitors is on the Shell road to the New Lake End, via Canal street.

Another most enjoyable drive is by Washington avenue, going up St. Charles street, passing Lee Place and some of the most palatial residences of the city, till the avenue is reached.

The route to Carrollton is directly up St. Charles street, through the pleasantest vicinities in the city. Another very pleasant drive to Carrollton is to follow St. Charles street as far as Napoleon avenue, through that street, and up the river bank.

One of the most rural in surroundings of New Orleans drives, is that over the old Metairie ridge road, out Canal street to the Half-way House, to the right, pass directly forward between the house and the Metairie cemetery, down to the bridge. Here take the road towards the city, which leads through beautiful scenes to the rear of and above Carrollton. Down the river bank to Napoleon avenue, thence to St. Charles street.

Gentilly road.—Canal to Claiborne street, down that street to Esplanade, thence to Gentilly road and along the road for about three miles, passing the Fair Grounds and Jockey Club Park.

A most interesting drive is down the river bank passing immense cotton presses, all in full working order. The United States Barracks and the Ursuline Convent can both be visited by this route. The student of history will naturally wish to visit the battle-ground, where glorious Old Hickory and his men achieved their victory. Chalmette is about five and three-quarter miles from Clay Statue, and a very pleasant method of reaching it is by a drive down the river bank.

Among the many ways of reaching the Fair Grounds is that of driving out Canal street to Broad, thence to Esplanade, and down the latter street to this delightful resort. Broad is a shell road, and is in excellent condition, while Esplanade is one of the most spacious and elegant avenues in the city.

DISTANCES IN THE CITY.

With Clay Statue as the starting point, it is one mile, via St. Charles avenue, to Thalia street, two miles to Sixth street, three miles to Napoleon avenue, four miles to State street, four and one-half to Exposition Park, and five and one-fourth to Carrollton. Out Canal, it is one mile to Galvez, two miles to Genois, and three miles to the first of the cemeteries. The wharf is a half mile from the statue, and to the Metairie cemetery from the river is four miles. To the Barracks, is four and three-quarter miles. From Carrollton to the Barracks, by the cars, is ten miles; by the river, twelve miles; while by an air line it is only seven and three-quarter miles. St. Charles, with Royal street, is nine miles long.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOTEL LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT HOSTELRIES—THE OLD ST. LOUIS AND ST. CHARLES—SOME IMPORTANT EVENTS THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN THESE BUILDINGS.

Hotel life in New Orleans a half century ago was a feature of the city. In the early French days there had been no hotels, simply *pensions*. About the end of the last century, however, and when the Americans began pouring into New Orleans, hotels came into fashion. The Orleans Hotel on Chartres street was inaugurated as early as 1798, and others followed soon after; but these were scarcely hotels in the American sense of the word. They were houses built after the Creole fashion and with immense courts inside, on which all the rooms faced, but their capacity was small, measured by the standard of to-day. Several of these ancient hostelries are still to be seen, somewhat hoary but very little changed in appearance since they were furnished in the last century.

It was during the period between 1830 and 1840, "the flush times" of New Orleans, when it received its greatest increase in population and wealth, and during which nearly all its leading institutions were founded, and its important buildings erected, that the great hotels of New Orleans began. New Orleans can claim to have originated the American hotel—the caravansary, immense in size, gorgeous in its furnishing, and grand in its table d' hôte, so different from anything to be found in Europe or any other country. The two old hotels of New Orleans, both with namesakes to day, but not equal to them in size or appointments—the St. Charles and St. Louis—were the two first great American hotels, antedating the celebrated Astor House of New York, one of the earliest buildings of that kind in the North.

The hotel life of New Orleans during the period immediately following the erection of these buildings, and down to the time of the war, was peculiarly bright, lively and attractive. New Orleans played to the rest of the South, the same part that Paris plays to France to-day. It was the capital, the city to where the planters of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, came during the winter season, to partake of its enjoyments. In those days, however, New Orleans was a mere place of residence, not a home, to many of its merchants who visited the city each winter to carry on their business, but left early in May, to avoid the summer. These people naturally preferred being in a hotel to renting a house. As a consequence the hotels were crowded all the time, and were the centres of social enjoyment. They were the commercial centres also, the exchanges of that day. Indeed, it was by this name that they were known: as the St. Charles Exchange, and the St. Louis Exchange. There was no cotton exchange then, no sugar exchange, and the merchants made the rotundas of these hotels their place of meeting to transact their ordinary business. They were the political centres of the State and of the South; and parlor P, of the St. Charles Hotel, has probably witnessed more important political events than any room or any building in the country, outside of the Capitol at Washington.

Of the leading hotels of half a century ago, were the St. Charles, St. Louis and Verandah; the last has disappeared altogether, not a vestige of it remains. The names of the other two were preserved for many years, but the buildings of to-day are quite different from the old ones, and are not, old residents of the city who knew their predecessors declare, half as fine or attractive.

THE ST. CHARLES.

"Set the St. Charles down in St. Petersburg and you would think it a palace; in Boston, and ten to one you would christen it a college; in London, and it would marvellously remind you of an exchange; in New Orleans it is all three." Thus wrote of the St. Charles Hotel, more

than thirty years ago, a visitor from New York, a man who afterwards became mayor of that city, during the epoch of its greatest prosperity; who at that time had enjoyed every opportunity of seeing and studying the public and private buildings of Manhattan, but who found down here, in the young city of New Orleans—for the First district was then a mere infant in point of years—something far grander than anything New York could then boast of.

Nor was Oakey Hall—for it is he from whom we quote—the only visitor who broke out into such warm, enthusiastic and rapturous admiration of the St. Charles. Lady Wortley, an English lady who had “done” Europe thoroughly, and was in search of something new and startling in America, pronounced the St. Charles a superb edifice, very similar to St. Peter’s at Rome, and praises its “immense dome and Corinthian portico” as the finest piece of architecture she had seen anywhere in the New World.

Such praise as this sounds somewhat exaggerated and hyperbolical to-day. Nor should it be forgotten that the St. Charles of to-day differs somewhat from its predecessor—the building which Oakey Hall and Lady Wortley saw, admired and praised. The older building stood on the same site as the present one, it is true, and presented the same Grecian front—not quite as high, however—but was capped by a tall, snow-white cupola, second only in size and magnificence to the dome of the Capitol at Washington. This cupola was a favorite haunt for visitors, who, from its summit, could see the entire busy city, lying spread out, like a map, at their feet. The traveler journeying this way, whether steaming up the Mississippi or whirling cityward from Lake Pontchartrain, could distinguish this dome from afar, resplendent under the rays of a Southern sun, like Henry of Navarre’s famous white plume at Ivry. It was visible indeed fully forty miles away; was the first view the traveler got of the Crescent City, the last object that faded away in the dim horizon when cars or steamboats bade New Orleans adieu.

In every town there is some representative building whose career is in itself a history of the city it adorns and beautifies. Such is the Parthenon to Athens, Notre Dame to Paris, and St. Mark’s to Venice. The representative building of old New Orleans, the city of Bienville and Carondelet, is the Cathedral, undoubtedly; but of the modern or American city, the St. Charles Hotel. It was one of the first large buildings erected above Canal street, and from the day of its foundation it has shared the fortunes of the city, good and bad; prospered when it prospered; suffered when it suffered. Within its walls half the business of the city was once transacted, and half the history of Louisiana made.

“The flush times” of New Orleans began about 1830, and continued, with a few interruptions, in the way of panics, crises, etc., until the beginning of the late war. It was during the early part of this period that the faubourg Ste. Marie blossomed into the First district, the wealthiest portion of the city. The splendid buildings erected at that time were generally built by banking companies, who obtained charters from the Legislature and the right to issue money in return for the improvements they made. This policy had the double advantage of rapidly building up the city and increasing its banking capital. This capital amounted at one time to \$40,000,000, when New York did not boast of half this amount.

Among the banks so created were the Improvements Bank, which erected the St. Louis Hotel, and the Exchange Bank, which built the St. Charles.

These two buildings were erected about the same time, and their erection grew out of the jealousy then existing between the city proper, occupied chiefly by the Creoles, and the faubourg Ste. Marie, or First municipality, peopled by the Americans.

The old St. Charles or Exchange Hotel, as it was generally called, was commenced in the summer of 1835, costing \$600,000 to build, in addition to the \$100,000 paid for the ground. The St. Charles street front consisted of a projecting portico of six Corinthian columns, from which a flight of marble steps led to the hotel. The bar-room in the basement was as it is to-day, octagonal in shape, seventy feet in diameter and twenty feet high, having an exterior circle of Ionic columns. The architecture of this room was Ionic, and that of the saloon immediately over the ball room which was eighteen feet high, Corinthian. From the street a flight of marble steps led

to the lower saloon, at the summit of which was a handsome marble statue of Washington. From the saloon a grand spiral staircase continued up to the dome, with a gallery stretching around it on each of the upper stories. The dome was forty-six feet in diameter, surmounting an octagon building elevated upon an order of fluted columns. Above the dome was an elegant Corinthian turret. A circular room under the dome on the floor of which the spiral staircase terminated possessed a beautiful gallery, eleven feet wide, from which the whole city could be seen, at a height of 185 feet.

Diagonally opposite to the St. Charles, on the corner of St. Charles and Common, was the Veranda Hotel erected soon after, and which was for a time a tender or assistant to its greater neighbor. The Veranda was so called from being covered on its front toward the streets by a projecting roof and balcony which protected not only the inmates of the building, but also the pedestrians on the streets, from sun and rain.

The building was destined for a family hotel by its projector and builder, R. O. Pritchard, and was completed in May, 1838, at a cost of \$300,000. The dining-room was one of the highest finished apartments in America, the ceiling being composed of three beautiful elliptic domes for chandeliers. The ceilings and walls were handsomely frescoed by Canova, nephew of the great Italian sculptor, and the building contained some handsome statuary.

The Veranda in the course of time fell under the same management as the St. Charles. It was destroyed by fire in 1853, soon after the old St. Charles, and never rebuilt, as a hotel.

The St. Charles was designed by Messrs. Dakin & Gallier (architects of the City Hall, the State House at Baton Rouge and the new Opera House), and cost nearly \$800,000, a much larger amount, it must be remembered, than this sum represents to-day. It was completed at the beginning of 1837, and formally opened on Washington's birthday with a grand ball given by the Washington Guards, the crack military organization of the city then, under the command of C. F. Hozey, sheriff of the parish.

The St. Charles at once entered upon an era of prosperity. It is true that the first managers, Messrs. Gloyd & McDonald, failed; but they were soon succeeded by E. R. Mudge & Watrus, who made the hotel at once a success. Mr. Mudge sold out in 1845 to his brother, Col. S. H. Mudge, who "ran" the hotel in partnership with Wilson, an old clerk of the establishment, until the great fire of 1851 destroyed it.

The new hotel created quite a sensation throughout the country, and New Orleans was given the credit of being the most enterprising—it was already recognized as the most aristocratic—city in the United States. It must be remembered that this was before the Americans had become a hotel-building people. There were no Palmer Houses in those days, no Pacific Hotels, and visitors to our shores had to content themselves with the most ordinary of old-fashioned inns. The St. Charles was the first of the great hotels of the United States; and it was some time before it found a rival in the Astor House of New York.

The St. Charles rapidly built up the First district. Around it, as a centre, all the traffic and business of the new city was transacted. Churches sprang up opposite it, and stores and dwelling-houses spread out in every direction. St. Charles street was at that time the brightest and liveliest street in America, probably in the world. Between Lafayette and Canal streets it boasted of forty-five bar-rooms, restaurants and eating-houses, and thus gained for the city the title it long enjoyed of the "Boarding-House of the United States." It was a standing joke that nothing but a bar-room or a restaurant could exist in that vicinity. One over-bold citizen did establish a literary exchange there, but before the year was out it boasted of a bar at least sixty feet long.

Hotel life in New Orleans then was something *sui generis*. There was a dash of excitement and Bohemianism about it that made it specially attractive. The First district boasted of few permanent residents, and its population was largely a floating one. People came to the city as to a new El Dorado to spend six months of the year, make as much money as possible, and then fly North or to Europe for a long summer's holiday. The greater portion of the population slept

at the hotels or boarding-houses, and dined next morning at some of the thousand restaurants that New Orleans then contained. Day boarders at the hotels were of course numerous, and several hundred outsiders sat down at the tables of the St. Charles every day.

The large hotels of New Orleans were then three in number—the St. Charles, the St. Louis and the Verandah, the latter an offshoot of the St. Charles. Soon after the construction of that building a number of the gentlemen who had been most instrumental in its construction, among them J. H. Caldwell, R. A. Pritchard and Thomas Bank, quarreled with the board of managers, seceded from that body and built the Verandah (burned in 1853). Each of these hotels had its distinguishing feature. The Verandah was regarded as the cosiest and most homelike; the St. Louis was the headquarters of the auctioneers and the place of great political meetings; the St. Charles was the place where merchants “most did congregate,” although its rotunda was at the same time a great rendezvous for politicians, planters, ship captains and all the varied population of the then liveliest, most progressive and richest city in the United States. Thither flocked all the sugar and cotton planters of the South, bringing their families with them. And the merchants found the hotel the most convenient place at which to meet these planters and transact business with them. The result was that the rotunda of the St. Charles became the chamber of commerce, the board of brokers and the cotton exchange of the city.

The social life of that period was very gay, and the hotels were the centres of all this gaiety. Both the St. Charles and St. Louis gave weekly balls that were world-famous, and at which the very best people of New Orleans were to be met. Yellow fever epidemics did not frighten people then, and the hotels remained open from January to December, instead of being closed, as at present, four months in the year.

During the first few years the St. Charles met with but one reverse. The Exchange Bank, which built it, failed in the crisis of 1841, and the president and cashier fled in order to avoid arrest. The banking company having wound up its affairs, the hotel fell into the possession of the St. Charles Hotel Company, in whose hands it has remained ever since.

At about 11 o'clock on the morning of January 18th, 1851, the upper portion of the hotel was discovered to be on fire. The house was full of people at the time—the busiest season of the busiest year yet known here—800 guests had slept there the preceding night. Indeed so crowded was it that the proprietor had found it necessary to lease the St. Louis Hotel for those guests he could not accommodate in the St. Charles. The cause of this fire has never been definitely determined, some holding that a chimney caught fire and communicated the flames to the roof; others that it was caused by a stove used by some plumbers engaged in repairing the upper portion of the building. One point alone is certain—the fire began in the upper story, near the roof. The management of the fire department on this occasion was very bad. The fire was well under way before the bells were rung, and the engines which reached the scene, attracted there by the flames that lit up the entire city, were half manned and badly worked. The proprietor and employees of the hotel organized themselves into an efficient fire corps, and by the aid of their forcing pipes and engines kept a constant stream of water on the flames wherever they could be reached. It was useless. The fire was above the fifth story, and not an engine could reach half way to it.

After burning a half hour or so the front portico of the building fell forward with a mighty crash into the street, crushing in its fall the noble marble statue of Washington, executed by one of the best artists in Italy, and presented by John Hagan, which stood at the main entrance of the hotel.

The conflagration did not confine itself to the St. Charles. It spread thence to Dr. Clapp's Church, corner of Gravier and St. Charles, one of the very finest and oldest Protestant churches in the city, and entirely consumed it. The First Methodist Church, on Poydras, also fell a victim, and was completely destroyed within twenty minutes. The Pelican House, extending from Gravier to Union, and fourteen other buildings, some as far distant as Lafayette (then Hevia) street, where they were fired by sparks from the hotel, were also victims of the flames.

The total loss was a million dollars, the greater portion of which fell on the hotel, which was insured for the insignificant sum of \$105,000, about one-seventh of its real value.

The loss was a severe one to the young city, but the men of those days did not despair easily. Within two days, the directors of the St. Charles Company had met and decided to rebuild the hotel. Work was begun in a few weeks, and within twelve months of the fire, a new building had risen from the ashes of the old one.

The new building was of the same style and architecture as the old one, with the exception of the cupola. The architect originally selected was Rogers (the well-known hotel-builder of New York), but he had to leave before the completion of the building, and the work was then placed in the hands of Mr. Geo. Purves, builder, of this city. This building is substantially the one we see to day, the only material change being in the first stairs, which originally led straight down from the office instead of dividing and winding as they do at present. The new hotel was at once leased by Messrs. Hildreth & Hall, elegantly fitted up and opened for business in less than a year after the fire. Then followed a long era of prosperity for the State, the city and the hotel.

In the new St. Charles occurred many of those great political events in the stirring period between 1851 and 1861, which made history for the country and the world. It was in Parlor P, "so famous in history," that Jefferson Davis and a number of leading Southern politicians met on their way to the Charleston convention in 1860, and decided in caucus on the course they should pursue there, and probably laid the foundation for the gigantic strife between the States that followed so soon afterward.

When the war came on, the hotel was still under the management of Hildreth (afterward of the New York Hotel) & Hall, and was in very prosperous condition. It suffered, of course, from the hostilities, which interfered with and interrupted travel, and drove all visitors away.

In 1862, when New Orleans was occupied by the Federal forces, the course of the manager of the hotel in refusing Gen. Butler accommodations, came very near precipitating a serious disturbance on our streets. Mr. Hildreth, the lessee, was a Northern-born man, and a relative of Gen. Butler's wife, *née* Hildreth, but was strongly Southern in his sympathies, and an active member of the Confederate Guards.

When Butler landed on May 2, he sent a messenger ahead to the hotel to ask for rooms for himself and his staff. He soon followed himself, accompanied by a large military guard. Mr. Hildreth firmly but emphatically declined to admit him to the building, announcing that he had shut up his hotel and was no longer keeping an inn. Butler thereupon demanded the keys, which were refused him. In the meanwhile a large crowd of angry lookers-on had gathered in the St. Charles and the neighboring streets, who hooted at Butler and threatened him with personal violence. The crowd, growing still more excited, attempted to interfere with the officers, who were endeavoring to force their way into the building, but was finally dispersed and a number of them arrested.

Butler took refuge in the meantime down-stairs in the bar-room, which his men had succeeded in breaking into. It was there that he held his conference with Mayor Monroe and the City Council, who promised to do all in their power to restore peace and quiet in the city and prevent a bloody conflict between the troops and the citizens, which seemed almost inevitable.

Butler finally succeeded in getting possession of the St. Charles, which he threw open as a hotel for his army officers, acting as manager of the establishment himself for several days. The ladies' parlor was occupied during this period by Mrs. Butler, and a general invitation extended to the ladies of New Orleans to visit her.

A few days afterwards Butler took possession of General Twiggs' house, which he occupied as his headquarters during the remainder of his stay, and the hotel was surrendered to its lessees.

During the remainder of the war the St. Charles was kept open, but rather as a boarding-house than a hotel, as the travel between New Orleans and other places was very slim.

In 1865, after the city was filled with returned Confederate soldiers, thousands of whom came back to their old homes without a cent in their pockets, and with a very scanty supply of clothing to their backs, the whole population of the city went earnestly to work to make them as comfortable as possible, and all kinds of charitable schemes were devised to aid them. The hotels did their share of this good work, for they threw open their doors and welcomed home these long-lost sons of Louisiana, with the understanding that those who could pay should do so, but that those who could not should be entertained free. Both the St. Charles and City Hotels thus gratuitously entertained several thousand ex-Confederates, and the books of the former establishment show bills amounting to \$30,000 that were never sent in or collected.

With 1866 prosperity again came to New Orleans. The city was full of people and the hotel did a rousing business. This era of business revival, however, was short and lasted only two years, and in 1868 "hard times" came again.

During this period several other changes had taken place in the management of the hotel. Hildreth sold out his interest to Hall in 1865. In 1869 it was leased to Rivers & Foley. They were succeeded by Rivers & Lonsdale, and afterwards by Rivers & Bartel.

Since the war the St. Charles has been the central point of the very stormy politics of Louisiana. In its rotunda Democrats, Republicans, members of every political party, have met to exchange views and to discuss the affairs of the State and the nation. Parlor P alone has made for itself a national reputation. It has been occupied by no less than six congressional investigating committees, trying to understand that chaotic condition of affairs which at that time became known over the country as "the Louisiana question." But it is not in political history alone that Parlor P is famous. Countless other associations, to discuss great questions of trade and commerce, have been held there; railroad meetings to build new railroads, and meetings of ladies to solve great problems of balls and dress. There, too, comes Rex when a visitor to New-Orleans, Parlor P being his recognized official headquarters for his short reign of two days during the carnival.

In 1878 it became evident that the hotel needed repairing. It had been hastily constructed after the fire of 1851, and the upper rooms did not enjoy enough light. The building had not been improved, moreover, for twenty years, and hotel-building had made great strides during that period. The falling of some of the plaster-work on the front hastened this work, and the St. Charles Hotel Company ordered the building thoroughly repaired, which somewhat changed the style of the hotel and gave it a large number of additional rooms.

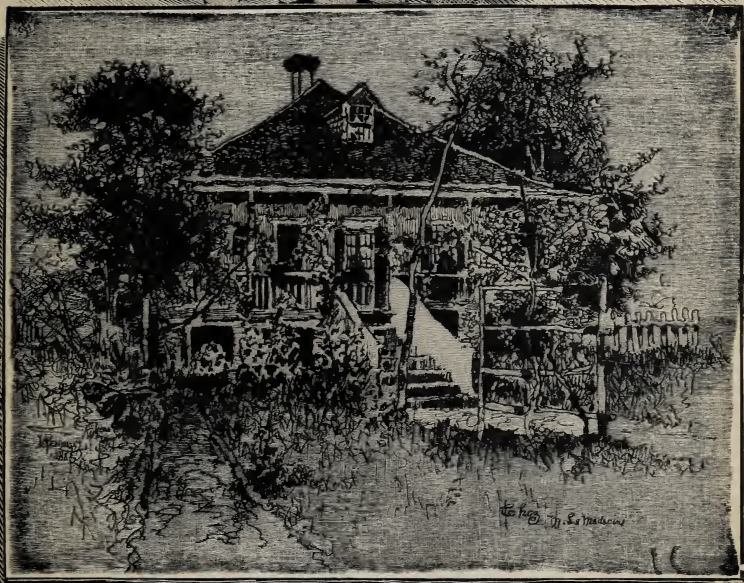
The hotel, as it stands to-day, can comfortably accommodate between 600 and 700 guests. There are besides 30 parlors and 100 bath-rooms. The lower or ground floor contains a number of fine stores, fronting on St. Charles, Common and Gravier streets. The bakery, wash-room and bar-room and billiard saloon are also located here. On the second floor are the two dining-rooms, the servants' dining-room, pantry, scullery, kitchen, ladies' ordinary and the various parlors and drawing-rooms.

The gold service of the hotel, estimated to be worth \$16,000, should not be forgotten. It is, of course, only used on extraordinary occasions.

The best season of the hotel is during the carnival, when the building is always filled to overflowing. During the remainder of the busy season the St. Charles averages about 300 guests a day.

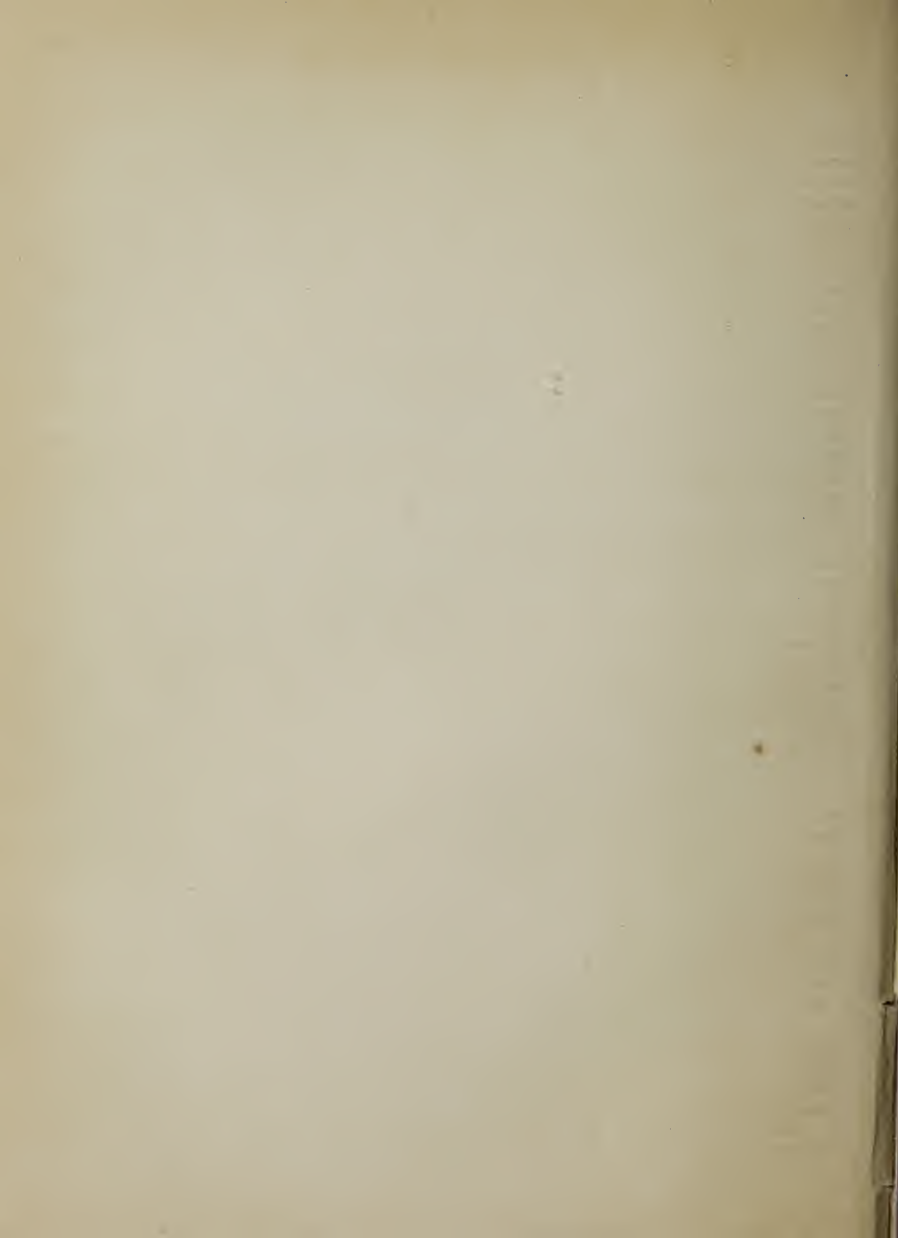
THE ST. LOUIS.

When the idea of building the St. Louis Hotel was first conceived, 45 years ago, there were only two hotels of any consequence in the city—the Strangers' Hotel, presided over by a famous caterer named Marty, and the Orleans Hotel, by Mrs. Page, a lady famed for her beauty and winning manners. These houses were situated within a few doors of each other, on Chartres street, but only the former, at its original locality, still survives the vicissitudes of half a century. The store of Judah Touro was located on the ground floor of the Orleans Hotel.



A CREOLE COTTAGE





As the prosperity of New Orleans was about entering upon the fullness of its meridian splendor, her coffers rapidly filling with the profits of the sugar and cotton traffic and her streets with strangers from other States and climes, the scheme of building a hotel on a scale commensurate with the growing splendor and importance of New Orleans was advocated, and eagerly caught up by the enterprising officials of the Improvement Bank, one of the financial colossi of those days, and a suitable site for the edifice was sought.

The selection finally fell upon the square bounded by St. Louis, Toulouse, Chartres and Royal streets, in the heart of the then business portion of the city, and it was at first intended to erect a structure covering the entire square. This, however, the commercial crisis of 1837 compelled the company to abandon, after the building had been begun in 1836, under the superintendence of an eminent architect named Depouilly, who died only a few years ago.

The grand old building in the rear of the hotel on Toulouse street, long fallen into disuse and decay, and occupied as the domicile of the Citizens' Bank for many years, was begun at the same time for the use of the Improvement Bank. This enterprising corporation was at that time presided over by the celebrated lawyer and statesman, Pierre Soulé, and numbered among its directors the most prominent men of the day. The total cost of the hotel and outbuildings was within a small sum of \$1,500,000. The structure was an imposing one, exceeding in beauty and massiveness even the present one. The magnificent rotunda was decorated by Canova. It was truly a noble monument of the wealth, elegance and commercial prosperity of New Orleans.

The site of the hotel had been occupied by residences and stores of various kinds, and in the near neighborhood were the places of business and residences of prominent merchants and bankers.

At the corner of Chartres and St. Louis streets was the celebrated Hewlett's Exchange, kept by a well-known sporting man of that name, subsequently one of the most popular proprietors of the hotel. This exchange not only contained the finest bar-room in the city, but the principal auction mart, where slaves, stocks, real estate and all kinds of property were sold from noon to 3 o'clock P.M., the auctioneers crying their wares in a multitude of languages, the English, French and Spanish predominating. The entire upper portion of the building was devoted exclusively to gambling and billiard-rooms for the use of Mr. Hewlett's guests and patrons.

Adjoining the Exchange, on the St. Louis street-side, stood a small building, in which was a cock-pit run by a man named Hicks, said to have been a partner of Hewlett.

At that time Exchange alley had not yet been opened, and where it now enters St. Louis street, and adjoining the notary office, stood the establishment of an Englishman who dealt exclusively in beer, one of the few establishments in the city where this beverage was sold.

In those days the principal business portion of the city extended from Toulouse to Custom-house street, and from Royal street to the Levee. Chartres street was then what Canal street is to-day; the value of real estate on the former having been equal to that of the finest property on that present great thoroughfare.

The first manager of the St. Louis Hotel was Pierre Maspero. In 1841 the magnificent structure was entirely destroyed by fire, and in June of 1843 this loss and the financial troubles of the year caused the suspension of the Improvement Bank. The year was a particularly unfortunate one to the banks, as out of the seventeen then in the city only five survived.

The present imposing structure was erected upon the ruins of the first St. Louis Hotel, the property having passed into the hands of the Citizens' Bank, with whom it has remained the greater portion of the time. They have repeatedly sold it, but a fatality seemed to hang over it, as they were compelled in every instance but the last to foreclose the mortgage on account of non-payment by the purchasers.

The first manager of the second St. Louis Hotel was a Spaniard named Alvarez, a very popular man, whose principal assistant was Joseph Santini.

Alvarez's successor in the management of the St. Louis Hotel was James Hewlett, the popular proprietor of Hewlett's Exchange, under whose direction the hotel reached its meridian splendor, becoming the most celebrated caravansary in the South. Then it was that the celebrated annual "*Bals de Société*" or subscription balls were inaugurated, bringing together the wealth, beauty and refinement of the Crescent City, in the magnificent ball-room of the hotel. Among the splendid entertainments of which this ball-room was the theatre 40 years ago, was the magnificent "*Bal Travesti*," given in the winter of 1842-43, and the entertainment gotten up in the same winter in honor of Henry Clay's visit, by his New Orleans friends and admirers.

There were 200 subscribers to the Clay fête, each paying the subscription price of \$100, the ball and supper costing the enormous sum of \$20,000. At the feast of regal magnificence to which 600 ladies and gentlemen sat down, in the spacious dining-hall of the hotel, the famous orchestra of the French Opera discoursed sweet music, and the illustrious statesman, in whose honor the fête was given, delivered the only public speech he ever made in Louisiana, in which he gallantly took occasion to pay a glowing tribute to the beautiful women of New Orleans.

The convention of 1845, which had been called to meet at Jackson, La., sitting there for some time, finding New Orleans a more convenient place, held their remaining sessions in the famous ball-room of the St. Louis Hotel. Among the members was nearly every man of talent and influence in Louisiana, such as John R. Grimes, Pierre Soulé, Christian Roselius, Roman, Downs, Conrad, Marigny, Brent and Eustis.

In 1851 the property was sold to Hall & Hildreth, but for the cause named above, returned to the possession of the Citizens' Bank. In 1871 it was sold again, this time to the St. Louis Hotel Association, composed of prominent citizens of the Second district, of which Mr. E. F. Mioton was president. A large sum was spent in the remodeling and renovation, made under the direction of Mr. A. Suari, architect, assisted by Mr. L. U. Pillie, ex-city surveyor.

In 1872 Mr. Mioton secured the services of Hiram Cranston, for many years proprietor of the New York Hotel in the city of that name, and a well-known hotel man. At the end of the year Mr. Cranston gave up the undertaking after making the most signal failure ever known to have been made by a hotel man. Mr. Mioton then took charge in person as manager for the company, aided by competent assistants, but also failed after running it one season. The furniture was sold out at auction, realizing a handsome sum, and the hotel again returned to the possession of the Citizens' Bank.

Under Mr. Mioton's management an attempt was made to revive the glories of former days in the annual subscription balls, but with the failure of the enterprise this also went under.

In 1874 the New Orleans National Building Association was organized for the ostensible purpose of running the hotel, but ultimately to sell it to the government. The property was purchased on September 8, 1874, from the Citizen's Bank by the association, and in the spring of 1875 sold to the State for \$250,000.

From the time of the formal transfer of the property to the State must date the annals which form part of the history of Louisiana, if not of the nation, for in 1874 the Kellogg government leased the hotel from the association, and shortly after the adjournment of the Legislature of that year took possession of it and formally declared it to be the State House.

A record of the events which followed the establishment of the executive office in the building would fill a large volume.

The St. Louis was the central figure in the outbreak of September 14th, 1874, by which the State government was overturned.

On the morning of Sunday, the 13th of September, 1874, there appeared in every paper of the city but one, a call for the people to assemble on the following day at Clay Statue, and to declare "in tones loud enough to be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, that you are, of right ought to be, and mean to be free."

On the same morning that this call appeared, the steamship New Orleans arrived at the landing near the French Market, bearing two cases of guns for the White League, an organization of citizens which had been forming for months. A force of police was on the levee almost as soon as the ship touched the wharf, and patiently awaited the discharge of the cases over the side of the vessel, to seize them. The arms were held by the captain of the steamer on the assurance of two gentlemen who had formally called upon him, that on the day following the White League would come down and get them.

Sunday passed quietly, but on Monday morning, the 14th, the people began to move early. Few stores were opened and business was practically suspended. There was an ominous calm over all, men met and greeted each other but said little, and when they did speak it was in a subdued tone.

At 11 o'clock, the hour fixed for the mass meeting, there were several thousand men gathered about Clay Statue. But few speeches were made, and those were short and to the point, and then there was submitted a set of resolutions which called upon Kellogg, then Governor of the State, to abdicate forthwith. They were carried with a cheer, and a committee was appointed to visit Kellogg at the State-House, and make known the demand of the people.

The committee made the visit. They found the State-House barricaded, and filled with an armed force of several hundred men. Kellogg refused either to receive the committee or to communicate with it. This fact was reported to the meeting, and the people were directed to go home, arm themselves and return later, prepared to enforce their demands.

While the meeting was in progress the White League had assembled, and at 5 o'clock several companies started down the levee to get the arms from the steamship New Orleans. They were met on the levee at Girod street by the Metropolitan police in force. A pitch battle resulted. The police lost 40 killed and 200 wounded, while the loss of the citizens was 19 killed and about as many more wounded. The White Leaguers or citizens made preparations for a grand assault on the State-House or St. Louis Hotel, the morning of the 15th, and in the early hours of that day a move in force was made upon the building. On the approach of the citizen soldiers a white flag was displayed, and the garrison surrendered without firing a shot.

The officers of the Kellogg government were not there; they had taken refuge on the day before in the Custom-House.

The fall of the hotel was the signal for an uprising in every parish in the State, and when the sun set on the 15th of September the Kellogg government was no more.

For two days the State-House remained in possession of the people, but on the morning of the 17th of September a formal demand for its surrender was made by the officers in command of the United States troops in the city, and at the same time martial law was declared.

The demand was not to be resisted, and on the same evening Gov. John McEnery formally surrendered the building to Gen. Brooks, of the United States army. In a few days after the Kellogg government was reinstated.

The year 1874 passed, and with the coming in of 1875 the attention of the nation was again directed to the hotel.

The Legislature was to meet on the first Monday in January, and in anticipation of the event the building was once more prepared for a siege.

Early on that Monday morning, January 4, 1875, the United States troops were on the move. To the number of 500 they left their quarters at the corner of Magazine and Julia streets and marched to the levee, along which they continued until the junction of Old and New Levee streets was reached, and at this point, which was within a square or two of the hotel, a company of infantry and a squad of artillery with a heavy piece of cannon were stationed. About 200 of the remaining force were distributed along the levee, and the rest, numbering over 200, along St. Louis street and in front of the building.

Through this line of troops the Democratic members of the Legislature had to pass. The

Republicans had entered the building on the night before. There was but one door open, that on St. Louis street, and it was heavily guarded. The hotel was filled with policemen and hired bullies.

At noon the Legislature was called to order. All interest seemed to be centered on the House, and the scene in and around the hall was one never to be forgotten by any who looked upon it.

The corridors leading to the hall were filled with excited men, the lobby was packed with them; the galleries groaned and trembled beneath their weight, and they filled every window overlooking the floor, having gained the position by climbing on the roof of the balcony which runs round the building.

The Clerk of the old House called the roll, and when he had finished the storm burst.

A Democratic member moved the election of L. A. Wiltz as temporary chairman. The member who had made the motion put it to the House and declared it carried, and a cheer went up which could be heard for squares. It was caught up by the multitude on the outside, and a move was made on the building, but the bayonets of the United States troops forced the crowd back.

While the cheer was still echoing, Mr. Wiltz jumped on the Speaker's stand, being followed to the steps by the Democratic members, who had surrounded him with a rush. He snatched the mallet out of the hands of the Clerk, and then there arose a yell of exultation and a yell of rage which mingled together in one mighty volume of discord. The hall was pandemonium, and the fiends of passion had broken loose. Pistols and knives were drawn. They shone in the lobbies, glistened in the galleries and flashed from the windows overlooking the floor. It was a fearful, a terrible moment.

Having taken the oath, Speaker Wiltz rapped with his mallet several times, and cried, "The House will come to order." His bearing and the tone of command in which he spoke were magical in their effects. The tumult subsided on the instant, and for one moment there was silence. The Republican members then left the hall and complained to Kellogg. The latter appealed to the Federal authorities, and, on instruction, the United States troops invaded the hall, deposed Speaker Wiltz, and unseated and forcibly ejected from the House several members.

The Democrats, led by Mr. Wiltz, withdrew, and once more the State House was in possession of Kellogg.

In 1876 the hotel was again brought before the nation, for it was on the third floor of the building, in a little room overlooking the court-yard, that the Returning Board met and compiled the returns of the Presidential election of that year, the returns on which the Electoral Commission subsequently passed, and which led to the seating of R. B. Hayes as the chief officer of the United States.

On the first Monday in January, 1877, it being the first day of that year, the Legislature met. The Democratic members marched in a body to the hotel, and were refused admission, and their entrance was barred by armed men. The United States troops were not in the building at the time, but they were quartered in large force in a house on Chartres street, immediately adjoining, and part of the walls of the State House had been removed and a passage made, through which they could come into the hotel at a moment's notice.

The Democratic members of the Legislature retired and went to St. Patrick's Hall, and then organized. Nothing of special note occurred after that until January 8, on which day Gov. Francis T. Nicholls and Lieut.-Gov. Wiltz were sworn in at St. Patrick's Hall, and the same ceremony was performed with S. B. Packard and C. C. Antoine at the hotel. The Republican members of the Legislature never left the building from the first day of their entrance. They boarded and lodged there, and neither day nor night did they venture out.

On the day after the inauguration, the citizen soldiers, under the direction of Gov. Nicholls,

took possession of all the public buildings in the city, with the exception of the hotel, and installed the Democratic officers. The officers recognized and commissioned by Gov. Nicholls were also inducted into their positions in the different parishes, and when the sun of January 9th went down, the Nicholls government was established, and Packard's authority did not extend beyond the doors of the barricaded building.

For more than two months this siege continued. The Republicans in the State-House, to the number of 800 or 900 remained barricaded in there; many of them never leaving the building by day or night. The place became horribly filthy, as there was no way of removing the dirt and 'garbage, and small-pox broke out among the garrison of the fortress, creating considerable alarm, as the officers in the building refused to allow any representative of either the State or City government to enter it.

On the 3rd of March came an order from President Grant to the troops to keep their hands off. The order was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the supporters of the Nicholls government, and it was proposed to attack the State-House, and not only proposed but the propriety of so doing was seriously urged and considered. Calmer counsel, however, prevailed, and the people waited quietly for the order for the troops to be removed from the city.

This order came on the 21st of April, and on the evening of the 24th the United States soldiers left the building on Chartres street and went to the Barracks. That night the Packard police vacated the building and the Packard government disappeared.

They left the old hotel in a most horrible condition. All the filth and garbage of the large force stationed in the hotel for four months had been dumped into the paved yard, and the halls and parlors had been used for barracks. When deserted, the building was scarcely fit for use, and the St. Louis was soon after given up as a State-house, and the capital removed to Baton Rouge.

After this the building remained uninhabited for several years, growing more dilapidated and forlorn each year. The flooring rotted away, the windows were broken, and the hotel remained nothing but a mere shell. In 1884, Mr. Robert Rivers, proprietor of the St. Charles Hotel, leased the St. Louis from the State at a bargain, and began at once the work of rebuilding and repairing it. The result is seen to day in the Hotel Royale.

FAMOUS COFFEE HOUSES.

Old New Orleans had its famous hostelries as well as London's Temple Bar, but most of them, in that helter-skelter go-as-you-please race of communities after wealth, are remembered only by the few sturdy octogenarians left behind.

Take any bright September morning in the year 1826, before the day of hotels, with a fresh south wind blowing across the river, dashing the spray on the huge flatboats lying along the levee, and frisking the tails of the little Creole ponies like pennants, as they pranced along the city front—take such a morning, and about 11 o'clock drop in at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres streets. Then it was only a two-story building, with a front on Chartres street, and ran down St. Louis street about 90 feet. A large and elegantly fitted up café occupied the lower floor, the full length of the building, and about the long room were scattered a score or so of little tables with their complement of chairs. This was La Bourse de Maspero, or, as the Americans called it, Maspero's Exchange, and thither at this hour most of the commercial and professional men gathered daily. Playing dominoes at the different tables were some of the old Creole planters in the city on a visit, sipping their claret and ice as they drew for the double six. There over in one corner was a sort of private circle. This was the press. Those assembled there were the editors of the *Louisiana Advertiser*, *Mercantile Advertiser*, *St. Rome's Courrier de la Louisiane*, the

Argus and the *Bee*. The mail then was distributed only at 11 o'clock at night, necessitating the postponement of closing up the newspaper forms until after that hour, and it was the next morning that the gentlemen of the quill would meet to discuss the late hurricanes or the affairs in Europe, then 20 days old. Lounging about, picking up here and there bits of knowledge about cane prospects and the condition of the indigo, were the merchants all congregated at Maspero's, as now they would at the Cotton and Stock Exchanges. When the conversation weakened on the crops, politics were taken up.

Gen. Lafayette's visit the year before was talked over and the merits of the coming troupe at Caldwell's new American Theatre, on Camp street, where now stands the emporium of Rice, Born & Co., were passed upon by the connoisseurs of dramatic art.

Many is the duel, the preliminaries of which were arranged here, and many a jovial guest has taken his glass of *eau sucrée* over that counter to go out to greet the morning sun with the flashing of his *colichemard* or rapier. It was an uncommon thing in those days for a week to pass without some little event of this kind occurring, and it was at Maspero's old enemies met after their sword practice to shake hands and wipe off old scores with a bottle of wine.

The Rotunda became the centre of the city and its bar was considered the pattern for all others. Running around the outside of the circular room where the auction stands were, on every Saturday slaves were put upon the block and knocked down to the highest bidder. To know what was transpiring in the city or its neighborhood it was necessary only to visit this place, for it was here that all the gossip and society small talk was related.

It was the headquarters for both Whig and Democrat, and to this day there remains opposite the hotel a sheet-iron game cock perched on the back of a Whig raccoon—a sign of an old Democratic coffee-house.

In 1826 there was another place here that was equally as popular a place of resort, particularly for the *jeunesse dorée*, the young bloods of that day, and that was John Davis', on Orleans street, between Royal and Bourbon, where the Criminal Court once was. Mr. Davis was the proprietor of the theatre and ball-room adjoining, and not to know John Davis was not to know the Crescent City. Bewitching brunettes with eyes that ravished even the anchorites, languishing blondes with tender grace, led the brave Creole boys through the mazy labyrinth of love and jealousy to the merry music of the cachucha and waltz. On ball nights Orleans street was ablaze with the light from the Opera House windows, and by midnight the floor was crowded with dancers. This was naturally a far worse place for duels than Maspero's, and it is almost impossible to enumerate the "affairs" which dated their origin from the ball-room and café, and from the smiles given by some coquettish fair one.

There are besides the St. Charles and the Hotel Royale, a number of other hotels in New Orleans, as follows:

Cassidy's, 174 Gravier.

City Hotel, Camp, corner of Common.

Hotel Chalmette, 98 St. Charles.

Hotel Vanderbanck, 40 to 46 Magazine.

Waverley House, Poydras, corner of Camp.

The boarding houses of New Orleans are too numerous to mention, amounting to several hundred, from the very cheapest lodging-house to the finest establishments whose prices exceed those of the hotels. The down-town boarding houses are situated mainly on Royal, Chartres, Rampart and Customhouse streets. Up-town the boarding house centres are Camp, St. Charles, Carondelet and Baronne, between Delord street and Canal. Around Lafayette square is congregated a regular boarding house settlement. Uptown, on St. Charles, Prytania and other streets, are a number of fashionable houses, which accommodate, however, only a few families. Many private families will receive and care for a small party of visitors during the winter when the city is very crowded, as, for instance, during the Carnival. An information bureau is

usually established then, where the names of those housekeepers wishing to accommodate one or more boarders are inscribed in a book, together with the prices charged. This system of boarding is very agreeable to those who desire to have a quiet, homelike time.

If in wandering through the Creole portion of the city, one sees the sign "*Pension* " or "*Pension Privée*," he should understand that it is a Creole boarding house, where he can live in purely Creole style, hear nothing but French spoken, and eat nothing but Creole dishes. Another sign which will be found dangling from thousands of galleries in that portion of the city reads, "*Chambres Garnies*," or simply, "*Chambres à Louer*." Here one can secure from the landlady (who is certain to prove either a very stout Creole, or, more likely a quadroon or octoroon) a furnished room, always kept in the neatest of order. To get his meals, he must either dine out at some neighboring restaurant—and there is certain to be one only a square or two off—or he can have them served at the house by some of the innumerable caterers and cook shops that flourish in the lower portion of New Orleans. This system will be found emely agreeable to bachelors.

CHAPTER IX.—A GOOD DINNER.

THE RESTAURANTS AND EATING HOUSES OF NEW ORLEANS, FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOWEST—THE DELICACIES OF THE MARKET, FISH, FLESH AND FOWLS.

To its first-class restaurants in the olden times New Orleans owed its peculiar and pet reputation as an unsurpassed "eating and drinking city," at least in this country. In those good old days when the better class of French tastes and customs were dominant in *Nouvelle Orleans*, French culinary artists, tried and tested in the furnace fires of many years, found here an attractive field for the exercise of their talents. These skillful professors were patronized "by a large and thoroughly appreciative audience," as the play bills are wont to insinuate; people accustomed to European culture, and *connoisseurs* in choice wines and viands. They were wealthy, too; and the fine arts flourish most in cities well supplied with the circulating medium.

To day, the situation has slightly changed, but New Orleans still preserves its reputation for good cooking. Its great *restaurateurs* and *chefs* of old have died, but others have taken their places, and the old recipes are preserved and still in use.

While New Orleans cooking still possesses characteristics distinctively French, many variations from the French have been introduced. The Creoles have invented or improved on quite a number of dishes: *gombo*, for instance, of which there are several varieties, the *gombo aux herbes*, *gombo filé*, *gombo aux écrevisses*, is essentially a Creole dish, and the *bouilleabaisse* and *court bouillon* have been greatly improved and rendered "a dish for a king." The large Italian and Spanish colonies living in New Orleans have introduced many of the delicacies of those countries. The finest dish of *maccaroni*—the genuine article, made from the flinty wheat of Parma, and cooked in pure Italian style—can be obtained in New Orleans, as well as all the dishes peculiar to Spain. One of the great gastronomic attractions of the city, lies in the fact that you can dine in any fashion, or in any country you wish, Spain, France, Italy, the United States, or even China, without going half a dozen squares from your room.

Another advantage possessed by New Orleans is the great variety of its market supplies. It has both fresh and salt water fish in its immediate neighbourhood, oysters at its very doors, early vegetables, ahead of any city in the Union, and game in abundance in its encircling swamps. This, coupled with good cooking, makes the cuisine of New Orleans the finest in America.

A large proportion of the population of this city dine out, at restaurants and eating houses, and to accommodate these, there are establishments of every variety of style and price, among which you can choose, according to the capacity of your purse.

You wish to show your friendly feelings for some of your relatives or old comrades—a party of a dozen—and you think the best way is to give them a tip-top dinner at one of the leading restaurants or hotels. Your relatives and comrades don't object. We've never known any of 'em to do so yet.

The eleven guests and the one host enter the elegant and cosy dining-room, glittering with light, and take seats at the table, gleaming with white drapery, and French china, and silver or gold service, and flowers in vases. The twelve *dilettanti* pick up the bill of fare, and enjoy a few moments of quiet chat and cosy settling down, preparatory to several hours' innocent and unadulterated enjoyment.

If you are at loss how to select among the dainties of the *menu*, you cannot do better than to copy the bill of fare of a dinner given to his friends by a gentleman who has a great reputa-

tion in the gastronomic world and who understands what articles are best in the New Orleans market, and the mode in which New Orleans *chefs* can best cook them.

Oysters—On the half shell.

Soup—Green turtle.

Fish—Broiled pompano, à la maître d'hôtel; sheephead à la Normande.

Relèves—Filet de bœuf, piquées à la Flamande; croquettes de pomme de terre à l'Impérial; petits bouchés à la Reine.

Entrées—Pigeon à la royale; cotelettes d'agneau, à la Pompadour; salmi de bécassines, à la Richelieu; filet de poularde, à la Toulouse.

Vegetables—Cauliflower, with butter sauce; spinach, with cream; asparagus, with drawn butter; green peas, English style.

Second Course—Roast mallard ducks; woodcocks, with water cresses; turkey stuffed with truffles; omelette soufflé; pastry and dessert; coffee.

The cost of this choice repast was twenty dollars each person, not including the wines.

At a dinner given some years ago by an Alabama gentleman, to twelve of his friends, the cost, including wines, was over \$700. The St. Charles "gold service" figures conspicuously in such feasts as this. The entrée dishes, wine coolers, spoons and forks, castors, salt cellars, flower vases, are in solid gold; the rest of the service is of the finest French porcelain.

Now for the Restaurant Festive Display:

Bill of fare of a dinner given at the leading restaurant of New Orleans, by a gentleman of that city to several friends:

Soups—Tortue; bisque.

Hors d'Œuvres—Melon; olives; salade d'anchoix; saucisson; paté de foie gras; bouchées à la reine.

Poisson—Snappers, à la Chambord; crabes moux; turban de filet de sole, à la Vénitienne.

Entrées—Filet de bœuf, piqué à la Richelieu; filet de volaille, au suprême; riz-de-veau en demi-deuil; salmis de bécassines à la regence.

Légumes—Choux-fleurs à la crème; asperges de Lubecq; croustade de champignons; petits pois Français; fond d'artichaux, à la d'Artois.

Rotis—Dinde truffée; bécasses.

Salade—De cresson de fontaine.

Dessert—Pièce montée; pyramide de crème-à-la-glace; petits fours, une régente; corbeille de fruits et mendiants (nuts and raisins).

This cost the hospitable host \$6 for each person at table, not including the cost of the wines.

For an ordinary dinner, a hungry man, dropping casually into a restaurant, should take a soup and some fish; then an *entrée*, say a sweetbread, or a lamb chop; then say a spring chicken, or roast beef, or roast mutton or veal, with one or two dishes of vegetables. For dessert, some fruit or jelly, and cheese, and a cup of coffee. With a half bottle of claret, this would cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

But New Orleans is not considered really visited without a trip to the lake, or a fish or game dinner. There are three places to choose from, Milneburg, West End and Spanish Fort, and several restaurants at each place. Milneburg was for a long time the favorite, and Boudro, who made his first reputation as restaurateur to Jenny Lind, Miguel and others there, were world-famous. The West End or New Lake End, was also in former years a great favorite as it afforded an agreeable terminus to a handsome drive over the shell road. As for Spanish Fort it was in those days the club house of the Elkin Club, and not open to the general public.

To-day the dinners at these lakeside places are as good as they were in the best days of old, but immensely cheaper and within the reach of all. Patrons can have either a *salon particulière*, private room, or dine in the general dining-room. Some of the hotels also set a *table d'hôte* at a *prix fixé*, at which the diner may choose so many *plats*.

All the resorts at the Lake have plenty of airy rooms, cool galleries, trees and flowers and walks, and a pleasant, shady, quiet, cosy, comfortable look generally.

The Lake artists will serve your fish dinner in the following grand divisions :

Soups—Oysters, terrapin, turtle, crabs, crawfish, chowder, bouille-à-baisse.

Boiled—Hard shell crabs, lake and river shrimps, red snapper, black fish, red fish, cod fish, sheephead, stingaree.

Stewed—Shrimps, eels, perch, red fish, red snapper, sheephead, grouper.

Baked—Terrapin, hard-shell crabs, fresh and saltwater trout, flounder, and all the other leading classes of fish.

Fried—Soft-shell crabs, croakers, trout, and the other principal varieties.

Salad, or Mayonnaise, being cold fish with cold sauces. The lake shrimp is in the foremost rank for a salad.

Broiled—Spanish mackerel, blue fish and pompano. The other varieties are also broiled, but besides these three they pale their ineffectual fires.

The sheephead, red snapper, red fish and croaker are all the year round fishes. The shrimp, soft-shell crab, blue fish, black fish, Spanish mackerel and pompano bless our palates only in the spring, and for a while in the summer and fall. The pompano is acknowledged to be the very quintessence of good eating, anywhere ; and, what is one of its great merits, is, that the art of the cook is best displayed in treating this delightful morsel from old Neptune's table with artless simplicity. He is like the lily of the valley ; he needs no adornment to enhance his rare merits.

We shall not rush blindfold into ruin and destruction by attempting to describe the various artistic methods of preparing these treasures of the deep for the table. We would simply allude, in a modest way, to a crawfish *bisque* ; to a *bouille-à-baisse*, a Marseilles dish that Thackeray has made immortal ; to the French and the Spanish *courtbouillon* ; to the *matelotte* of eels and perch ; to the *mayonnaise*, a recipe from Italy or from Provence ; to the *gratin*, French or Spanish ; to the *bouille à la Genoise*, with anchovy sauce ; to the red snapper *à la Hollandaise* ; the *tortue au gratin* ; and to those delightfully innocent, tender creatures, soft-shell crabs.

During the war, a poor fellow, born and raised in New Orleans, when trying one cold, rainy day, just as he was out of hospital, to eat some tough blue beef, suddenly startled his comrades by exclaiming in a semi-tragic, semi-comic tone : "Oh ! If I could get back home just for a day, boys ; and could go down to the Lake, and eat a dinner of soft-shell crabs and pompano, once more, I'd be willing to eat blue beef all the rest of my life !"

The excursionist to the Lake restaurants can select his fish dinner to suit his own tastes and pocket ; but he can hardly get a good fish dinner there under \$2.50 to \$5, without wines.

If you wish a game dinner, you have a great variety to select from. The best judges regard New Orleans' superiority over other markets, to be chiefly in its fish and game. Its beef and mutton are no better than that secured in Northern cities, and the vegetables, although coming to the market earlier, are about the same. But in game and fish, it is unexcelled both in variety and cheapness. A good pair of ducks can be purchased in the New Orleans market at 80 cents, which would cost anywhere else from \$2.00 to \$3.00.

In choosing a game dinner, you have the following to select from :—

Winter Game—Mallard or French duck, canvas-back duck, teal duck, black duck, pin-tail duck. There are many other kinds of wild ducks, but they are "fishy," and therefore not patronized by *gourmets*. The question, as to how to distinguish fishy from gamey ducks, is one that has long puzzled housekeepers. The fishy ducks cannot be recognized by their odor ; and the only mode of selecting is to observe the color of the wings. If these are decorated with a line of white feathers, the duck is apt to be fishy ; if green, it is fit for the table. Other favorite varieties of game, are :—

Snipe, woodcock, plover, robins, partridge, grouse, wild turkey, squirrels, rabbits, venison, bear.

Summer Game—The large and small *grasset*, which comes in September: the *papabotte*, and the *caille de laurier*. All three of these are peculiar to Louisiana, and all three are considered by *gourmets* as unsurpassed by any other game.

The eating house is an institution in New Orleans somewhat different from the restaurant. It is not quite as comfortable, the accommodation in seats, table room, knives, forks, spoons, cookery, etc., being more simple, but neat and plentiful; the cooking is generally fair; the variety of refreshments is great, and prices are comparatively low.

Since the war the eating-house has become a very prominent feature in the public refreshment business, and some of these establishments tread closely on the heels of the largest restaurant. Here is a sample bill of fare:

Soup—Three kinds, and five kinds of gombo; each at 25 cents.

Fish—Eight kinds, from Louisiana waters; pickled mackerel and codfish, roe herring; hard-shell crabs, plain and stuffed; soft-shell crabs. Prices ranging from 25 to 40 and 60 cents.

Cold Dishes—Meats, tongue, chicken, sardines. four salads, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50 cents.

Broiled—Four meats and poultry, 25 and 30 cents.

Roast—Four meats and poultry, 25 cents; with fruit sauce and jelly, 10 cents.

Vegetables—Twenty-one kinds, 10 to 15 cents for the ordinary ones; 40 cents for green peas and asparagus, 50 cents for mushrooms.

Entrées—Spring chicken and mushrooms, 40 cents; mutton and potatoes, 25 cents; giblets with butter beans, 25 cents; veal fricassée, 25 cents; baked macaroni and cheese, 25 cents.

Dishes to Order—Twenty-two: Tenderloin beefsteak, 50 cents; sirloin, 40 cents; porterhouse steak, \$1; mutton steak or chops, pork steak or chops, veal cutlet or chops, turtle steak, ham and eggs, omelette with ham or oysters, Hamburg steak, calves' brains, Welsh rarebit, 40 cents; spring chicken, \$1, half ditto, 50 cents; eggs on toast. 35 cents; tripe, liver or kidney, 30 cents; eggs—boiled, fried, scrambled, shirred or poached, omelette, ham, breakfast bacon, corn or rice cakes, batter cakes, mush and milk, 25 cents.

Oysters—Kept on ice and cooked as may be desired, 50 to 60 cents per dozen.

Dessert—Peach cobbler, 10 cents; apple or banana fritters, 25 cents; pie, 10 cents; rum omelette, 50 cents; tea, coffee or milk, hot or iced, 10 cents; chocolate, 15 cents; tea, coffee or chocolate, without any of the above dishes, and with bread and butter, 25 cents.

Wines, liquors, malt liquors, etc., a full list. A winter bill of fare for these eating-houses of repute, would show French duck, teal duck, partridge, squirrels, rabbits, grouse, venison, etc.

On Chartres street are to be found some of the cheap French restaurants with such queer names as Les Quatres Saisons, Le Pelerin, etc. A very comfortable dinner well cooked will cost here from forty to fifty cents. Here is a sample of the charges: Soup, 10c; gombo, 15c; four croakers, 20c; broiled sheep head, 35c; roast mutton, 15c; a stew, 15c; potatoes or other vegetables, plain, 10c; custard, 10c; pudding, 10c; fruit, 10c; coffee, 10c; claret, half a bottle, 20c.

As you approach the French market, you go down in the social scale, and the price of dinner grows cheaper.

The visitor to New Orleans who wants to buy some bananas will be shown this in a very conspicuous manner, if he prices this food at each stand between Canal street and the market. Bananas which, on Canal, are worth 30 cents a dozen, will be 25 cents two squares away, 20 cents at Jackson square, 15 cents in the market, and by journeying to the front landing a square further, you can purchase at 10 cents per dozen from the boys who pick up those that fall from the bunches as they are landed from the Central American vessels—identically the same bananas in size, appearance and taste as cost 30 cents on Canal street.

In the same way, the price of a dinner grows cheaper as you go towards the market. In some of the cheap hotels facing that institution, the acme of cheap eating is reached. These hotels are nearly all located over bar-rooms.

The hungry man who visits them will have set before him, successively, a soup, a dish of

soup, meat, fish twice a week and a roast, changed every day. When the hotel is full, mutton chops, sausages, etc., are added to the meats. In addition, the diner will be provided with five or six dishes of vegetables, including salad, and a dessert, one day of pie, the next of pudding. All this for 30 cents to the casual diner, and cheaper to the regular boarder.

In the market itself will be found eating stands, well patronized by the poorer class of people, and a great convenience to many midnight wayfarers as they keep open at all hours of the night, when other restaurants and eatinghouses are closed.

There are two varieties of these market restaurants—one the *café*, where only cake and chocolate, both prepared in the best Creole fashion, and tender little biscuits are sold. These are patronized by the very best people, and it is customary to take a cup of *café noir* (black coffee), *café au lait* (coffee with milk), or chocolate whenever you visit the market.

The second class are nearly restaurants with the following limited, but very cheap bill of fare: One soup, changed daily; roast pork; roast ham; roast veal; roast beef; corned beef; beef sausage; pork sausage; beefsteak; beef stew; tripe stew; fried trout; fried catfish; baked beans; beet salad; cucumber salad; potato salad; eggs, boiled or fried. Each dish 10 cents.

Tea, coffee, chocolate, or milk, 5 cents. Bread and doughnuts, gratis. Coffee and doughnuts alone, 5 cents.

Market eatinghouses of this kind are to be found in Poydras, Magazine, Dryades, and indeed at all the city markets.

There is no city in the world where such free lunches are set as in the first-class saloons of New Orleans. San Francisco patterned after it many years ago, but never quite came up to the menu of New Orleans.

These free lunches were instituted by Alvarez, who ran the bar-room in the old St. Louis Hotel in 1837. Gentlemen doing business in New Orleans, which was mainly conducted in what is now the French portion of the city, complained that, as many of them resided as far down as the lower cotton press, and some as high up as Julia street, they could not find time during the middle of the day to go home and get a bite and they did not want to pay restaurant prices for a mere plate of soup and a sandwich.

To gratify this large class and secure their custom, the then only first-class bar-rooms in the city—St. Louis Hotel, Hewlitt's (afterward City Hotel), Arcade, Veranda, St. Charles Hotel—inaugurated free lunches. Hotel bars were then the only ones ranking first-class.

The lunches in those old days were served on a narrow table-cloth running the whole length of the counter and covering one-half of it. Soup, a piece of beef or ham and potatoes, meat pie or oyster patties comprised the bill of fare. On the innermost side of the counter each customer's drink was served before him. The coffee houses were then the principal places of resort, and much business was transacted at their tables which is now done in the various commercial exchanges.

In the course of time, the free lunches became more and more popular, and the bill of fare was increased. Several attempts have been made by the restaurateurs to do away with these lunches as injurious to the restaurant business, but without success, and they are more patronized now than ever. The lunch is generally served from 12 m. to 1 p. m., but some houses keep open from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. A very comfortable meal can be procured at any of the places, and it is said that many impecunious persons live wholly at the free lunch counter.

Here are the bills of fare of several leading bar-rooms, given simply to show the character of the lunches served in New Orleans:—

ST. CHARLES SALOON, ST. CHARLES STREET.

For MONDAY—Onion soup or beef broth, roast beef, mutton stew, mashed potatoes, bread and butter and pickles.

TUESDAY—Oyster or turtle soup, roast of beef, veal stew, mashed potatoes and pickles.

WEDNESDAY—Rice and tomato soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, macaroni and the other side dishes as on the other days.

THURSDAY—Turtle soup, roast beef, stew, mashed potatoes, bread and crackers, pickles, etc.

FRIDAY—Crab soup or beef broth, fish, red snapper with courtbouillon sauce or cream sauce, potatoes *au gratin*, stew and pickles.

SATURDAY—Gombo, roast beef, macaroni, mashed potatoes, etc.

THE JEWEL, GRAVIER STREET.

SUNDAY—Pea soup, roast beef, pickles, mashed potatoes.

MONDAY—Vermicelli soup, roast beef, hash, mashed potatoes.

TUESDAY—Turtle soup, roast beef, hash and rice, sliced ham.

WEDNESDAY—Vermicelli soup, pork and beans, hash, etc.

THURSDAY—Pea soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, hash, etc.

FRIDAY—Fish, turtle soup, red snapper, hash.

SATURDAY—Vermicelli soup, pork and beans, hash.

Butter, corned beef, cheese, crackers, rye bread, butter crackers, served always.

MILLER'S, COMMON STREET.

MONDAY—Beef soup, stew, corned beef, shrimp or lobster salads, potato, tripe and lettuce, cold slaw and beets, mashed potatoes.

TUESDAY—Turtle soup, roast beef, ham, same salads and meat salads, cold slaw, beets, cucumber, mashed potatoes.

WEDNESDAY—Ox-tail soup, hash, same salads, hogshead cheese, sausage, mashed potatoes.

THURSDAY—Pea soup, roast beef, Bologna sausage, same salads, mashed potatoes.

FRIDAY—Potato soup, red snapper, ham, fish salads, mashed potatoes.

SATURDAY—Turtle soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, lobster salad, tripe, potatoes.

Corn bread, light bread, black bread, crackers and cheese.

CRESCENT HALL, CANAL STREET.

MONDAY—Onion soup, sirloin roast, baked beans, hash, stew, fried tripe, fried hominy, green corn, salads, cucumbers and onions, succotash.

TUESDAY—Turtle soup, roast of sirloin, baked beans, hash, fried tripe, fried hominy, salads jambalaya.

WEDNESDAY—Oyster soup, sirloin roast, baked beans, fried tripe, fried hominy, corn and tomatoes, salads, radishes.

THURSDAY—Crab gombo and rice, jambalaya, roast beef, baked beans, shallots, salads, fried tripe, fried hominy, succotash.

FRIDAY—Oyster or crab or turtle soup, fish chowder, red snapper, boiled shrimp, potatoes green corn, soft-shell crabs, fried oysters.

SATURDAY—Vegetable soup, roast sirloin, baked beans, succotash, hash, fried tripe, cucumbers and onions, salads.

SUNDAY—Macaroni soup, boiled ham, stew, hash, corn and tomatoes.

ACME SALOON, ROYAL STREET.

MONDAY—Vegetable soup, roast beef, beef stewed with potatoes, stewed kidney, baked macaroni, corn, tomatoes, lettuce, green onions, potato salad, beets, cold slaw.

TUESDAY—Gombo, roast beef, dry hash, stewed liver, boiled Irish potatoes, baked beans, boiled rice, lettuce, green onions, potato salad, beets and cold slaw.

WEDNESDAY—Pea soup, roast beef, beef stewed with tomatoes, sauerkraut and boiled pork, stewed carrots, green peas, baked sweet potatoes, lettuce, green onions, potato salad, beets and cold slaw.

THURSDAY—Bean soup, roast beef, beef stewed with potatoes, boiled onions, fried tripe, baked macaroni, stewed tomatoes, boiled turnips, lettuce, green onions, potato salad, beets and cold slaw.

FRIDAY—Oyster soup, baked red snapper, roast beef, boiled ham, mashed Irish potatoes, stewed corn, rice jambalaya, lettuce, green onions, potato salad, beets and cold slaw.

SATURDAY—Gombo, roast beef, beef stewed with green peas, corned beef and cabbage, baked beans, baked sweet potatoes, boiled Irish potatoes with jackets on, lettuce, green onions, potato salad, beets and cold slaw.

Here is a sample cold lunch at the Continental :

Cold mutton, veal, ham, shrimps, Boston brown bread, Goshen butter. The soups are : On Mondays, pea soup ; Tuesdays, chicken soup ; Wednesdays, mulligatawny soup ; Thursdays, Julienne soup ; Fridays, turtle soup ; Saturdays, ox-tail soup. Salads, tomato, potato, lettuce.

The markets of New Orleans present the greatest variety of food, and the housekeeper can easily market for a large family at very little expense. The French market still maintains its reputation for cheapness, and as having the best fruits and vegetables. Poydras market claims to be the best fish market, while Magazine leads in meats. Game is abundant at all.

One can now obtain the choicest beef for twenty cents per pound, such as the tenderloin and sirloin, and rib pieces for fifteen cents, but when the animal is corn-fed and fat sometimes twenty-five cents are asked. The other portions sell for a price varying from five to fifteen cents, the neck bringing about five cents. For a good soup-bone containing enough meat to make a soup nutritious ten cents are asked, and round steaks off the thighs the same price per pound demanded. Veal brings, on the average, fifteen cents per pound, and the markets furnish a fine quality of it. Its delicacy of fibre and facility of digestion make it a favorite summer article of diet. For pieces more or less bony, twelve and a half cents are asked.

In mutton about the same prices rule, except when there is a very choice leg a fancy sum is placed upon it, as is the case with large streaked chops, which are generally all taken by the restaurants. A roast of pork costs fifteen cents per pound.

Of fish there is an almost endless variety on the stands. The grouper, rock fish, red fish, red snapper, flounder, bass, trout (green and speckled) sakalait, perch, croakers, moonfish, Spanish mackerel and pompano can be found, their prices varying somewhat, according to the demand. For thirty cents a red snapper large enough for a family of five can be had, and for twenty-five cents enough croakers for three. In those large fish that are sliced up, twenty-five cents will purchase enough for an ample meal for four. Crabs sell for sometimes four, sometimes five, and sometimes six for a dime, and enough lake shrimp for two for a nickel.

In the vegetable line prices vary considerably. A pile, as it is called, of sweet or Irish potatoes sufficient for a family can be had for five cents. Tomatoes bring five cents for six or eight good-sized ones. Almost half a bucket of string beans is given for the same sum, while for squashes ten cents is asked for five.

Of butter-beans, an ordinary cupful sells at from five to ten cents. Egg-plants sell, at the beginning of the season, at about two cents a piece.

Cabbages never vary a very great deal. In winter, it is true, the supply is large, but for ten cents a head sufficient for a small family can be purchased at all times.

Onions sell for \$2 50 and \$3 00 a barrel at wholesale, and about seven are given for five cents at retail.

Cantalopes and watermelons bring about twenty cents apiece for those of fair size.

Out of these meats and vegetables, it ought to be possible to make up a very handsome dinner. Here are some excellent cartes for a family dinner.

Vegetable Soup—Soup bone, 10 cents ; bunch of vegetables, 5 cents. Steak, 30 cents ; stuffed egg plants, 10 cents ; string beans, 5 cents ; Irish potatoes mashed, 5 cents. Dessert—Watermelon, 20 cents. Total, 85 cents.

Or if this be too high, the following may be had for poorer families :

Vermicelli Soup—Vermicelli, 5 cents : soup bone, 10 cents. Veal stew, 20 cents ; for brisket piece, corn and tomatoes, 15 cents ; sweet potatoes, 5 cents. Total, 55 cents.

If it be fish day, then the frugal wife can give the following :

Baked redfish, 25 cents ; string beans, 5 cents ; stuffed egg plants, 10 cents ; Irish potatoes, mashed, 5 cents ; tomatoes, 5 cents. Total, 55 cents.

The great dish of New Orleans, and which it claims the honor of having invented, is the *GOMBO*. There is no dish which at the same time so tickles the palate, satisfies the appetite, furnishes the body with nutriment sufficient to carry on the physical requirements, and costs so little as a Creole gombo. It is a dinner in itself, being soup, *pièce de resistance*, *entremet* and vegetables in one. Healthy, not heating to the stomach and easy of digestion, it should grace every table.

Here is a recipe for gombo, direct from an ancient Creole lady who knows how to make it, and it can be strongly recommended. We give it just as it came from her :

Premie chose le prens la viane la qui ye pele "tasso," et mette li dans to chodièr avec en ti bren la graisse et en ti bren la farine, lese li toune so couleur empe brun, apres ça mette empe dezonion et empe dulaie, pas tros dulaie, paske ca va fai li senti movai ; apres mette asse do lo pour fai tan qui veulal, quan li presque fini mette file la ; main moblie di vous mete trois ou quat feuille lerie la dan. Si to gaien des crab ou de chevrette to capab mette ye la dan.

Voye li bien qui li pas brule, et to va fai bon gombo.

Moblie di, fo mangé li avec du riz.

If this prescription is carefully followed the gombo is certain to be a success.

CHAPTER X.—THE CLUBS.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE OLDEN TIMES, AND OF TO-DAY—THE BOSTON, PICKWICK, LOUISIANA AND OTHER CLUBS.

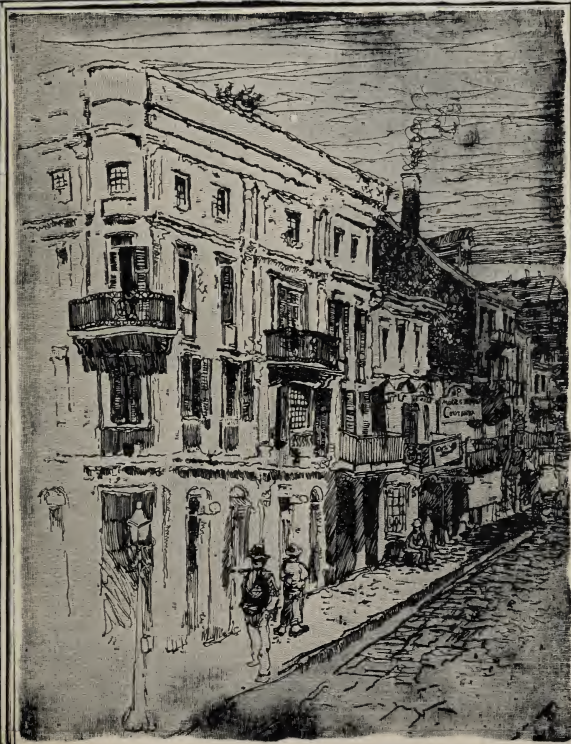
Prior to the year 1832 there was not, properly speaking, a single close, private social club in New Orleans. There were, it is true, a number of public places at that and at preceding periods, places by courtesy called "bourses" or exchanges, to which gentlemen of leisure, merchants and professional men, resorted in the evening, and after the closing of business, but these were public, free and open to all. In reality such places of rendezvous were nothing more than saloons or barrooms, with seats and other accommodations for their visitors and customers, wherein games of cards, chess, dominoes and billiards, were allowed and played, as even now is the case in some of the old cafés and barrooms below Canal street.

As all such places in the olden time, under French and Creole régime, were owned and managed by polite and well-mannered men, and the good breeding and gentlemanly conduct of their visitors in those days precluded the possibility of any disturbance or turbulence, these "bourses," such as those of Elkin, La Sere and Maspero, located on St. Louis, Royal and Chartres streets, supplied the place of social clubs.

These public places of rendezvous did not, however, satisfy the more fastidious tastes of some of the worthies of that period, who desired a little more privacy and seclusion in their recreations and social pleasures. This they could only find in a close social club wherein membership and the selection of association could be made to depend upon the wishes and votes of an inside organization. This desire led to the organization of the first social club in New Orleans, about the year 1832. Before this date one Harvey Elkin, notable for his capacity and qualifications as a caterer and manager of places of public entertainment, had already established an elegant and well appointed hostelry on the Bayou St. John, on the same site where is now located the Spanish Fort Hotel. Through insufficiency of patronage and other causes he had become involved in financial difficulties, which led to insolvency and to the sale of all his property on the lake shore, known as Elkinburg. Here an opportunity offered to secure a favorite site for a summer club-house, and it was promptly seized by John Slidell and other friends of Elkin, who at once purchased Elkinburg, with all its buildings, hotels, improvements and other appurtenances, and immediately thereafter organized the first social club of New Orleans, which, in compliment to the previous owner of the land and hotel, who was to continue as manager and steward, was designated the Elkin Club.

The original membership of that social organization comprised some of the well-known and most prominent citizens of New Orleans of olden time. Among these were John R. Grymes, Horace Cammack, John Slidell, John Linton, first president of the Canal Bank, Glendy Burke, also a president of the same institution, "Steeple" Dixon, Dr. Rogers, William Clarke, Jr., brother of Thomas Allen Clarke, Jacob Wilcox, the first to attempt the manufacture of artificial ice in New Orleans, and many others. Not one of these members, it is sad to think, now lives to corroborate the pleasures, episodes and events enjoyed or enacted at Elkin, which we now propose to relate.

The members of the club were all well-to-do men, professionally or commercially, keeping horses and carriage, so that every day at the close of business they were wont to drive over the shell-road to their club, where elegant dinners waited their coming. The appointments of the club were complete, so far as services and attendance were concerned; while its prominent attraction was its chief, whom Elkin had secured, a Frenchman, Bertrand by name, a *cordon bleu* in gastronomy. Those were the days of high betting on cards and horses, the days when the



SIEUR GEORGE'S

fascinating game of brag was indulged in, to an extent almost fabulous. Several members of the Elkin Club were known to have lost large sums at the gaming table, thereby enriching some of the more fortunate fellows, and one in particular, to whose success at brag was ascribed the foundation of his subsequent large fortune.

Feasting and gaming were not the only pleasures and pastime at Elkin. Those were also bibulous days; but to the honor and credit of that period be it said, there was no whiskey drank in the club; in truth, that beverage was then, if not unknown, at least rejected from all social indulgencies. Madeira—and the Madeira of 1830 was famous—Madeira, sherry, clarets and Burgundies, those were the wines drank by the Elkin Club men. A wine-drinking bout at that club, which was the subject of a bet, was in after years described by Mr. Grymes at a private dinner party given to the judges of the Supreme Court, which provoked considerable merriment.

Addressing the host, Mr. Slidell, who with him had been a member at Elkin, Mr. Grymes inquired whether he remembered the occasion and dinner, when twelve bottles of various wines, to be topped by a bottle of anisette, was to be drank by each man at the table, those remaining uncrimped in the bacchanalian contest, to be the winner or winners of the purse.

"Ah," said Grymes, "you and I, Slidell, had to divide the spoils; we two alone of the party held our ground; all the rest were recuperating under the board." At which sally and reminiscence of the gallant old Colonel, one of the judges, with a knowing wink, retorted that the two wily winners had doubtless thrown off on their innocent competitors.

The gentlemen of the club were, however, far from being selfish, egotistical and crabbed old bachelors. On the contrary they were full of the spirit of gaiety, hospitality, and cultivated a chivalric admiration for the fairer sex; and music, dancing and other entertainments often relieved the monotony of the lake shore, and the best society of New Orleans graced the halls and piazzas of the club. After a few years of brilliant existence, this organization came to an end about 1838, in consequence of the financial revulsions brought about by the great commercial panic of 1837.

The seed had nevertheless been sown, the first New Orleans social club had been organized, and the advantages of private social organizations had been so satisfactorily demonstrated, that from the debris of the Elkin a nucleus of membership was secured, from which, in 1843, was organized another and a grand club, the Pelican.

This, the second social club inaugurated upon the ruins of the Elkin, soon became a large and influential body in New Orleans society. It was from the first a very close, very exclusive institution, and within its sacred precincts no one was admitted unless his position in one of the three departments of finance, commerce or politics, was well established. Its members were generally capitalists, bankers, cotton buyers, English representatives of large British houses, lawyers and physicians, distinguished in their professions, and acknowledged political chieftains.

It was to this club that Henry Clay and Gen. Scott would invariably repair when they visited New Orleans, and where they would challenge aspirants to honors at the game of whist to meet them in contest for superiority, both of these great Americans being proud of their skill in this game. Very few, if any, young men were ever admitted to membership, and, strange to say, the prejudices as to social castes, were such in the Pelican, that trades and pursuits constituted grounds for admission or exclusion.

It is amusing at the present day, when *entrée* to almost any circle is made to depend solely on the possession of numerous shekels, obtained or gathered from any source, *fas aut nefas*, to hear that at this "old Pelican Club" while cotton buying and selling, sugar and cotton raising, banking, stock and exchange dealing were classed as respectable occupations, conferring *cachets* of gentility on those therein engaged, merchandizing in groceries, dry goods, hard ware, and the like, were held as plebeian in their nature, and as disqualifications for membership.

High credit and an unspotted financial record were required, and so far was this exaction pressed, that many applicants for admission were black-balled on account of unredeemed obliga-

tions, although they had been honorably discharged in bankruptcy. There was a signal illustration of this rigid rule when a prominent citizen, who since that time signalized himself by his dash and gallantry in the Confederate armies, dying at the head of a Louisiana brigade in a grand charge at Sharpsburg, applied for admission to the Pelican and was black-balled by a distinguished banker, who lately died in Ohio, merely because he had failed, and because, even after bankruptcy and discharge, he had omitted to pay, in whole or in part, a commercial note held by the said banker.

Notwithstanding all this rigidity, exclusiveness and aristocratic tendencies, the club was strong and flourished; its members were nearly all wealthy men, wielding influence at home and abroad. From 1843 to 1851 the Pelican domicile was established in the Second district, at the corner of Royal and Customhouse, where all distinguished visitors to the city were received and entertained. These attentions to strangers never failed to secure their admission to the best circles of society.

In 1851 Mr. Felix Labatut, a capitalist at that period, erected especially for the use of the club that spacious and elegant structure at the corner of Baronne and Canal streets, afterward the Perry House. The whole building was occupied by the club, whose membership had largely increased, and the whole lower floor, now occupied as stores, constituted the club restaurant and private dinner apartments.

This latter department, a new departure in club life, was liberally patronized and well sustained by the members, a large portion of whom were Englishmen, who were in the city only during the cotton season, their families remaining in England.

Those were brilliant and happy days indeed. Money was plenty; feasts, banquets and festivals were numerous and frequent. The Englishmen sojourning in New Orleans in those days were not slow in responding to the many hospitalities extended to them by the ladies and gentlemen of the city, and in return for all these, in the year 1853, the Pelican Club, under the inspiration of its English members, gave, as a compliment to the ladies, a ball, which for magnificence and completeness in every detail—music, floral decorations, supper and attendance—surpassed any occurrence of this kind which had ever taken place in New Orleans.

The Pelican Club flourished to its last day, and its dissolution was due to no inherent weakness, nor to want of support. It fell under the inexorable stroke of war.

Another club, which likewise has ceased to exist, but which was once the most popular and for a while unquestionably the most brilliant of all, was the Orleans Club. As before recited, the Pelican Club, by its exclusiveness and the severity of its standard of membership, had virtually closed its doors to a large number of young merchants, young professional men, and high spirited young bloods, sons of wealthy citizens or planters. These young men had no places of resort and meeting, save the theatres and ball-rooms, for bar-rooms and coffee-houses had not the attractions for the youth of that period which they have for those of the present. They would meet in groups or around the convivial tables of a restaurant, at Sickie's drug store, on Canal street, and often at Thompson & Nixon's, on Camp, where they would discuss with them the advisability of organizing a young men's club. The project was soon matured and developed, and the result was the opening of the Orleans Club in 1850 on Canal street, in one of the Three Sisters, a building owned by Mrs. Vance, and now forming the entrance to the Grand Opera House as well as the locus of the Varieties Club.

The membership of the Orleans increased so rapidly that new and larger quarters were required for their accommodation. At this juncture, this was in 1851, twenty members of the club, all young men, proposed to purchase on their own account a suitable building for the club, and their proposition being favorably entertained they immediately purchased at a cost of forty thousand dollars, Mr. James Robb's spacious and elegant private residence on St. Charles street, the same now occupied as a beer saloon, restaurant and hostelry by Krost.

After the purchase and the furnishing of the domicile in the most elaborate and elegant style—all without regard to cost—the club transferred itself thereto, and from that day

launched out in a career of unequaled prosperity. Its membership increased amazingly, approximating at one time some four hundred, and including in its numbers all the editors and proprietors of the city papers.

There were Lumsden, Wilson, Wagner, Sigur, Bonford, Breckinridge, of the *Louisiana Courier*, Corcoran, Frost, and others. All the prominent turfmen of the South and Southwest were also members of this club. Among these were Bingham, Capt. Minor, Wells, Hunter, Golding, Gen. Camp, Hebert, Zysmanski, etc.; in fact the racing fraternity was strongly represented, and that the club soon became very "horsey," goes without saying, and racing and merits of horses were topics well understood and knowingly discussed. On the occasion of great races in the grand days of the "Old Metairie" the parlors, halls, lunch rooms, refreshment and card rooms of the Orleans Club were most lively and exciting places.

Who that was there can ever forget the occasion of the great inter-State post stake race, when Lexington, Lecompte, Arrow and Highlander, representing respectively Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama, were pitted against each other, to run for a purse of twenty thousand dollars. Then the excitement, the hopes and fears, the betting and bantering at this club, when in the same week Lecompte and Lexington ran, and Lecompte won, to the great discomfiture of his friends and backers, mainly Kentuckians, of whom there were a good number in the club, and who lost untold sums on that race.

Not only were the members of the Orleans Club all present on these gala days, but their numbers were multiplied by invited guests, who had come from all quarters of the country to attend the spring meeting of the Metairie and to witness the contest. Among these guests the betting was no less high, and much money changed hands, one individual alone winning \$20,000.

Of the spreads and lunches of this old Orleans Club it may be well to make passing mention. Santini was caterer, and he had *carte blanche*. Clubs in London, Paris and New York have surpassed, and may surpass, the Orleans in a studied, ordered and elaborate dinner, but it is doubtful whether any club anywhere ever surpassed the Orleans for lunches. It is almost sacrilegious to apply the term lunch to a *recherché* spread, where woodcock, snipe, partridge, canvas back and teal were in profusion; where terrapin stew, oysters in every style, turkey, wild and domestic, Westphalia hams, and all rareties and delicacies of home and foreign supply loaded long tables daily for two or three hours. The chef d'œuvres of Santini at this club in those days were marvelous, and no wonder is it that the great restaurateurs of that time, Victor and Moreau, were loud in their lamentations and complaints against the club for cutting them off from the patronage of customers whose appetites were satiated by the abundance and excellence of club fare.

The Orleans flourished as no other club ever did, but unfortunately, want of discipline, the introduction of reckless and unlimited gambling, the invasion of politics and party feeling during the exciting and contentious Know-Nothing times, all these elements of discord sapped the foundations of the club and from these causes its close and fall ensued. The club-house, the property of the twenty original members, was then sold by them, and for their account, by auction, bringing \$50,000, a handsome profit on the investment.

Thus ends another chapter in club history of New Orleans, an ending not unrelieved by fortunate results and consequences. From the membership of the Orleans, another club, a great favorite this day, in part derived its origin. The existence of the Pickwick can be traced to the brave Gen. Gladden, a member of the Orleans, ably assisted by two other members of same club, Joseph and William Ellison.

THE BOSTON CLUB.

The Boston Club, the oldest in the city, is now located in the old Mercer mansion, on Canal street, alongside the Pickwick and Louisiana Clubs,

The Boston holds the "age" of the other leading clubs. It was organized in 1845 by thirty leading mercantile and professional gentlemen of the city, heads of families, men of substance

on the shady side of life, yet full of *bonhomie*, and fond of the good old game of "Boston." In honor of this game the club was christened, and to it and other trick games the members devoted their social energies and their superfluous ingenuity, holding in deserved contempt the modern and unscientific round games.

John Hewlitt was the first president, and its first quarters were in the old post-office building on Royal street. Thence the club moved to Canal street, occupying the building where now is located Eyrich's book store. Here it grew in numbers and in prosperity; its name for hospitality and good fellowship grew among club men and *bon vivants*. The Boston was never a close club, and to this day all its members hold the privilege of extending its courtesies to their friends, and officers of the army and navy are its guests during their stay in the Crescent City, being different in this respect from the other New Orleans clubs.

Among the ante-bellum presidents of the club were Temple Doswell, S. H. Kennedy and Phoenix N. Wood. When the war broke out, the then limit of membership—150—had been reached. When Butler was in command of the city the club quarters, still on Canal street, were closed by the Provost-marshal, and the organization was broken up until 1867. On the 6th of April of that year the Boston was reorganized. The just now abandoned quarters on Carondelet street were secured, and Victor Burthe was chosen president. He was succeeded a few years later by the gallant and now lamented Gen. Dick Taylor, who resigned in 1873 and was succeeded by Dr. Sam'l Chopin. Under the administration of Dr. Chopin the club reached its greatest membership, 200, the limit being 250. The present membership is 180, and of these many are non-residents of New Orleans, but from all over the United States. Since the war the club has had as its guests many distinguished citizens, among whom may be mentioned Gen. U. S. Grant.

Hon. Jefferson Davis visits the Boston Club whenever he comes to the city.

The white exterior of the old Mercer mansion is as familiar as any house in New Orleans. Its plain *façade* rises three spacious stories on Canal street. Its wide doorway opens upon a marble paved hallway, opening to the left into the parlors of the old mansion, which have been thrown into one spacious apartment looking out through a bay window upon a side garden running the full length of the house. This apartment has been fitted up as a sitting-room. Its doors and a handsome buffet are of solid old mahogany, and two Eastlake mantels of red cherry are highly ornamental. On its walls hang the portraits of Presidents Hewlitt and Chopin and the old secretary, Wm. Bell. Handsome pier glasses add to the luxurious effect. Cool, light-colored paper and India matting invite rest.

Behind this is the building which has been added to the old mansion by the club. First is a fifteen-foot lateral hall-way, opening upon a wide gallery and the garden beyond. The gallery runs to the full length of the addition, seventy-five feet deep, and along each of the three stories of which it is composed. In the hall-way is a *chef d'œuvre*, the feature of the new club-house—an old English staircase, winding to the roof in square sections, of solid cypress and oak, finished in Eastlake style.

The ground floor rear apartment is the lunch room. It is forty-five feet deep, its mantels finished in the prevailing Eastlake style in oak, with illuminated encaustic tiles in the hearth and jamb. The lunch counter in the rear is alike finished in oak, of which wood is also the wainscot running around the room. The coloring of the walls is again cool and light, and handsome bronze chandeliers are pendant above the lunch tables.

Up the noble staircase on the second floor, is the card-room, second floor front. Here are the black-oak buffets, pier glasses and other furniture, which the club has used since 1867. Here the walls are of warmer hue, and suggest long winter evenings and glowing grates.

In the rear is the dining-room, finished also in oak and cypress doors, wainscot and mantels, with two large pier glasses, framed to correspond.

The third floor front is the billiard-room, remarkable for its eighteen-foot ceiling. It is ventilated by the large bay window (as are the three front apartments) and a number of small windows near the roof. The back portion of this floor is taken up with servants' rooms, and

the extreme rear with the kitchen. In the latter the appointments are complete in every particular, and its elevation guarantees the club against the annoyance of smelling beforehand the roast meat it is to have for dinner. The floor is of cement, and an elevator nullifies the disadvantage of the situation. A glimpse into the huge refrigerator is as cooling as a claret punch.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

In the good year 1857, just thirty years after the *Pickwick Papers* were published, the New Orleans Pickwick Club held its meeting, early in the month of January, when the heart and head are full of the *bonhomie* and kindly feelings incident to the New Year in our city of New Orleans. Some fifty gentlemen received through the mail a neat little card, inviting them to meet in a parlor over the present Gem Saloon, on Royal street, for a purpose not made known.

Care was taken in the selection of those invited that they were all gentlemen of culture and refinement and acquainted with the *belles lettres*. Much circumspection was used that there should be none in the meeting who had not the prerequisites of social standing, genial disposition and good-fellowship. The meeting was held, and the Pickwick Club of New Orleans was born. Unlike its progenitor, it discarded scientific disputation, and held in common with its namesake across the water only a dutiful respect for the old gentleman whose name it bears. The meeting at the Gem was a success, and when the name of Pickwick was adopted there was a general expression of satisfaction. The first president of the club was Gen. A. H. Gladden, of South Carolina, who had passed successfully through the Mexican war, as lieutenant-colonel of a South Carolina regiment, and had settled in New Orleans. He afterwards fell at Shiloh in command of the First C. S. Regulars.

The club was to be what is known as a close club, and in a month its membership had swelled to over sixty.

The first quarters obtained were on the third floor of No. 57 St. Charles street, just above Gravier, and here for some time remained. The third floor became too small to hold the fast augmenting membership, and the second floor was leased; and after two years' stay the building at the corner of Canal and Exchange alley, where now is the Liedertafel Club, was secured on a lease.

These premises the club beautified at a cost of over \$5,000, and made it one of the most comfortable and cosy club houses ever seen in our city. Finding that its growing popularity and increase in membership demanded more space, it moved further back on Canal street, and entered into another lease. A habitation of its own was what it desired, and last year an arrangement was made with Mr. Heine, the Parisian banker and owner of the lots on the corner Canal and Carondelet streets, to erect there a house suitable to the club.

On July 1, the present club house, one of the handsomest specimens of Norman architecture in the country was completed and turned over to the governing committee. Built of Philadelphia pressed brick of a rich deep red, its two fronts are set off by ornamental carved trimmings of Indiana limestone. Its roof rises with sharp slope high above the surrounding cornice, and gives to the whole edifice an effect inspiring and lofty. Rising from a cluster of polished granite columns of almost diminutive length, and surmounted by a bowl-shaped stone support resting on the back of griffins, is a circular turret which extends to the roof and forms in its length place for oriel windows in each story. Jutting out as it does from the wall apparently unsupported, it catches the eye at once.

The elevation on Canal street shows a large entrance to the stores or offices which occupy that frontage, and on each side of this entrance are two polished granite columns with carved capitals surmounted with griffins, which, with the ornament over the doorway, form a support for the gallery of the first floor. Above this balcony is a second forming a hood supported by six ornamental brackets, and above this again is a third balcony smaller than those below it.

On the Carondelet street side is the main or club entrance, over which is a large balcony

extending over the banquettes and capable of holding 150 persons, and on the extreme upper side on this street is the servants' and freight entrance.

The windows throughout the building are unusually wide to afford ample ventilation, and on the lower floor there are three circular ones of rare design in stained glass.

The gorgeous entrance on Carondelet street is paved in richly colored encaustic tiles. Here is a vestibule more than thirty-three feet in depth and fourteen in width, leading to the grand staircase.

Facing the door is a large window of stained cathedral glass, a large central panel with a smaller one on either side. Conspicuous in design and attractive in color, stands in the central panel the illustrious Pickwick himself, deftly wrought in stained glass, radiant in his bottle-green coat, of which he was so fond, the costume completed by the well-known tights and gaiters. Before him is the inevitable punch-bowl, over which he is addressing his admiring friends. The work is artistically done, and is the finest piece of stained glass work ever seen in New Orleans.

In the vestibule stand the marble statues of Canova's two dancing girls and near the head of the stairs, contemplating the incoming guests, is the marble bust of Plato.

The reception room is on the right of the Carondelet street entrance. All the furniture and ornaments are of old English. The floor is of delicately tinted tiles; the chairs and tables, highly carved Queen Anne oak, and the high old-fashioned English mantel is enriched with beautiful tiles. Behind the parlor is the chess room, with a high oak mantel, and the grate hung on a crane.

The furniture is of mahogany and finished in bright bronzed stamped leather, in Pompeïan style. In the middle of the floor stand the chess tables, with the boards inlaid in their tops, and just beyond, against the wall, rich in age, is a large bookcase, elaborately carved, of the bog oak of Ireland, the most costly wood known to the furniture-maker.

On the Carondelet street side, back of the stairway, is the gentlemen's dining-room, a most commodious apartment with heavy club tables and chairs. It is here that the members dine, and a dumb waiter descends to it from the kitchen above. In the hall stands a large table of Irish bog oak, around which the governing committee meets. At the end of this hall is the assembly room sixty-four by sixty-four, with opera chairs for four hundred, where the general meetings of the club are held. Back of these, on Carondelet street side, is the kitchen, probably the finest in the South in all its appointments. The wine-room adjoins the kitchen.

The Canal street front on this floor is used as a billiard-room.

On the Carondelet street front, above the vestibule on the second floor, is the steward's or business office, to which from each of the forty rooms in the building run the electric wires.

Next to the office is the café, a large room, well ventilated, and containing twelve cherry tables with chocolate and white-veined Tennessee marble tops. The cherry mantel in this café is one of the richest in the building, and like the rest is of the high English type. Its top is ornamented with a large bronze plaque, on which is embossed a scene representing a Grecian academy, with all the sciences personified; while its border displays artistic figures playing on various musical instruments. The tiling of both hearth and fireplace is rich, and sets off to advantage the old-fashioned brass andirons. The *parquetterie* on the floor is in cherry and oak, in keeping with the furniture.

Other rooms in this portion of the building are the writing room and the reading room or library, but the handsomest in the whole building is the reception room. It occupies the entire Canal street front. Three large mirrors cover the back wall, and as a novelty through the middle of two of these highly ornamented gas brackets are run. The rear end of the room is almost taken up with a mantel, wrought of black walnut, the carving being of intricate and elaborate finish, which with the artistic fire-place and antique grate give an Elizabethan air to the apartment. The top of the mantel is a large mirror, and the back of the grate an open cinquefoil. A huge rug composed of brown bear skin, bordered with black, is a fit companion

to such a fire-place. In the corner of the room is an oriel window of stained glass in blues and yellows, with jewel ornaments. and in this alcove stands a dignified-looking stork, of life-size, and wrought in bronze.

In front of the large windows stand the statues of two dancing girls in marble, whose pose is full of the poetry of motion. In fine, in the perfection of its appointments, this club ranks with the finest in the Union. In no two of the forty rooms of the building is the furniture alike, and all of it is of the most elegant workmanship and artistic design.

Nearly all the rooms contain fine works of art, statues, bronzes and handsome pictures, water colors and engravings.

THE LOUISIANA CLUB.

In 1877 the young business and professional men of New Orleans began to feel that the habits, constitution and membership of the clubs of the city did not afford them exactly the thing they wanted; and a hundred and ten young men whose ties of friendship, formed by a boyhood and youth of intimacy, were cemented upon the verge of manhood by a similarity of tastes and fortunes, established the Louisiana Club. These were the *jeunesse dorée* of the city, young men, as a rule of family and of expectations, licentiates of the learned professions or apprentices to the business of their fathers, some already embarked for themselves on the sea of commercial life. Few had reached their twenty-fifth year, but all, or nearly all, were men whose character gave assurance of stability in manhood.

Their organization was not, however, accomplished in full faith of the success they have since achieved. The club was an experiment. Unpretentious rooms were chosen at 24 Baronne street, where now is the hall of the Sugar Planters' Association. The number of members was but slightly increased, when in October, 1877, the club quarters were removed to corner of Bourbon and Canal streets.

In the succeeding year came the great epidemic, bringing to the club its share of the general affliction. Of the sixty-eight members who remained in the city twenty-two were seized with yellow fever, but of these only four died. Throughout that terrible time the devotion of these clubmen to their sick fellows completed the *entente cordiale* among them. What in every other respect was to them as to the city a great misfortune proved the most effectual means of perpetuating and intensifying that intimacy and unity of spirit which distinguishes the club.

When the pestilence had passed and the club was rehabilitated with the reviving business of the city, another move was made, this time to 180 Canal street. Here the popularity and prosperity of the institution grew apace, and the club was no longer an experiment, but became a most decided success. Other young men of the city were attracted, and in October, 1883, it became necessary to seek quarters more commodious and more convenient to the business of the city, with which most of the members were actively identified. This time the eyes of the club fell upon a milliner's establishment. But this time there was no intention of going upstairs. The club had grown to 180 in numbers, and its wealth and capacity were more than proportionately increased. It was determined to secure the whole of that building so long occupied by Mme. Olympe.

The present club house is 144 Canal street, just between the Pickwick and Boston clubs. It is of red pressed brick and granite, three and a half stories high. It was originally built as a residence, but is most admirably adapted to the purposes of a club-house. The ceilings are lofty and the apartments spacious and conveniently arranged.

At the end of the hallway a pretty little room fitted up in *terra cotta* and gold serves for the reception of strangers, who are not allowed elsewhere in the club-house, the privacy of the club being closely guarded.

Another door from the hallway leads to a back gallery opening upon a court, where are located the kitchen, bath-rooms, servants' rooms, etc. Upstairs, over the sitting-room below,

are two sitting-rooms equipped with cool cane-bottomed furniture. The bar and lunch-room is situated between the main building and the rear wing, and upstairs is the billiard-room.

The first president of the club was Alfred Frellsen; next, Hon. F. A. Monroe; next, Hon. E. D. White, formerly of the Supreme Court bench. The present incumbent, Mr. Phelps, succeeded Judge White.

The membership of the club is now 200, which number is the limit fixed by the constitution, and at present there seems little disposition to remove the limit. The club, though close in the strictest sense of the word, has yet done much for the social and cultured life of the city, taking an active part in the spectacular exhibitions which have added so much to the fame and the prosperity of New Orleans.

CHESS, CHECKERS AND WHIST CLUB.

During the latter part of June, 1880, a number of gentlemen who had formerly belonged to chess clubs in this city, and who had witnessed with no little regret, the untimely dissolution of each and all of them, at several informal meetings discussed the project of re-establishing such a club in New Orleans, to be kept up for recreation in the idle days of summer and abandoned as the busier period of the fall should approach. Naturally these discussions were confined to a very limited circle, but they eventually resulted in a search (and a prolonged one it was) for rooms suitable for the intended organization and within the very slender means anticipated for it. This difficult task was undertaken by a self-appointed committee, and notwithstanding energetic efforts it was nearly the middle of the succeeding month before anything definite was accomplished. However, on Thursday, July 21, 1880, the intended club held its first informal meeting over Eugene Krost's saloon, 128 Gravier street. Mr. Charles A. Maurian was elected president, and Mr. James D. Seguin secretary, each *pro tem.*, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution.

It had already been suggested that, to insure greater attraction and a more enlarged interest the games of checkers and whist should be added to that of chess, and the committee on constitution were instructed to report accordingly. The second meeting of the club occurred July 24, 1880, with thirty-five members present out of a membership that had already reached fifty-two, and the constitution reported by the committee was adopted.

The project of the originators meeting with an encouraging and speedy success, it soon became necessary to seek more commodious quarters, and a comfortable suite of rooms was found over the saloon of Frank Berkes, 168 Common street. On October 21, 1880, the club moved into its new location. It now numbered one hundred and ten members, with a prosperous future before it. On December 31 the club made its second move, going into rooms over Mrs. Droste's saloon, 166 Common street. At the meeting of January 6, 1881, one hundred and forty members were present, and a small assessment, the first and only one in the history of the club, was levied for the purpose of providing a fund with which to furnish the rooms. The first whist tournament was played in the latter part of October and early part of November, 1880, and lasted about three weeks.

On February 10, 1881, the club moved for the third time, having engaged the spacious rooms at 184 Common street, corner of Varieties alley. At this time there were one hundred and seventy-five names on the roll, and the rooms over Hawkins' saloon were large, commodious and elegantly furnished.

On August 21, 1880, the first chess tournament was inaugurated, and continued somewhat desultorily until February 20, 1881.

During February, 1881, the club entertained as a guest Capt. Geo. H. Mackenzie, the celebrated chess player, and champion of America, and subsequently during the months of December, 1881, and January, 1882, Capt. Mackenzie was again its guest. In January, 1883, Herr Wilhelm Steinitz, the famous Austrian master, was similarly entertained by the club, and

during April, 1884, Dr. Zukertort, the great Prussian player and winner of the London International Tournament of 1883, was likewise its guest.

The club with careful management prospered wonderfully in its Common street quarters. During its stay in this location, up to November, 1883, a number of very interesting and successful tournaments of chess, draughts, billiards and whist were carried out; a large and copiously supplied reading-room was established, and many other improvements introduced. The membership rose with astonishing rapidity, reaching at one time over 600.

About the middle of 1883 the club having now a net strength of about 500 members, and being in fine financial standing it was decided to be both necessary and wise to secure more elegant and commodious quarters.

The governing committee were, therefore, authorized to secure the Perry House, at the corner of Canal and Baronne streets and fit it up for permanent club-rooms.

On the 1st day of December, 1883, the club took possession of their present magnificent quarters.

On the first floor to the right is the chess room, containing thirteen heavy black walnut chess-tables, with elegant inlaid boards; the walls are hung with fine pictures, and the mantels hold the photographs of the world's great chess players. Besides, the room is fitted up with all the other appliances and comforts necessary to a first-class chess room.

There are besides these, a number of other rooms in the building, the library and reading room, parlor, music room, reception room, writing room, domino and checker room, billiard room, card room—where, however, playing is only allowed for amusement, no money play being permitted in the building—euchre, backgammon and cribbage room, and finally pool room.

The growth of the club has been phenomenal, and it now includes 1050 members.

THE HARMONY CLUB.

The present Harmony Club is the successor of the "Deutscher Company" and the "Young Bachelors' Club," the two having been merged under the present name.

The "Deutscher Company" was organized in 1862, and thus christened with the idea of showing to New Orleans society, that the class of amusements generally pursued by those assemblies which had hitherto contemptuously been dubbed Deutscher companies was not the limit of German accomplishments.

There were only twelve members at the time of organization. Mr. Sol. Marx was made president, and the meetings of the club were held in a little room upstairs over 12 Chartres street. The objects of the club were social, literary and scientific. The founders were all Hebrew gentlemen. A year or so after the organization the quarters of the club were removed to more commodious rooms above Krost's saloon, on Common street, between St. Charles and Carondelet. The club continued to increase in membership, and a general desire was expressed for a club-house of their own, and in pursuance of this idea, they helped to build the house corner of Bienville street and Exchange alley, having the quarters of the club fitted up with a stage and theatrical appurtenances. Here the club remained for five years, and during this time instituted a series of amateur theatricals and concerts, the members being assisted on frequent occasions by outside talent and distinguished professional artists. A number of lectures were also given, Rev. J. K. Gutheim, Dr. Crawcour and other gentlemen of eminence contributing their wisdom and eloquence for the benefit of the club. While here the name "Deutscher Company" was abandoned, and the club rechristened the Harmony.

During this five years also occurred the union of the Harmony Club with the Young Bachelors, composed of thirty young Hebrew gentlemen, who devoted their energies alike to their own and the ladies' entertainment. At the time of the union the Harmony club numbered 120

members, young and old. In 1867, Mr. Joseph Wagner was elected president, serving in this capacity a number of years.

At the expiration of the five years' lease of the corner of Bienville street and Exchange alley the club removed to Odd Fellows' Hall, taking the apartments now occupied by the Continental Guards. The new quarters were fitted up at an outlay of \$5,000, and the club entered upon a new era of prosperity and pleasure. Fortnightly entertainments, social, literary and scientific, were instituted, and six or seven grand balls were given each season, and the children were given an entertainment every two weeks. The club remained here for four or five years.

Mr. Wagner was succeeded as president by Joseph Kohn, and he in his turn was succeeded by M. L. Navra, under whose administration, the club moved in 1878, to the present place on the corner of Delord and Camp streets, the old Hale house, one of the most elegant mansions in the city.

The club house contains elegant parlors for ladies and gentlemen, dressing rooms for ladies, a well stocked library, dining room, card rooms, billiard rooms, while in the broad yard, covered by the softest and greenest turf, and shaded by the most beautiful shrubbery, is an archery range and bowling alley.

And the Harmony Club does not keep all of this to themselves. Their apartments are always at the service of benevolent associations, while their entertainments are continually filling the luxurious parlors with pleasant company. When theatrical exhibitions are given the gentlemen's parlor seats 250 people, and the library and dining room, being thrown into one with the parlor, make up an excellent auditorium. To complete the character of the club for breadth and liberality, there is no sectarianism about it, for though founded and conducted to its present state of prosperity almost entirely by Hebrew gentlemen, some of its prominent and active members are Christians. The total membership now is 140.

New Orleans possesses beside these a number of other clubs, such as the Commercial, Claiborne, etc., while as for social organizations for the purpose of giving balls, theatrical performances and entertainments of various kinds, their name is legion.

To these clubs much of the pleasure and success of the New Orleans carnival is due. The handsome parades and masquerades then made, are, with few exceptions, paid for by these clubs out of their own treasuries. As some of these parades exceed \$25,000 in cost, it will be seen that they prove a heavy tax to the clubs, who receive no benefit from them except the amusement and pleasure afforded to their friends. The fact that the invitations to a carnival ball have to be submitted to a committee of the club giving it, renders it certain that only people of the very highest standing will be present.

CHAPTER XI.—THE CHURCHES.

THE MEMORIES CLINGING AROUND THE ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL—INTRODUCTION OF THE HOLY INQUISITION INTO LOUISIANA—SAINTS OF THE CRESCENT CITY—THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND JEWISH SYNAGOGUES.

On Chartres street, between St. Peter and St. Ann, directly in front of Jackson square, stands the Catholic cathedral of St. Louis, the most impressive building in New Orleans and surrounded by the richest historical memories.

The history of this building and its predecessors, for it is the third or fourth church that has arisen on this same site, is the history of Catholicism in Louisiana, almost the history of the colony itself.

In 1717, one year before the foundation of New Orleans, the Capuchins of the province of Champagne in France, seizing time by the forelock, secured for their body exclusive ecclesiastical jurisdiction over New Orleans and a large portion of the territory of Louisiana. In 1718, Bien-ville, who was for a second time appointed Governor of the French colony, founded New Orleans. With his loyal and valiant sword he traced the site to be occupied by the present church, and designated the ground on the left upon which to build the Presbytery. Charts issued in 1727 indicate that this site is the one upon which the Cathedral now stands. A wooden and adobe structure was erected under the auspices of the French government, and in honor of the King of France named the Church of St. Louis, about 1720, from which time date the archives of the Catholic Church in New Orleans.

In January, 1721, Father Charlevoix, a Jesuit missionary, reached New Orleans from Canada by way of the Illinois and the Mississippi rivers, and in his description of the infant city he sums it up as consisting of one hundred cabins, placed without much order, a large wooden warehouse, two or three dwelling houses that would not have adorned a village, and a miserable store-house which had been at first occupied as a chapel—a *shed* being now used for this purpose. The population of the city did not then exceed 200 persons.

On the eleventh of September, 1723, a fearful tornado or hurricane devastated the colony and played particular havoc with the little city. The hospital and thirty houses were swept from the ground as though made of cardboard. Three vessels that lay in the river at the time were driven on shore, and houses and crops on the plantations, above and below the city, irreparably ruined. The wind had no respect for the sacred, as it blew into atoms the little insignificant parish church, *the first place of worship* ever erected in Louisiana. This terrible visitation plunged the colonists into such misery and despair, that many attempted to leave the colony, and it was long before the inhabitants recovered from the calamity. The ruined portions of the little city were rebuilt, and in 1724 or 1725 a new and substantial parish church was erected—this time of brick—which served the purposes of the community for over sixty years; the venerable building surviving the ravages of time, but succumbing at last to the flames.

The territory of Louisiana at that time was divided into three grand ecclesiastical districts. The first, extending from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Illinois, was entrusted to the care of the Capuchins, who were the first to administer to the spiritual wants of the people of New Orleans. The bare-footed Carmelites had jurisdiction over the second, which included the districts of Mobile, Biloxi and the Alibamons. The country, watered by the Wabash and Illinois rivers, formed the last of the three divisions, which was the especial care of the Jesuits. Churches and chapels were constructed at convenient points throughout the colony. Heretofore, the only places of worship were sheltered spots in the forest marked by large wooden crosses. The spirit of intolerance among the colonists was very strong, and this was encouraged

by an edict of Governor Bienville's, issued in March, 1724, which prohibited the exercise of any other religion than the Catholic, and Jews, especially, were ordered to be expelled from the colony as enemies of the Christian name.

In the fall of the same year two Capuchin friars or monks of the order of St. Francis reached New Orleans from France, to whom was given the spiritual control of New Orleans.

An arrangement was made with the Jesuits, by which Father Petit, the Superior of that order, was permitted to reside in New Orleans, but could not exercise any ecclesiastical functions without the permission of the Superior of the Capuchins, under whose spiritual jurisdiction New Orleans was placed. He was to be furnished by the Company with a chapel, vestry room, and a house and lot for his accommodation, and for the temporary use of such Jesuits as might arrive in New Orleans on their way to their posts in the northern portion of the territory. The Jesuit missionaries were conveyed to Louisiana at the expense of the India Company, and they were each paid a yearly salary of 600 livres (\$133.33), with an extra annual allowance of 200 livres (\$44.44) for the first five years. Each missionary received at the start an outfit of 450 livres (\$100), and a chapel, and at each mission either money or goods were furnished to defray the expenses of building the chapel and presbytery. The Jesuit lay brothers received their passage and a gratification of 150 livres (\$33.33), but no salary. The house and chapel constructed for the Superior in New Orleans, was situated upon a concession of ten arpents of land fronting on the river a little above what is now Canal street. The Jesuits improved the front of their land with a plantation of the myrtle wax shrub, and remained upon it until their expulsion in 1764. Father Bruno, the Superior of the Capuchins, was appointed Vicar-General of New Orleans by the Bishop of Quebec, in whose diocese the territory of Louisiana was then included. He acted as curate of the parish with the assistance of two monks as vicars. A monastery, erroneously called a convent, was erected for the Capuchins, resident in New Orleans, on the square below the church, the site of the present presbytery.

On the 13th of September, 1726, an agreement was also made with two Ursuline nuns of the convent of Rouen, named Marie Françoise Tranchepain, known as Sister St. Augustin, and Marie Annele Boulanger, known as Sister St. Angélique, with the assistance of Mother Catharine Bruscoli, of St. Amand, and four other nuns of their order, to take charge of the education of the young girls of the new colony and to nurse the sick in the hospital. According to contract they were to reside permanently in Louisiana; were to be transported with four servants, at the cost of the Company, and to receive as a gratuity, before their departure, the sum of 500 livres. The Ursuline nuns embarked with Jesuit missionaries in a Company ship, and arrived in New Orleans in the summer of 1727. The hospital, then situated at the corner of Chartres and Bienville streets, was put in possession of the nuns upon their arrival, and they resided in it until a more convenient dwelling could be built for them. The Company conceded to the hospital a tract of land on the side of the city opposite the Jesuit plantation, fronting eight acres on the Mississippi and forty in depth, as a plantation to supply the wants of the Ursulines and to afford them a sufficient remuneration for their services in the hospital. Each of the nuns received 600 livres a year until their plantation was in full cultivation. In the agreement made with them by the India or Western Company, it was expressly stipulated that, if they ceased to serve in the hospital as agreed upon, they would forfeit their plantation and the immovables attached to the hospital, and retain only the negroes and other movables.

Soon after the arrival of the nuns the India Company laid the foundation of a very large edifice for a nunnery in the lowest square on the levee, on Conde street (now Chartres), between Barracks and Hospital streets, and a military hospital was built near it. The nuns removed to their new quarters in the latter part of 1733, when it was completed, and continued to occupy it until 1824, when they moved to their present more spacious and delightful retreat on the banks of the river below the city. At that time it was three miles from the city walls. Up to the time of the construction of this convent the old one was *the largest house in Louisiana*.

In 1755 there sprang up in the colony a sort of religious warfare, which added to the dis-

traction produced by the expectation of perils from abroad. It was called the War of the Jesuits and the Capuchins, and produced great excitement at the time. Gayarré chronicles the history of that exciting and memorable controversy as follows: "In the agreement entered into with the India Company in 1726, the Jesuits had taken care to procure, as an apparently insignificant favor, that their Superior might reside in New Orleans, *on condition that he should not discharge there any ecclesiastical functions, unless it should be with the consent of the Superior of the Capuchins*. This was an entering wedge which the dexterity of the Jesuits turned to good purpose, so far as their interest was concerned."

But in 1764 the Capuchins were rid of their redoubtable adversaries, in consequence of the famous Order of Expulsion issued by the French Government against this celebrated religious order. All their property in Louisiana was seized, confiscated, and sold for \$180,000, a very large sum at that time. It is well known that the Jesuits of Spain and Naples shared the same fate with those of France, and that they were almost simultaneously expelled from all the domains appertaining to those three kingdoms.

The ancient plantation of the Jesuits was immediately above the old city, and included all of what is now the First district of that city, its commercial and manufacturing centre.

On the twenty-second of February, 1770, General O'Reilly, who had taken possession of the province in the name of the King of Spain, upon its transfer to the Spanish government, issued a proclamation instituting several changes. No change, however, took place in the ecclesiastical government of the province. Father Dagobert, curate of New Orleans, was permitted to continue in the exercise of his pastoral functions and in the administration of the southern part of the diocese of Quebec, of which the bishop had constituted him vicar-general. The other Capuchins were maintained in the curacies of their respective parishes.

The attendance of the Ursuline nuns in the hospital, according to a bull obtained from the Pope, was dispensed with; their service had become merely nominal, being confined to the daily attendance of two nuns during the visit of the King's physician. After noting his prescription they withdrew, contenting themselves with sending from the dispensary, which was kept in the convent, the medicines he had ordered.

The Spanish government, deeming it a matter not merely of policy, but of necessity, for the preservation of its peculiar institutions, that the rising generation of the colony should be instructed in the Spanish language, sent over from Spain, in 1772, a priest and two assistants to teach that language. In the same year four young Spanish novices arrived from Havana, who, upon taking the veil in the convent of the Ursulines, were also employed in teaching Spanish to young females. This, the solitary instance of interest manifested by the Spanish government in the encouragement of learning during its administration of affairs in Louisiana, produced almost a revolution among the French Creoles, the young women in particular rebelling against this attempt to make them recite their lessons in Spanish. So earnest was the protest that this attempt to introduce the Spanish language into Louisiana proved a complete failure, and although Castilian was one of the official languages of the colony as late as 1803, it died very soon after the departure of the Spanish troops to Havana.

In the year 1779, six Capuchin friars arrived from Spain, and among them was the celebrated Father Antonio de Sedella, better known as Father Antoine, whose memory is revered to this day by the faithful. He was curate of the parish for nearly fifty years, and the Cathedral is almost inseparably connected in the minds of old residents with the excellent old man, adored for his universal benevolence. He is said to have performed nearly one-half of the marriage and funeral ceremonies of the inhabitants of the province during his curacy. He was instituted curate on the twenty-fifth of November, 1785, and exercised his pastoral functions until his death, at the age of nearly ninety years, in 1827.

And now appears upon the scene an individual who was the instrument of much good in his day. He, his descendants and contemporaries, have played prominent parts in the annals of New Orleans, and the history of the city could not be written without mention of his career,

We refer to Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas, the founder of the St. Louis Cathedral. After the terrible conflagration of 1788, which destroyed the brick Parish Church, built in 1724 or 1725, mass was celebrated in a temporary building erected for the purpose. In the latter part of 1788, Don Almonaster offered to the Superior Council or *Cabildo*, to rebuild the church on a still grander and more massive scale at his own expense, the government to repay him for his expenditure upon the completion of the edifice. His proposition was accepted, the foundation of the Cathedral laid in the spring of 1792, and completed two years later. He also secured the contract for, and built the buildings on each side of the Cathedral, the one on the left intended for a presbytery, now occupied by the Civil District Courts and the Civil Sheriff, and the one on the right built for a town-hall and jail, in which the *Cabildo* held its sessions, now occupied by the Supreme Court, the Second Recorder's Court and the Third Precinct Station.

Hardly had the new Cathedral been built, when, on the fête of the Immaculate Conception, the eighth of December of the same year (1794), another great conflagration consumed the principal portion of the city. The only edifice of importance which almost miraculously escaped destruction was the newly-built Cathedral.

Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas, a native of Mayrena, Province of Andalusia, Spain, was of noble birth, a colonel of the provincial troops in Louisiana, and a cavalier of the royal and distinguished order of Carlos III. His parents were Don Miguel Jose Almonaster and Donna Maria Joanna de Estrada-y-Roxas. In August, 1769, he was appointed a King's Notary, similar to notary public to-day, and in 1779 chosen by the *Cabildo* or Governing Council (analogous to the City Council), for ordinary *Alcalde* or Justice of the Peace, for the years 1789 and 1790, in conjunction with a certain Don Ortega. He also succeeded Don Regnio as Perpetual *Regidor* and *Alferez Real* which positions he held during life, and was succeeded, upon his death, by his father-in-law, M. Pierre Denys de Laronde.

Besides having been the builder or founder of the Cathedral and the buildings on either side of it, Don Almonaster founded the St. Charles Charity Hospital and its chapel, the chapel of the Lazarists, the chapel of the Ursulines Convent, a hospital for lepers, schools for little children and the Presbytery of the Cathedral. Don Almonaster was married in the Parish Church on the twentieth of March, 1787, just a year before it was destroyed by the great fire, to Mlle. Louise de Laronde, a beautiful young Creole of New Orleans, daughter of M. Pierre Denys de Laronde. Don Almonaster's only child and daughter, Micaela Leonarda Antonia, afterwards the celebrated Mme. Pontalba, was born on the sixth of November, 1795, her father being then 71 years of age. On the twenty-third of October, 1811, she was married in the Cathedral by Father Antonio to Joseph Xavier Celestine Delfau de Pontalba, a native of New Orleans, son of Joseph Xavier Delfau, Baron de Pontalba, in the presence of a brilliant assembly. Col. Bernard de Marigny de Mandeville representing Marshal Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, the celebrated comrade in arms of Napoleon, gave the bride away, and the Cavallero de Macarty, M. Ignace Delino de Chalmet, M. Laselve de St. Avid and Mme. Deverges de St. Sauveur, officiated as witnesses. Mme. de Pontalba died on the twentieth of April, 1874, at her magnificent hotel, No. 41 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, leaving three sons to inherit the wealth and vast landed estates which she had inherited from her father. Her husband died three or four years later at the age of eighty five. His father, also a native of New Orleans, had been, in his day, a colonel of the Royal *Exercitos*, and commandant of the *Cote d'Allemande* (German Coast) and the Parish of Iberville.

Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas died in New Orleans at the age of seventy-three years, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1798, and was buried in the grand old edifice built under his superintendence, bringing him so much substantial benefit in life and glory after death. He lies in front of the Altar of the Sacred Heart and of St. Francis of Assisi, and in the floor over his grave is a large marble slab, on which are inscribed his coat-of-arms and the record of his life, his honors and his deeds.

In 1803, when the United States took control of Louisiana, there was not in the entire colony, a Protestant church or Jewish synagogue. Indeed, there was a plentiful lack of

Catholic churches, as the St. Louis Cathedral was the only church of any description or faith in the city, if we except the chapel of the Lazarists, and that attached to the Ursuline Convent and Charity Hospital.

It was feared at first that the transfer of the colony to the United States, would cause a trouble on account of the religious differences; and Governor Claiborne, the new American Governor, found the religious excitement very strong, and threatening considerable difficulty.

On the eleventh of July, Governor Claiborne received a letter from Vicar-General Walsh, in which he complained "of the interruption of public tranquility, which had resulted from the ambition of a refractory monk, supported in his apostasy by the fanaticism of a misguided populace and by the countenance of an individual [the Marquis of Casa-Calvo], whose interference was fairly to be attributed less to zeal for the religion he would be thought to serve, than to the indulgence of private passions and the promotion of views equally dangerous to religion and to civil order." He also informed Governor Claiborne that two individuals had gone to Havana for the express purpose of procuring a re-inforcement of monks to support Father Antonio de Sedella in "his schismatic and rebellious conduct;" and prayed for such relief and assistance as the Executive could afford him. Claiborne's reply was, "that under the American government, where the rights of conscience are respected and no particular sect is the favorite of the law, the civil magistrates were bound carefully to avoid interference in religious disputes, unless, indeed, the public peace should be broken or menaced, and then it became their duty to act." In recommending harmony and tolerance to the priest, Governor Claiborne observed: "For if those who profess to be the followers of the meek and humble Jesus, instead of preaching brotherly love and good will to man, and enforcing their precepts by example, should labor to excite dissension and distrust in a community, there is, indeed, ground to fear that the Church itself may cease to be an object of veneration."

Though the Abbé Walsh's attempt to enlist Governor Claiborne's support in his cause, as against that of Father Antoine, was unsuccessful, he yet insinuated some doubts into the Governor's mind, as to the loyalty of the popular curate. As a result of his doubts and fears, Governor Claiborne thus addressed the Secretary of War, after adverting to other matters, "We have a Spanish priest here who is a very dangerous man. He rebelled against the superiors of his own church and would even rebel, I am persuaded, against this government whenever a fit occasion may serve. This man was once sent away by the Spanish authorities for seditious practices, and I am inclined to think that I should be justifiable, should I do so likewise. This seditious priest is Father Antoine. He is a great favorite of the Louisiana ladies, and has married many of them and christened all their children. He is by some citizens esteemed an accomplished hypocrite; has great influence with the people of color, and report says, embraces every opportunity to render them discontented under the American government." Following up his apprehensions, Governor Claiborne requested Father Antoine to report to the Government House. There, in the presence of the Mayor of the city and of Col. Bellechasse, member of the Legislative Council, the Governor informed him of the reports which were being circulated about his conduct. Father Antoine listened to them with his usual humility, solemnly protested his innocence, and pledged his word to support the government and promote good order. Governor Claiborne, nevertheless, thought it proper to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and caused his conduct to be carefully watched. "The priest," wrote the Governor, in his report to the authorities at Washington, "declared the reports to have originated in the malice of his enemies. The division in the Catholic church has excited many malignant passions, and it is not improbable that some injustice has been done to this individual."

In February, 1850, the principal tower of the Cathedral fell, injuring the roof and walls to a great extent. When the wardens set about having the Cathedral repaired, they concluded to alter and enlarge the building to its present dimensions and appearance. It is the prevalent erroneous belief that the Cathedral was torn down and rebuilt in 1850. This is a mistake, as it

was simply altered and improved, and not rebuilt. The following is a description of the Cathedral before its renovation and alteration in 1850: "The architecture of the Cathedral is by no means pure, but is not wanting in effect on this account. The lower story is of the rustic order, flanked at each of the front angles by hexagonal towers, projecting one-half of their diameter, showing below Tuscan antae at each angle, and above pilasters of plain masonry, in the same style, with the antique wreaths on the frieze of the entablatures. These towers are crowned by low spires, erected after Latrobe's designs, about A. D. 1814. The grand entrance to the Cathedral is in the middle of the front, being a semi-circular arched door, with two clustered Tuscan columns on either side. This entrance is flanked by two smaller doors, similar to the principal one. The second story of the front has the same general appearance as to the same number of columns, etc., as the lower one, but is of the Roman Doric order. Above, and corresponding to the principal entrance, is a circular window, with niches on either side of the side doors below. On the apex of the pediment of this story rises the principal turret, being in the Tuscan style, and in two parts—the lower being square, about twenty feet in height, with circular apertures on each side, the upper hexagonal having a belfry, with apertures on each side for letting out the sound, flanked by antae. The proportions of the order are not observed in this belfry, which was erected about 1824 by Le Riche. The Cathedral has a tenure, to speak in legal phrase, of every Saturday evening offering masses for the soul of its founder, Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas, and every evening of that day as the sun sets does the mournful sound of the tolling bell recall his memory to the citizens."

The remains of the celebrated curate, Father Antoine, and many of his successors in office, lie buried under the floor of the vestry in the Cathedral, back of the altar of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Underneath the marble pavement of the Cathedral, in front of this altar and on the side opposite the grave of Don Almonaster, lie the remains of three cavaliers, of noble descent whose names are prominent in the early annals of Louisiana. They are, as the French inscription on the marble slab in the floor relates: François Philippe de Marigny de Mandeville, founder of the old Creole families of Marigny and Mandeville. He was a Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis and *Major de Place*, of New Orleans, born at Bayeux in Normandy, and died in New Orleans, Nov. 1st, 1728. The second is the son, Antoine Philippe, Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, and Captain of Infantry in the service of France; born at Mobile, Feb. 28th, 1722; died in New Orleans, Nov. 6th, 1779. And lastly, the son of the preceding, Pierre Philippe, Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis and Captain of Infantry under the Spanish Government, born in New Orleans, June 15th, 1751, died May 11th, 1800.

SAINTS OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

It would, indeed, be strange if the Spanish domination had not bequeathed to New Orleans something of ecclesiastical, as well as of legal and of military romance—something of monastic legend as well as the history-graven tablets of severe and extraordinary laws, or the traditions of colonial wars and soldier-governors, austere dignified as the portraits of Velasquez. It would be strange if the priests and the friars of hieratic Spain had not taken a hand in the early history of Louisiana, and left behind them popular memories much more clearly outlined than the picturesque figures of Alcaldes or Alferes-Reals. It would be stranger still, however, if the sombre-garbed and iron-featured ecclesiasticism of Catholic Spain, and the almost jovially pious, paternally benevolent ecclesiasticism of Catholic France had encountered one another without producing in the social body a disturbing ferment, as of antagonistic chemicals brought into sudden conjunction. The spirit of church discipline in France, from the period of Louis le Grand—and, indeed, long before it also—until the fall of the old regime, had softened the austerity of its countenance in accordance with the polished luxury of the period; while that of Spain had relaxed nothing of its gloomy and grim severity, and had lost but little of its fear-inspiring judicial power. The Inquisition was still mighty when Louisiana was ceded to Spain;



The Old Citizens'
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and at this very time the French ecclesiastics who administered ghostly comfort to the Creoles were leading rather jolly lives. At least it is certain that the Spanish monks who came to the colony with the new administration were greatly scandalized at what they heard and saw; there was much fuss and fury in consequence; and the history of that church quarrel is one of the most curious episodes in the chronicles of Louisiana.

FATHER DAGOBERT.

Father Dagobert, of sainted memory, was the thorn upon which the newly arrived piety of austere Spain unexpectedly sat down. He was Superior of the French Capuchins of Louisiana, and Vicar-General of the diocese. There had been a tremendous row in 1755 between the Jesuits and the Capuchins, which ended in the expulsion of the Jesuits from the territory, owing in chief to the wonderful diplomacy of Father Hilaire de Geneveaux, Superior of the Capuchins. Father Geneveaux was, if not a strict disciplinarian, at least a learned abbot; but he refused to assist the Superior Council in their scheme of revolt against the Spanish Government, which proved at last so fatal to the schemers. So they shipped Father Hilaire out of the country, and Father Dagobert reigned abbot in his stead.

There were many things about the character of this Father Dagobert which remind one of Balzac's jolly friars. Were it possible to believe what the Spanish monks wrote of him, he might be compared to the monk Amador, "who was a glorious abbot of Turpenay." He lived comfortably and wore cleanly attire. He was fat and rubicund, and hated trouble much more, perhaps, than he hated even the devil. Nevertheless he would have put himself to trouble at any time in preference to troubling anybody else. He loved a good dinner and enjoyed a good laugh; he delighted to go to christenings and weddings; he liked a glass of good wine, and revelled in an uproarious joke; he enjoyed the fun of pinching a rosy cheek and poking a sly joke at some pretty maiden; he mixed piety with joviality as he mingled water with wine; he made it a rule of his life never to disagree with anybody when he could help it; and he ate with publicans and sinners. He agreed with the Supreme Council in their scheme of revolt; but he also agreed to receive Count O'Reilly and the Spanish troops, as Vicar-General of the colony, and to bless the Spanish colors. Such is the joy-loving, merry-making, charity-bestowing character of this holy man, as pictured to us by the historians of Louisiana; and it is not surprising that the Creoles loved him and revered him at once. Nobody but Father Dagobert had married any French couple or christened any French children for years before the Spanish monks came from Havana to the city of New Orleans.

Before that time, of course, the fame of Father Dagobert had gone abroad. He had a reputation even in Havana as a most holy and influential ecclesiastic. He was reported to be a saint. He was believed to live like a hermit. It was rumored that he wore sackcloth and flagellated himself with appalling severity, and almost starved his body of the necessities of life. What other manner of holiness, indeed, could the mind of a Spanish ascetic comprehend? When the Spanish Capuchins appeared upon the scene, they found that mere rumors cannot always be trusted. Instead of finding Father Dagobert mourning for his own sins and everybody else's, they found him a constant visitor at wedding banquets and christening dinners; instead of being seated in sackcloth and ashes, they found him perambulating the streets of New Orleans in comfortable raiment; instead of being gaunt with mortifications and pale with prayer, they found him fat and sleek beyond the ordinary degree; instead of being poor and miserable they discovered that both he and his monks were rich and happy; instead of being utterly secluded from the world and its temptations, they saw that he lived in a fine building well furnished with comforts, and was daily waited upon—O shocking revelation!—by handsome quadroons and mulatresses.

Just at this unpleasant juncture of affairs, the Spanish monks fell in with Father Hilaire de Geneveaux, the former Superior of the Cupuchins, who had returned to the colony, and who,

as you may well suppose, was in no amiable frame of mind on the subject of Father Dagobert. He became their guide, philosopher and friend; he gave them much advice which they did not require, and taught them to believe many things which they had not even imagined. What had seemed to them shocking, he magnified to the proportions of outrageousness; what at first appeared to them simply bad, he taught them to recognize as diabolical. Very soon Father Cirilo, who had led the Spanish Capuchins to the scene of scandal, wrote a series of terrible letters to the Bishop of Havana, whose spiritual jurisdiction extended over the colony. Some of these letters, as translated and preserved by Charles Gayarré in his admirable history of Louisiana, are most curious and amusing. Others he has omitted to use, dismissing them with the remark that they are written with a freedom of language worthy of a Juvenal, and hardly fitted for an English dress. The object of Cirilo was to have Dagobert removed from his position of ecclesiastical authority as a person unfitted by reason of his own wickedness to assume the tutelage of souls. The first letter Cirilo wrote was very long and cunningly worded; it treated of the number of young colored women in the convent, and other matters, in a manner calculated to excite the suspicions of the bishop; but it was not violent nor openly uncharitable. His subsequent letters were of a very different kind, however, as the following extracts from one of them will show:

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR—The evils by which we are surrounded compel us to expose the wicked actions which these monsters, rather than Capuchins, perpetrate against our persons, against God and His holy things. It is not my intention, most excellent sir, to trouble you with trifles; and therefore, with regard to what concerns ourselves, I shall merely say that the very Spanish name is an object of abomination to these friars, because they cannot even bear the sight of the things which are of God and which appertain to our divine religion, because these friars or monsters think that we have come to repress the abuses which they love, and to reform their evil ways. Therefore they hate us. * * * When they have bags full of dollars, we are obliged to have recourse to our friends to relieve our necessities. * * * What is most deplorable is to see in the convent the concubine of the friars, for such is the reputation she bears. She has three sons, of whom her husband is God only knows. They eat at our table, and off the plate of Father Dagobert, who, without shame, or fear of the world at least, if not of God, permits them to call him papa. She is one of the mulatresses who are kept in the house. She is the absolute mistress of the establishment, and the friars have for her so much attachment that they strive who shall send to the cherished paramour the best dish on the table before any one else is allowed to taste it. * * * There are, however, greater evils which afflict our hearts, and which are the sins they clearly commit against God and His holy sacraments. Baptism is administered without any of the ceremonies prescribed by the Romish ritual; and the consecrated oil itself is impure and stale. * * * As to the Eucharist, that mystery which makes angels tremble with awe, we found that the sacramental elements were so full of insects which fed upon them, and presented so disgusting an appearance that we were obliged to fling them away, as if they had been the veriest filth. So great is the detestable negligence of these friars that I think they must be the disciples either of Luther or Calvin. * * * You must also be made to know, most excellent sir, that the Viaticum is not administered to the blacks, to the mulattoes, nor to the culprits who are sentenced to death; and having asked Father Dagobert for the cause of it, he answered that it was to establish a distinction between the whites and the blacks. Did you ever hear a more cruel answer? * * * These priests also demean themselves in the choir, where they are seen stuffing their noses with tobacco, crossing one leg over the other, staring in all directions, and moving the very angels to wrath. * * * The perversity of these men is such that they are not content with being wicked themselves, but they also wish us to follow their example, and to abstain from fasting and observing the holy days. As an excuse for their doings they say they are not Spaniards. * * * I can assure your grace that they spare no pains to make me like one of them, and to induce me to wear a shirt and stockings and to become as lax in my morals and habits as they are."

However great may have been the discerning powers of the illustrious dignitary to whom these poignant epistles were addressed; however plainly he may have been able to perceive, as we can easily do at this day, a certain spirit of jealousy and malevolence in the letters of Father Cirilo, yet he could hardly receive such information without experiencing a feeling of righteous anger against Abbot Dagobert and the French Capuchins. At the same time he felt puzzled as to what course he should pursue. Cirilo, while stirring up all the discord, had not lost sight of the fact that it would prove a very dangerous undertaking to remove Father Dagobert from his office at once, and he had taken the precaution to inform the bishop of this. Abbot Dagobert was so much loved by the colonists that it was actually feared his removal would depopulate the colony, that his flock would follow him whithersoever he might be sent, or that, in the event of his remaining in the city, his suspension would excite a riot among the people. At this juncture Gov. Unsaga interfered on the side of the French Capuchins, and wrote a respectful letter of remonstrance to the bishop, in which the Spanish friars were severely handled. The bishop took offense at the boldness of the Governor's rebuke, and referred the matter to the Spanish court at Madrid. So, likewise, did the Governor, who was determined that the French Capuchins should not be persecuted. The Government, without uttering any decisive opinion upon the issues of the quarrel, gravely advised both prelate and Governor to compromise their disagreement in such a fashion as would best preserve harmony between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in Louisiana. This austere advice had a most beneficial and cooling effect, as of an application of ice water to local inflammation. The quarrel ended, and Father Dagobert was not subjected to further molestation. Still, his memory is kept holy in Louisiana.

PÈRE ANTOINE.

But there was also a Spanish monk, who in after years made himself not less beloved by the colonists than was Father Dagobert. That monk was Father Antonio de Sedella, whom the French Creoles yet speak of reverentially, as the Père Antoine, the same Père Antoine who figures so romantically in a certain legend concerning the date-palm on Orleans street. Yet Father Antonio came to New Orleans under peculiarly inauspicious and unpleasant circumstances. In fact he was sent to Louisiana from Madrid as a commissary of the Holy Inquisition; and with the advent of Father Antonio began and ended the only attempt ever made to introduce the Inquisition into the colony. It was in 1789 that that attempt was made, and the just, humane and fearless Don Estevan Miro was then Governor of Louisiana. The commissary of the Holy Inquisition hastened to pay respects to his excellency; to exhibit his papers, and to demand that the troops be placed at his disposal whenever they should be needed in the matter of arresting or punishing heretics. Don Estevan Miro received the Inquisitor graciously, and, with a peculiar and sinister smile which delighted Father Antonio, informed him that troops should be promptly sent to his residence. Then the holy man retired and zealously commenced his secret preparations for the detection and extinction of heresy in the city of New Orleans. One night, shortly after he had gone to bed, he heard the heavy tramp of armed men booming along the convent corridor; then came the bang of the musket butt against the cell door, and opening it the Father beheld without a file of Spanish soldiers, headed by an officer in gorgeous uniform. Surprised, yet well pleased, the priest informed the officer that he did not just then want them for active duty, but that he would send for them when necessary, and that for the time being they might retire with the blessing of God. "That is all very fine," replied the moustached officer, grimly; "but the fact is, father, that we want you, and that right speedily." To the utter stupefaction of the Inquisitor, who vainly threatened the soldiers with the vengeance of the Holy Inquisitor, they hurried him down to the levee, put him on board a Spanish vessel, and shipped him direct to Cadiz.

A few years later Father Antonio came back again, but not, indeed, as a wolf in sheep's clothing. A change had come over the spirit of his dream. He returned, indeed, to purify

souls, but to purify them with holy water rather than by holy fire. He had become rather independent in spirit for a priest, and administered to the wants of men's souls as he himself thought proper. But he made himself so beloved by the people that his memory is yet revered as that of a great saint by the Catholics of New Orleans; and, indeed, Father Antonio had quite as good a claim to canonization as any religious man of his age. He is buried under the altar of St. Francis, in the Cathedral; but there are not many who know his resting-place, and even the priests of the old church have forgotten it. Several portraits of him are still in existence. The shadow of the monk thus preserved compels respect and admiration. He seems to have had a grand old face, long and yet massive in its length; if one might speak of the *architecture* of a face, his was Gothic of the Middle Period. His snowy beard flowed down even to the hempen girdle at his waist, and together with his tonsure, lent him the holy aspect of a medieval St. Anthony; his habit was of the coarsest brown material, and his naked feet were protected by wooden sandals.

He lived like an anchorite, though dwelling in the heart of the city. In the rear of the old St. Louis Cathedral—where he had slept, good soul! since 1829—he built himself a rude hermitage. It was a hideous little hut of planks and boughs, much more uncomfortable than a dog kennel, and much more exposed to weather than a cow shed. It had no furniture but a bed, made of two hard boards, a stool and a holy-water font. But here the good priest slept and ate and prayed; blessing God alike whether it rained or froze; dispensing alms to the poor and fighting the devil and his angels. Although at his death he left little or nothing, his income must certainly have been enormous; for he never visited a scene of birth, of marriage, or of death, without receiving some gift of the world's goods; and his daily visits were many. His charity, however, was greater than his income; and his purse, like that of the fairy tale, was being forever emptied, though fresh gold always glittered there in the place of that taken out. This purse, tradition says, was a great bag filled with clinking coin and carried at the girdle. Whenever Father Antonio appeared upon the street, with cowl and sandaled feet, and that delightful purse, all the children of the French quarter followed after him, like the children of Hamelin after the Pied Piper. They would always kneel down beside him in the mud to ask for his blessing when opportunity offered, and they never failed to demand that a *lagniette*, in the shape of a small coin, be thrown in with the blessing. It is probable that they cared much more for the *lagniette* than they did for the blessing; but the good father never refused either.

So great was the influence of this Capuchin, who could never even learn to speak good French, over the Creoles of New Orleans, that he occasioned serious anxiety to the local government at the time of the Aaron Burr excitement, as it was feared he might lend his aid to the traitor, but the old priest gave the civil government very little trouble.

But to the religious government of the Catholic church in Louisiana this celebrated Capuchin gave a great deal of trouble. Before he had given any anxiety to Claiborne he had a tremendous quarrel with a new Vicar-General of the diocese, Father Walsh, who happened to be an Irishman, and a determined Irishman, too. Father Antonio was suspended; but he appealed to his parishioners, and they elected him their pastor by a unanimous vote. The Marquis of Casa Calvo, who still resided in New Orleans, lent the weight of his social influence to the Spanish Capuchin, and the whole Catholic community bid defiance to Walsh, who, firm as he was, finally found himself obliged to yield. Father de Sedella was re-instated; but only a few years later he got into another and much more serious squabble with his ecclesiastical superiors, so that Bishop Dubourg suspended him again from duty. For a few days Father Antonio disappeared from the narrow streets of New Orleans, and the children looked in vain for the white beard, the sandaled feet, the brown Franciscan habit, and the bag of *lagniette*.

Finally the good folks became uneasy and resolved to find out what had become of the *père Antoine cheri*. There were fifteen babies to be christened; there were a dozen couples to be married; there were many repentant sinners to be shriven; there were sick people to be visited, and dying people to be absolved. Yet Padre Antonio remained invisible. Perhaps he

had been murdered by some horrible villain for the sake of that leather purse he forever carried in his girdle. The hermitage at the Cathedral was empty ; the mass had not been said for many days at the altar of St. Francis. But at last Father Antoine was found without the city limits, praying in the shadow of cypress trees and closely environed by legions of gray alligators. They seized him (the parishioners, not the alligators) and bore him back to the city in triumph. They took him into the church, to the sanctuary itself, to the altar, and insisted that he should say mass for them. They told him all the good work of christening and marrying and shriving that he had to do ; they told him that the bishop was a fool ; they forced money into his leather bag ; but he sadly and firmly answered that he could do nothing until the bishop recalled him to duty.

Then the fury of the mob became great. They rushed out of the church and poured through the streets towards the old Ursulines convent, where the Bishop dwelt, but the bishop warned of their approach had fled from the city, and many months elapsed before he dared return. Of course, Father Antonio de Sedella was promptly restored to duty ; and thereafter none ventured to interfere with his spiritual jurisdiction. Perhaps it was on account of these things that Catholic opinion is still somewhat divided on the subject of the old monk's claim to sanctity.

When General Lafayette visited New Orleans in 1825, he was visited by Father Antonio, then in his seventy-fifth year ; and the two aged veterans—aged in the good fight of a lifetime for faith and fatherland—met with such mutual respect and esteem as the knights and prelates of olden time ever felt for one another. It is a pity that we do not know all that passed between them : for the *Courier* of that day (April 13, 1825), informs us that the General and the aged monk had a long talk together. But we know the General stated that he was proud to be about the same age as Father Antonio, who was old as three generations—"For there is not much difference between us," said Lafayette ; "I am a man of '76."

The good father died at the age of eighty-one years, amid the lamentations of the entire community of the city.

So beloved was the old priest by all classes and denominations that we even find in the papers of that day a published call to attend the funeral, issued by the Masons of all branches. And here are some telling extracts from that printed summons, which was, perhaps, the greatest honor ever paid to Father Antonio's character :

"That venerable pastor, as tolerant as virtuous, as charitable as enlightened, is not only regretted by an immense population, but he deservedly enjoyed the esteem and regard of that numerous class of our community whose principles are founded upon faith, hope and charity—those sacred dogmas which Father Antoine preached as long as he lived. * * * * Masons remember that Father Antoine never refused to accompany to their last abode the mortal remains of our brothers, and that gratitude now requires that we, of all rites and degrees, should in our turn accompany him thither with all the respect and veneration he so well deserved."

And the call was nobly answered. Perhaps it was the first time in history that the Masonic fraternity ever publicly mourned the death of a Catholic priest and walked in solemn procession after the remains.

But every one attended the funeral of Father Antonio—all the militia and soldiery, the police, the judges of the courts, the legislators and City Council, all the wealthy merchants of the city, and—strange to say—all the ministers and clergy of all denominations. The whole city went forth that day to honor the dead. The newspapers suspended publication ; the plays of the theatres were suspended ; the courts were adjourned, and the warehouses closed ; and the City Council solemnly passed a resolution by which its members publicly pledged themselves to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days in memory of good Father Antonio.

PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE PALM.

Everybody who has ever visited New Orleans has heard of Père Antoine's date palm. It is still growing in the lot at the northeast corner of Bourbon and Orleans streets, in the Second district, now used as a wood yard by Mr. T. Mitchel. The land was the property of Father Antoine while he lived, and the palm-tree stands at what was the foot of his garden lot. It has passed from the hands of Father Antoine, through the families of Genois and Avengo, to Madame J. M. Lapeyre, the present owner. Innumerable have been the tales told of it.

Some whisper that it sprang from the heart of a young girl who died dreaming of palm fringed shores and pining for the murmur of the sea.

Some aver that it was borne hither from the Orient by the swarthy crew of a corsair, who landed one wild and stormy night, and slew a Turkish refugee who dwelt where the tree now stands; and having buried him, they planted the palm above his grave.

Others state that it stood three centuries ago where it stands to-day; that it was once blown down, and that the present graceful trunk has sprung up from the ruins of the ancient one.

And it is also said that a Spanish resident who loved palms, and who had long dwelt in tropical countries, sent for the palm over the seas, that its graceful presence might remind him of summer lands and the mystic chant of the Spanish main.

There is also a story that he who fells the tree must render up the land on which it grew, to the city; but we, having conversed with the owner of the ground, were otherwise informed. The tree keeps its secret.

Whether planted by nature or by the hand of man, by Indian or Spaniard or French colonist; whether created by the sweet magic of a woman's heart, as some men say; whether transplanted from the gardens of Constantinople, as the quaint tradition relates; whether it has witnessed the birth of this mighty city, and waved its cacique's-plume above houses that ceased to exist before we were born, through all the days of the old French and Spanish governors; whether its leaves were agitated by the distant thunder of the famous battle with English invaders; whether it looked down upon O'Reilly's Spanish infantry filing by; whether it sometimes whispers its thoughts in the ear of Night—who shall say? Perhaps it has a mysterious, sentient life, and holds in the hidden recesses of its being, some strange memories of pre-existence—of low reefs white with foam—of untrodden forests of taller palms—of the chatter of apes and the shrieks of rainbow-plumaged birds—of purple mountain peaks—of quaint galleons and the songs of Spanish mariners. And, perchance, while striving in the night to collect these memories—faint and ghostly as objects seen through a sea-fog—it wonders vaguely that it should be able to live through the centuries in so strange a land as this; and its leaves nod and whisper to one another until the tapers of the stars die out, and the great light of dawn glows over the river, and the noise of hammer and saw, and the rumble of wagons harshly dispel the thin fancies of its vegetable brain.

Gayarré, in his history of Louisiana, has a long tale to tell of this palm.

OTHER CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

The St. Louis Cathedral remained for years the only cathedral, indeed, the only church in New Orleans. It was only when the city began to spread that other religious edifices were built.

As late as 1842, when the city boasted a population of 60,000, a majority of whom were Catholics, it boasted of only five churches—the Cathedral, St. Mary's, the archiepiscopal residence, St. Patrick's, on Camp street, St. Anthony's Mortuary Chapel, on Rampart street, and St. Vincent de Paul's on Greatmen street.

The St. Antoine Obituary Chapel, on North Rampart street, corner of Conti, erected by the wardens, now St. Anthony's Italian Church. The history of this chapel is as follows: On account of the great increase in the population of the city, and of course the increased number of interments, objection was made about the year 1822 to the performance of the services for the dead at the Cathedral, on account of its very prominent and public situation. Under these circumstances the city made a grant of land at the corner of Conti and Rampart streets, near the St. Louis Cemetery, to the Board of Wardens of the Church of St. Louis, on condition of their erecting upon the same, a chapel as a place for the exposition of the bodies and performance of the funeral ceremonies in conformity to the Catholic ritual. In pursuance with this intention, a cross, marking the present site of the altar of the chapel was placed with proper ceremonies on the 10th of October, 1826, and on the following morning the building was begun. Its erection was vigorously prosecuted at the expense of the Board of Wardens of the Cathedral. The chapel was dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua. A few years ago the church was closed as a mortuary chapel, and was given to Italian Catholics of the city. In it are to be seen many crutches and wax figures of arms, and legs and other gifts, made by persons who believe that they have been miraculously cured by praying in this chapel.

St. Patrick's Church, situated on Camp street, between Julia and Girod streets, is a triumph worthy of the genius of Gothic architecture, whether the dimensions or the splendor of the structure be considered. The style, taken from the famed York Minster Cathedral, is lofty and imposing, and is regarded as the finest effort in this style of architecture in the United States. It is built of brick, roughcast, and colored brown, giving the idea of uncut stone. Exteriorly the building is impressive and solemn; the tower massive, lofty and majestic, is considered one of the most beautiful on the continent, and being of great height from its summit, which is accessible by a spiral stairway in the interior, commands a complete view of the city and suburbs for miles around. In grave and quiet grandeur, the inside of the church is in perfect accord with its outward appearance; the altars and their appointments being rich and elegant, but not showy. Behind the main altar is a very large and speaking picture of the Transfiguration; at the right side, of the same altar, there is one of St. Peter walking on the waves. To the left side is one representing St. Patrick baptizing the Queens of Ireland in the famed Halls of Tara.

St. John's Church is situated on Dryades street, between Clio and Calliope streets, is built in the Renaissance style, and is of imposing grandeur and lofty proportions, measuring one hundred and seventy-two by seventy-five feet. The ceiling, groined and arched, is fifty-five feet in height from the floor, the groins supported by massive and graceful columns. The pews are black walnut with mahogany trimmings. The organ is of powerful and rich tone.

All the decorations of the church are in the Renaissance style. The altars are of pure white Italian, and green and gold Irish marble.

The corner-stone was laid in October, 1869, and the church dedicated in January, 1872.

St. Alphonsus Church is situated on Constance, between St. Andrew and Josephine street. It is built in the Renaissance style, and is exceedingly spacious and elegant in design, seventy by one hundred and fifty feet. The front has two lofty towers.

The building was commenced April 21, 1855, blessed August 2d, 1857, consecrated April, 25, 1858, and the interior finished, 1866-67. It contains three magnificent altars. The pulpit and altar rails are also of wood richly carved, and of the most exquisite workmanship. There is, behind the main altar, a picture, executed in Rome, representing the patron saint of the church, of life size.

The ceiling and wall are frescoed and gilded in the most elaborate and artistic manner by Canova, a nephew of the celebrated sculptor. The frescoes on the ceiling represent the Holy Family, the Twelve Apostles, the Evangelists, the Mysteries of Religion, the Ascension of Our Lord, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and the Coronation of St. Alphonsus in Heaven, all admired as rare masterpieces.

The description of the Catholic churches of New Orleans would not be complete without

some account of the mortuary chapel of St. Roch, the most picturesque of all the religious buildings of the city.

Washington avenue, Solidelle, Prosper and Music streets, Third district, bound the Campo Santo Catholic Cemetery to the Church of Holy Trinity. Here, within the cemetery, at the extreme edge of a sparsely settled district, rises the beautiful brown stuccoed Gothic chapel of St. Roch, against a background of common and swamp.

This chapel has been erected to the pious philanthropist, St. Roch. Early in the eighth century the city of Munich was scourged by the plague. This man nursed the abandoned sick until stricken himself. Then, accompanied by his dog, he wandered off to be cured by the ministering of his faithful companion, who licked his sores. He returned to the suffering, and in gratitude devoted the remainder of his life to the sick.

The cemetery is small and partly filled with graves and tombs, and in one corner a wilderness of sunflowers—sunflowers big and small, bowing obsequiously to their god! A broad shell walk to the chapel in the rear is divided midway by the cross upon Mount Calvary and a stone sundial. "Solar time" is graven upon it; it keeps no record of silence and darkness, only of sunshine and brightness, marking no hours of gloom in the pathway to the grave.

This ivy-grown chapel is the most beautiful church in New Orleans, with its stained glass windows and walls of tombs. The lower front is inclosed by high gateways of light iron bars through which glimmer the ever-burning candles. Within, the pavement is white marble, the side walls composed of tiers of vaults where are buried the members of the societies of St. Anne and St. Joseph. Over them are placed stained glass-windows to each patron saint. The altar is decorated with vases and flowers in great profusion. Under the marble floor of the altar is buried a Benedictine missionary, who died in St. Landry parish, where he had gone to found a monastery. Above the altar is the shrine of St. Roch, a cavalier, staff in hand, his dog at his side. Upon the shrine hang numerous little marble tablets—"merci"—thank offerings for cures effected by the intercession of the good saint. A large marble foot and two tiny wax feet suspended by ribbons were given by persons miraculously cured. The first was from a Protestant gentleman, whose foot was crushed in a railroad accident. His mother performed a novena, which is a daily prayer said from nine to twelve days. The others were returns for an answer to a novena for a little boy paralyzed from birth.

St. Roch is looked upon as the "special protector against epidemics," and the following prayer, printed in French and English, hangs upon his chapel wall:

"O, great St. Roch, deliver us, we beseech thee, from the scourges of God. Through thy intercessions, preserve our bodies from contagious diseases, and our souls from the contagion of sin. Obtain for us salubrious air; but, above all, purity of heart. Assist us to make good use of health, to bear suffering with patience, and, after thy example, to live in the practice of penance and charity, that we may one day enjoy the happiness which thou hast merited by thy virtues.

"St. Roch, pray for us" (three times).

There is a belief among the girls of the Third district, where this church is situated, that, if they pray in it regularly each evening, they will have a husband before the year is out. At the evening hour, therefore, the church will always be found crowded with a bevy of fair damsels.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

Springing into life, as New Orleans did, under the dominion of Louis XIV.; nursed and nourished by his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, this city and this State entered the Union as a community of Catholics alone. The richness of Louisiana's fields and prairies were temptations that the Anglo-Saxons of the more northern States could not resist, and as soon as the pen of Napoleon had signed away this empire of the Mississippi, hordes of these adventurers came

drifting down the river to seek a fortune in this new land, bringing very little with them, save their religion.

When these new arrivals had come to form an element of the population they met in council, and it was resolved to form a congregation and build a church for the use of all denominations of Protestants. In 1805, after some outside discussion on this point, a meeting of the most prominent citizens interested in the Protestant religion was held at the house of Madame Fourage and preliminary steps were taken to form a regular organization, engage the services of a minister and erect such an edifice as would suit their meagre requirements. Many other meetings followed, whilst a committee was soliciting and obtaining subscriptions for their cherished desire.

On the 9th and 16th of June, meetings were held, at which the report of the committee was received. At the meeting of June 16th, an election to decide the denomination of the clergyman was held, and resulted in a majority for the Episcopalians. The ballot was as follows: Episcopalians, 45 votes; Presbyterians, 7; Methodist, 1. Total, 53 votes. On November 16th of the same year, a meeting was held, at which two wardens and thirteen vestrymen were elected, and a salary of two thousand dollars a year voted to the Rev. Philander Chase, who, at the recommendation of the Right Rev. Bishop Moore and others, had come to take charge of this germ congregation.

By resolutions passed at a meeting held April 2d, 1806, the Rector was placed under the ecclesiastical government of the Bishop and convention of New York, until a diocese should be organized in the Territory of Louisiana.

After six years of hard service in Louisiana, the Rev. Mr. Chase resigned and returned to New York. For a few years after his departure the condition of the congregation was not at all promising. They had been unable to build a church, and they were now without a minister. But in 1814, a sort of reaction or reawakening occurred, and contributions rapidly poured in. The Reverend Mr. Hull, not an officiating minister of the Episcopal Church until two years afterwards, was invited at a handsome salary to take charge of the infant church. With Mr. Hull's life is associated all the earlier memories of the church. He presided when joy or sorrow clouded the lives of the people he taught, and worked with all his zeal until he could no longer work. It is to be noted also that while he was at the head of the church it was open to all denominations of Protestants, and that the Presbyterians of the city for a long time held their religious services there.

In 1832, after nineteen years of labor, he was compelled by illness to give up his duties, and was voted a life annuity by the congregation. But illness overpowered him, and six months afterwards he was in his grave, regretted by all who had known him. It had been the fond hope and desire of Mr. Hull to have seen his congregation gathered in a more suitable building, but in this he was disappointed. A few years after his death a new church was erected in the Ionic style of architecture; indeed it was a *fac-simile*, at least so far as its exterior architecture was concerned, of the Jewish synagogue on Carondelet near Julia. This edifice was situated on the corner of Bourbon and Canal streets. Several ministers presided over this church—Bishop Brownell of Connecticut, and the Rev. Drs. Wheaton, Ramsey and Hawkes.

The church was found, however, to be too central, that is, too near the business portion of the city. The lot on which the property was situated is now ornamented by the Touro building, and at that time belonged to that philanthropist and Israelite, Judah Touro. Touro allowed the congregation to have the building free of rent for many years, until at last he found that it would be proper to move it. To this congregation, which his assistance had so long protected and benefitted, he proposed the erection of a more ambitious church further down Canal street, and his name headed the list of subscribers for the erection of the new church, an example of, perhaps, the greatest charity that has adorned the pages of history.

An agreement was made with Mr. J. Gallier, an architect of no little fame, and whose works

cover almost every square of the city, to erect the present edifice (Christ Church) at the corner of Canal and Dauphine streets, for \$50,000.

In the year 1847 the Church of the Holy Trinity, now Trinity Church, or, as it is called, "the Church of the Bishops," since nearly all of its ministers have been elected to bishoprics, was incorporated, and a small church on the corner of Second and Live Oak streets, was built at a cost of \$1,800. The first rector was the Rev. C. P. Clark, who officiated two years and four months. After he resigned, the interest in this good work flagged, and the vestry was disposed to abandon the enterprise, but Bishop Polk introduced to several of them the Rev. F. D. Dobb, who took charge of the parish in 1851, soon after which the name was changed to Trinity Church.

In 1851 the lots now owned by Trinity Church were purchased and a portion of the present edifice was erected by Mr. George Purvis, the architect. The cost of the lots was \$5,000, and of the building \$17,500; total, \$22,500.

From 1853 to 1855 the parish was temporarily supplied. In the latter year Bishop Polk was called to the rectorship, the duties of which he continued to discharge until he felt it to be his duty to lay aside the surplice and don the uniform of a Confederate general.

At the cessation of hostilities, in 1865, and after the return of members to their home or church, the Rev. Dr. John W. Beckwith, the present Bishop of Georgia, was requested to take charge of this parish. He served for two years and seven months, during which time the congregation increased so that it was deemed wise to extend the building 32 feet in the rear, which cost \$25,000.

In December, 1868, the Rev. Dr. John N. Galleher, the present Bishop of Louisiana, was called to the parish, under whose ministry in 1870 Trinity Chapel on Rampart street was purchased and improved at a cost of \$16,000. Rev. Dr. Galleher resigned in 1871 to take charge of a church in Baltimore. He was succeeded by the Rev. S. S. Harris, now Bishop of Michigan.

In 1873, during this gentleman's pastorate, the original front was taken down and a new one erected, costing \$16,000. He resigned in 1875, having served three years and ten months. He removed to Chicago and became rector of St. James Church.

Then followed Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson, now Assistant-Bishop of Mississippi.

The antique, magnificent memorial window in this church, "Erected for the glory of God, and in memory of Leonidas Polk, D. D., first Bishop of Louisiana, by the ladies of the Bishop Polk Society," is the only one of the kind on the continent. The art of producing such work as this window was known in the Middle Ages, but lost for centuries, and has but quite recently been restored.

Two scenes from the passion of our Saviour, and one of His triumphs are represented, The Last Supper, The Crucifixion, and The Ascension. In the first-named scene, the Lord is represented, as usual, in the act of breaking and distributing the bread of life to his disciples, "John, the beloved," leaning on his blessed Master, the other Apostles sitting or reclining in reverently attentive positions, showing fear. The Crucifixion tells the wonderful tale that can only be told in one way: the cross and victim, the soldiers, the three Marys, and the "multitude afar off."

The first successful effort to plant Presbyterianism in the city of New Orleans originated with the Congregationalists of New England. Near the beginning of the year 1817, the Rev. Elias Cornelius was appointed by the Connecticut Missionary Society, to engage in a missionary tour through the Southwestern States, more especially to visit New Orleans, then containing a population of 30 to 34,000, and with but one Protestant minister, the Rev. Dr. Hull; to examine its moral condition, and, while preaching the Gospel to many who seldom heard it, to invite the friends of the Congregational Presbyterian communion to establish a church, and secure an able and faithful pastor. In this tour, Dr. Cornelius acted also as agent for the A. B. C. F. M., to solicit funds for the evangelization of the Indian tribes. In this work he was eminently successful—devoting an entire year to a lightened tour from Massachusetts to Louisiana—

collecting large sums for the American Board, and arrived in New Orleans on the 30th December, 1817.

The most important service rendered by Dr. Cornelius, however, was that of introducing the Rev. Sylvester Larned to this field of labor. In passing through New Jersey, on his journey southward, Dr. Cornelius formed the acquaintance of Mr. Larned, then finishing his divinity course at Princeton, and giving in the reputation acquired as a student, brilliant promise of a successful career as a preacher. The arrangement was there formed between the two that Mr. Larned should follow Dr. Cornelius to New Orleans. He reached the city January 22, 1818.

Through the antecedent preparation of his friend, Dr. Cornelius, who had preceded him exactly three weeks—and still more by his own splendid attractions—overtures were soon made to him for a permanent settlement. Subscriptions were circulated for the building of a church edifice, which by the 5th of April amounted to \$16,000. It was proposed, as soon as the subscriptions were completed, to negotiate a loan of \$40,000, the estimated cost of a building 60x90 feet, with about 2,000 sittings. Considering the infancy of the enterprise, the largeness of these plans betokens great vigor of effort, and the confidence felt of final success in collecting and maintaining a flourishing church. In this costly undertaking, generous assistance was received from the City Council in the grant of two lots of ground valued at \$6,000, and in a subsequent loan of \$10,000. In the erection of the building, Mr. Larned's spiritual labors were interrupted during the summer of 1818 by a visit north, for the purpose of soliciting money, and also of purchasing materials for building.

On the 8th January, 1819, the corner-stone of the new edifice was laid with imposing ceremonies (and in the presence of an immense throng), on the site selected on St. Charles street, between Gravier and Union, and on the 4th July following, was solemnly dedicated.

On August 21, 1820, Dr. Larned died at the early age of 24, of the prevailing yellow fever.

Mr. Larned's successor, after an interval of eighteen months, was the Rev. Theodore Clapp, a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Yale College and of the Theological Seminary at Andover.

On the third Sabbath after his arrival in New Orleans he was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant pulpit. Finding the church embarrassed by a debt of \$45,000 he naturally hesitated, and finally made its liquidation the condition of his acceptance of the call. The trustees made application to the Legislature of Louisiana, then in session, for a lottery; which being sold to Yates & McIntyre of New York for \$25,000, relieved the pressure of debt to that amount. For the remaining \$20,000 the building was sold to Judah Touro, Esq., a merchant of wealth, whose magnificent charities have left his name in grateful remembrance to the people of New Orleans. It may be well to state here, though a little in advance of dates, that Mr. Touro held the building to the time of its destruction by fire, allowing the income from pew rents to the use of the minister, and incurring the expense of keeping it in repair.

In 1832 occurred the difference between Dr. Clapp and his congregation which resulted in their separation. In January, fifteen members were dismissed at their own request for the purpose of forming another church, upon the principles of the doctrine and discipline of the Presbyterian church. This seceding body worshipped in a warehouse of Mr. Cornelius Paulding, opposite Lafayette square, on the site covered by the First Presbyterian church.

The Rev. Mr. Parker, who followed Mr. Clapp, walked from his home in Vermont to Union college, at Schenectady, New York. He represented to the professors that his father was a poor farmer, and a revolutionary soldier; that he could not afford to furnish the money required for his education, but that if they would give him work he would try and repay them for the trouble and expense of his graduation. The professors were pleased with his determination, and Parker studied for the ministry.

In the summer of 1834 he was sent North for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions in the larger cities, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a sum sufficient to finish the church then building. While on the tour it was represented that he had stated "that there were 40,000 Catholics

in the city of New Orleans who were atheists, and that the Protestants were no better." This statement was published in the newspapers, and copied into the New Orleans *Bulletin*, creating great excitement and indignation. Mr. Parker replied to the charges made in one of the newspapers North, denying that he had made any such statement. The Mayor of this city advised that "that priest" be sent away, and a proclamation was issued commanding the peace. When it was known that he was returning to this city, word was sent to the Balize that he be landed before the arrival of the packet in New Orleans, and Mr. Parker was accordingly put off at the English Turn. The next day he arrived in New Orleans, and appeared upon the streets to vindicate his innocence. A meeting was called the next day at the City Hotel, at which Mr. Parker was requested to explain. He made a clear statement, but the people were not satisfied. Resolutions were drawn up and passed, that he leave the city, that the elders of the church dismiss him, etc. A meeting of the members of the church was immediately called. Fifty attended. They one and all supported Mr. Parker as being in the right. They all believed his representation made at the City Hotel, and declared they had a right to have for a pastor whom they pleased and they intended to maintain that right. Mr. Parker was retained, and the affair blew over.

The congregation now commenced the erection of the church on Lafayette square. The base of that building was completed and first occupied in March, 1835. Its total cost, including the site, was \$57,000. Subsequent improvements were made, which made the cost \$75,000 by 1854, when the building was destroyed by fire. The congregation, however, proceeded at once to build another of larger proportions and more finished in style. In 1857 the present church was finished and dedicated to the worship of God. Its cost, with all its appointments, was about \$87,000.

On the twenty-first September, 1854, a call was made out to the Rev. B. M. Palmer, of South Carolina, which upon being presented before his Presbytery and Synod, was defeated by the refusal of those bodies to place it in his hands. The call was renewed on the sixteenth of March, 1856, and prevailed. His labors began early in December of that year, and on the 28th of the same month he was installed by the Presbytery of New Orleans.

In January, 1843, a church was built by the Presbyterians of Lafayette on Fulton, between Josephine and St. Andrew. This church building was also destroyed by fire on Sunday night, November 18, 1860, and the congregation assembled for worship in Union Hall on Jackson street until the Federal occupation of the city in May, 1862. After the war the congregation held its services in the First German Church on First street, until April 1867, when they entered their present comfortable and handsome building on Magazine street, above Jackson, which was dedicated on April 14. The cost of this structure, with ground, is about \$45,000.

The original Methodist Church South stood at the corner of Carondelet and Poydras street, and was razed to earth by a destructive fire. It is worthy of note that another church succumbed to the flames at the same time, having been fired in the same way—by sparks from the burning St. Charles hotel. This was Dr. Clapp's Church, which was situated at the corner of Gravier and St. Charles streets.

Instead of building a new church on the ruins of the old, the ground of the Methodist Church was divided into house lots and sold. With the proceeds of the sale and some liberal benefactions made by wealthy members of the congregation the present site of the Carondelet Methodist Church was purchased and the builder set to work to make a new structure. This involved an immense amount of money, all of which was raised by private donation.

When the walls of the church had been raised and the roof put on, an accident of a very costly and dangerous character occurred. The entire roof fell in, and what was most remarkable was that not a brick in the walls was displaced by the circumstance. The walls were evidently as firm as intended, but the roof was as palpably defective, but, providentially the expense of building a new roof was the only grievance resulting from the accident.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

A visit to the Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, on Dolhonde near Barracks, will be found interesting. It stands in a little church-yard—a small brick structure, with a bit of a house for the priest, by its side. A Greek flag, at half-mast, hangs from a tall staff by the front door.

The church consists of a small square room, with vaulted ceiling; its furniture, two reading desks, a baptismal font, the ark, a large cross bearing the crucified Saviour, and two candle-stands. The ark resembles a bier supporting a miniature two-story Greek temple. On the upper part is the story of Christ's condemnation, agony, last supper and crucifixion. Most notable is the first little picture, wherein Pontius Pilate is to be seen literally "washing his hands" of the whole affair.

The back of the church is separated by a partition on which hang four paintings, singular in their lack of perspective. Two doors, one on either end, holds each a picture, one of St. Michael, the other of Gabriel. Both dance upon clouds, but Gabriel, deprived of his trumpet, waves a bunch of flowers.

Another picture represents Herodias dancing off the head of John the Baptist. It is a curious and very antique picture, and guilty of a strange anachronism, for Herod and the party are represented *seated* at table.

Midway of the partition is an opening veiled with a banner bearing a picture of Christ partaking of the sacrament; around it in Russian: "*He who takes the sacrament never dies.*"

The baptismal font for babies looks like a magnified hour glass. There is a large one for grown people. Baptism, both for the young and old, is by immersion.

Chairs are brought in by obliging neighbors for the women and the guests. The devout gather candle in hand, and with many genuflections, each piously kisses a sacred spot upon the paintings, the infant Jesus' toe seeming the most popular.

Scarcely a Greek nose was to be seen. Bronzed faces, toil-hardened hands, relieved by shirts of blue and red, plaid and plain, are illuminated by the upheld torches.

The services opening, the men range themselves in single file along the wall, the females and visitors occupying chairs on the other side. The banner is drawn aside, revealing an altar before which stands a priest. His face is Hebraic, his robe, of dark blue and white, fitted on very much after the fashion of Dakota Indians, by a convenient hole in one end. A long scarf of pale blue and white satin hangs over his capacious front.

Concluding a short chant, he comes among the people, lifting the cross, and kissing the wounds upon the body.

After a few more chants and reading of Scriptures, the holy ark, preceded by the priest, is borne out by four strong men, all chanting the *Kyrie Eleison*, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

A long reading of the Scriptures follows, interrupted by admonitions in modern Greek from his reverence to his delinquent clerks.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUES.

The first Jewish synagogue in New Orleans was erected on the corner of Bourbon and Canal streets. The ground being paid for the synagogue was erected at a cost of \$70,000 contributed wholly by Judah Touro, who presented the building to the congregation "Dispersed of Judea." The property was subsequently sold, and the church known as the Touro synagogue, on Carondelet street, between Julia and St. Joseph, erected with its proceeds.

In the year 1864 a proposed secession from the orthodox church in this city agitated the minds of those who are called the Reform Jews. At the time when the proposition was first made, it did not receive enough attention to authorize the withdrawal from the orthodox church. But in the year 1871, a second call was made by the Reformers, and twenty-six persons answered the call. The result was the determination to build for themselves a temple,

which would be called the Reform Temple Sinai; and one hundred and fifty names were enrolled as members of the prospective church.

In the meanwhile, during the New Year and the feast of the Atonement, Minerva Hall was used by the members for the usual religious exercises of that day. On the 13th November, however, the church was finished, and the event celebrated by a grand ball. The Rev. J. K. Guthelm, one of the most eloquent speakers in this country, who had been a rabbi for many years in the Rampart street synagogue, and who was then presiding over the splendid Temple Emanuel in New York, was at once procured as pastor. Since then service and lessons have been held regularly.

The position of the Temple Sinai is extremely well calculated to give effect to its magnificent and well proportioned dimensions. At the distance of many squares from the building the eye can rest upon the gentle acclivity of the broad and elegant building, with marble steps leading to a wide and beautifully arched portico, which is supported by graceful columns of the Corinthian order.

On each side of the entrance rises an octagonal tower, not obelisk-like steeples, but plain, substantial towers, that might have adorned some Byzantine cathedral, or served as turrets for a Front de Bœuf. Each tower has its own eight windows, and countless lesser eyelets lighted up by the rays of the dying sun. Each is fringed with all the circles, curves and scallops of Byzantine and Gothic architecture, and capped by mosque-like green minarets. All this gives it an Oriental look, to which the checkered mosaic work of its red and yellow bricks greatly adds.

COLORED CHURCHES.

The colored population of New Orleans possess nearly as many churches as the whites, and they are generally crowded, nearly all the negroes being enthusiastic church members.

Their churches are, with few exceptions, simple plank structures. As a general thing the colored ministers are very sensible men, and certainly earnest and devoted.

CHURCH DIRECTORY OF NEW ORLEANS

BAPTIST.

AMIAZION (colored)—Deslonde, between Burgundy and Rampart.

COLISEUM PLACE—Camp, corner of Terpsichore.

FIFTH AFRICAN—Howard, between Jackson and Philip.

FIRST AFRICAN—224 Howard.

FIRST AFRICAN—Gretna.

FIRST—Austerlitz, between Constance and Magazine.

FIRST—Magazine, corner of Second.

FIRST FREE MISSION (colored)—371 Common.

FIRST FREE MISSION—Broadway, between Market and Magazine.

FIRST FREE MISSION—Adams, between Burthe and Third (Carrollton).

GOOD HOPE SECOND BAPTIST—Pacific avenue, corner of Jackson (Algiers).

MT. MORIAH—Walnut, between Wall and Esther.

MT. SINAI BAPTIST—Vallette, corner of Eliza (Algiers).

MT. ZION (colored)—Vallette, between Alix and Evelina (Algiers).

NAZARETH (colored)—Josephine, between Annette and St. Anthony.

NEW HOPE—Gretna.

PILGRIM—Newton, between Monroe and Franklin (Algiers).

SECOND AFRICAN BAPTIST—393 Melpomene,

SECOND AFRICAN—Gretna,

SECOND—Laurel, between Berlin and Milan.

SECOND FREE MISSION—Burdette, between Fourth and Plum.

SECOND FREE WILL—Urquhart, between Marigny and Mandeville.

SEVENTH (colored)—Washington, between North Robertson and Claiborne.

SHILOH (colored)—Perdido, between South Rocheblave and South Dolhonde.

SIXTH—Rousseau, between Felicity and St. Mary.

ST. JOHN'S (colored)—First, between Harvard and French.

ST. JOHN'S (colored)—St. Louis, between North Tonti and North Rocheblave.

ST. LUKE'S—Cypress, between Prieur and Johnson.

ST. MARK'S FOURTH AFRICAN—Magnolia, between Common and Gravier.

ST. PETER'S (colored)—Cadiz, corner of Coliseum.

THIRD AFRICAN—310 North Roman, between Laharpe and Columbus.

UNION (colored)—427 St. Peter.

UNION (colored)—305 Orleans.

ZION TRAVELER (colored)—Water, between Walnut and Chestnut.

ZION TRAVELER BRANCH (colored)—Laurel, between Amelia and Peniston.

CATHOLIC.

DIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS (Roman Catholic)—280 Chartres. Residence of Archbishop and Archbishopal Church of St. Mary.

ANNUNCIATION—Mandeville, corner of Marais. (French and English.)

CHAPEL OF THE URSULINE CONVENT—Third District, at lower end of city. (French and English.)

CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME OF MARY—Verret, between Alix and Eliza (Algiers).

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS—Canal, between Lopez and Rendon. (French and English.)

HOLY TRINITY (German)—St. Ferdinand, between Royal and Dauphin.

JESUITS' COLLEGE AND CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—Baronne, between Canal and Common. (French and English.)

MATER DOLOROSA—Cambronne, corner of Burthe (Carrollton).

MT. CARMEL CHAPEL—53 Piety.

NOTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS (French)—Jackson, between Laurel and Constance.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART—North Claiborne, corner of Annette.

ST. ALPHONSUS—Constance, between St. Andrew and Josephine.

ST. ANN'S—St. Philip, between Roman and Prieur. (French and English.)

ST. ANTHONY'S—N. Rampart, corner of Conti.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S—Hospital, corner of St. Claude (French).

ST. BONIFACE (German)—North Galvez, corner Laharpe.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES—Second, corner St. David.

ST. HENRY'S (German)—Berlin, between Constance and Magazine.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST—Dryades, between Calliope and Clio.

ST. JOSEPH'S—Gretna.

ST. JOSEPH'S—Common, between Howard and Villere.

ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL—Chartres, between St. Ann and St. Peter. Cathedral church of the city. (French and English.)

ST. MARY'S ASSUMPTION (German)—Josephine, between Constance and Laurel.

ST. MARY'S (Archbishop's residence)—Chartres, between Ursulines and Hospital.

ST. MARY'S—Cambronne, between Second and Burthe (Carrollton).

ST. MAURICE'S—Hancock, corner of Royal,

ST. MICHAEL'S—Chippewa, between Orange and Race.
 ST. PATRICK'S—Camp, between Girod and Julia.
 ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S—Burgundy, between Marigny and Mandeville.
 ST. ROSE DE LIMA—Bayou road, between Dolhonde and Broad.
 ST. STEPHEN'S—Napoleon avenue, corner of Camp.
 ST. STEPHEN'S (old)—Camp, corner of Berlin.
 ST. THERESA'S—Erato, corner of Camp.
 ST. VINCENT DE PAUL—Dauphine, between Montegut and Clouet
 TRINITY—Cambronue, near Second (Carrollton).

CHRISTIAN.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Camp, corner of Melpomene.

CONGREGATIONAL.

ALGIERS (colored)—Vallette, near Eliza.
 CARROLLTON—Hampson, between Burdette and Adams (Carrollton).
 CENTRAL CHURCH (colored)—South Liberty, corner of Gasquet.
 HOWARD (colored)—Spain, between Rampart and St. Claude.
 MORRIS BROWN CHAPEL, No. 2 (colored)—471 Villere.
 MORRIS BROWN CHURCH (colored)—Marais, between Bourbon and Union.

EPISCOPAL.

ANNUNCIATION—Race, corner of Camp.
 CALVARY—Prytania, corner of Conery.
 CHRIST—Canal, corner of Dauphine.
 MT. OLIVET—Peter, corner of Olivier (Algiers.)
 ST. ANNA'S—197 Esplanade.
 ST. GEORGE'S—St. Charles, corner of Cadiz.
 ST. JOHN'S—Third, corner of Annunciation.
 ST. PAUL'S—Camp, corner of Galennie.
 ST. PHILIP'S—Prytania, corner of Calliope.
 TRINITY CHAPEL—South Rampart, corner of Euterpe.
 TRINITY—Jackson, corner of Coliseum.

EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT.

BETHLEHEM—368 Felicity.
 GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Jackson, corner of Chippewa.
 FIRST—Milan, corner of Camp.
 GERMAN PROTESTANT—Zimpel, between Leonidas and Monroe (Carrollton).
 GERMAN PROTESTANT—Gretna.
 GERMAN PROTESTANT—Clio, between St. Charles and Carondelet.
 MADISON STREET—Madison, between Burthe and Third (Carrollton).

GREEK.

GREEK CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY—North Delhonde, between Barracks and Hospital,



VIEW IN REAR
OF
ST LOUIS CATHEDREL



JEWISH.

CHEVRE REDUSHE MIKVEH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUE—165 Dryades.
 DISPERSED OF JUDAH—218 Carondelet.
 GATES OF PRAYER—Jackson, between Chippewa and Annunciation,
 TEMPLE OF SINAI—Carondelet, between Delord and Calliope.
 THE RIGHT WAY—Carondelet, between Poydras and Lafayette.

LUTHERAN.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN ST. PAUL'S—426 North Claiborne.
 FIRST EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Camp, corner of Soniat.
 MT. ZION EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Erato, between South Peters and Tchoupitoulas.
 ST. JOHN'S—Customhouse, corner of North Prieur.
 ST. PAUL'S—Port, corner of Burgundy.
 TRINITY—Olivier, corner of Eliza (Algiers).
 ZION—St. Charles, corner of St. Andrew.
 EMANUEL'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—St. Louis, between Johnson and Prieur.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

AMES CHAPEL—St. Charles, corner of Calliope.
 CLINTON STREET (colored)—Clinton, corner of Pearl (Carrollton).
 FIRST GERMAN.—South Franklin, corner of St. Andrew.
 FIRST STREET (colored)—Winan's Chapel, Dryades, corner of First.
 JEFFERSON STREET GERMAN—Jefferson, corner of Plum (Carrollton).
 LAHARPE STREET (colored)—Laharpe, between North Roman and North Prieur,
 MOUNT ZION (colored)—Jackson, near Locust.
 MOUNT ZION (colored)—Desiré, between Marais and Urquhart.
 PLEASANT PLAINS CHAPEL (colored)—290 Perdido.
 PLUM STREET—Plum, between Leonidas and Monroe (Carrollton),
 SECOND GERMAN—Eighth, corner of Laurel.
 SIXTH STREET—Sixth, between Annunciation and Laurel.
 SIMPSON CHAPEL (colored)—Valence, between Camp and Chestnut.
 SOULÉ CHAPEL (colored)—66 Marais.
 ST. JAMES AFRICAN—North Roman, between Customhouse and Bienville.
 THIRD GERMAN—North Rampart, between St. Ferdinand and Press.
 THOMPSON CHAPEL (colored)—Rampart, corner of Washington.
 UNION BETHEL (colored)—South Franklin, corner of Thalia.
 UNION CHAPEL (colored)—Bienville, between Villere and Marais.
 UNION CHAPEL—181 Union, Third district.
 WESLEY CHAPEL (colored)—South Liberty, between Perdido and Poydras.
 ZION AFRICAN—Frenchman, corner of Josephine.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL (SOUTH).

ALGIERS—Lavergne, corner of Delaronde (Algiers).
 CARONDELET STREET.—147 Carondelet.
 CRAPS STREET—575 Burgundy.
 DRYADES STREET GERMAN—Dryades, between Euterpe and Felicity.
 FELICITY—Felicity, corner of Chestnut.

LITTLE BETHEL—Coliseum, between Valence and Bordeaux.
 LOUISIANA AVENUE—Louisiana avenue, corner Magazine.
 MOREAU STREET—Chartres (late Moreau), corner of Lafayette avenue.
 SORAPARU—Soraparu, between Chippewa and Annunciation.
 ST. CHARLES STREET—St. Charles, corner of Gen. Taylor.
 ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL (colored)—Market, near Powderhouse (Algiers).

PRESBYTERIAN.

CANAL STREET—Canal, corner of Derbigny.
 FIRST GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—First, near Laurel.
 FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—Lafayette square, corner of Church and South.
 FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CARROLLTON—Burdette, between Hampson and Second (Carrollton).
 FRANKLIN STREET MEMORIAL CHURCH—South Franklin, corner Euterpe.
 LAFAYETTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Magazine, between Jackson and Philip.
 NAPOLEON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Napoleon avenue, corner of Coliseum.
 PRYTANIA STREET—Prytania, corner of Josephine.
 SEAMEN'S BETHEL—St. Thomas, between Jackson and Philip.
 SECOND GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—St. Bernard, corner of North Claiborne.
 THIRD PRESBYTERIAN—Washington Square.

UNITARIAN.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH—St. Charles, corner of Julia.

CHAPTER XII.—CHARITY.

THE CONVENTS, ASYLUMS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF NEW ORLEANS—THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY—THE URSULINES CONVENT—VIGILS OF THE DISCALCED CARMELITES.

The Ursuline Convent is one of the educational institutions that have been closely identified with the history of New Orleans from almost its first settlement.

Bienville, the founder of the city of New Orleans, in 1718, soon decided he must have some one to educate the girls of his colony. He consulted Father Beaubois, a superior of the Jesuits, who had recently arrived, as to what he should do. The zealous Father suggested the Ursulines of Rouen as likely to be able to supply religious teachers, and to them application was immediately made. As a result of this effort, a lady bearing the singular name of Tranchepain (slice of bread), a converted Protestant and a professed Ursuline, left France, with nine professed companions, one novice, and two servants, in the ship Gironde, from Port L'Orient, February 22, 1727.

The Gironde was provisioned as for a siege, but the accommodations for passengers were wretched. During the voyage they encountered terrific storms, were pursued by corsairs, and at one time all the ladies had to assume male attire and man the ship to save her from pirates. The ship, after meeting fearful winds in the Caribbean Sea, and being stranded on Dauphin Island, and losing nearly all her cargo, reached Louisiana in July.

At the Balize the travelers were transferred to pirogues, their trunks being stored in the centre. At night, as they voyaged up the river, they went ashore and slept, when permitted by the devouring mosquitos. The voyage from France had consumed six months, and their friends in New Orleans supposed they had perished at sea. After fifteen days of river journeying they reached the scene of their future labors, the village of New Orleans at this time presenting no better aspect than that of a vast sink or sewer. It was surrounded by a large ditch and fenced in with sharp stakes wedged close together. Tall reeds and coarse grasses grew in the streets, and within a stone's throw of the church, which stood on the same block, but in the rear of the present cathedral, reptiles croaked, and malefactors and wild beasts lurked in the centre of the town, protected by an impenetrable jungle. An old picture of the landing of the Ursuline nuns represents them in procession received by Father Beaubois, who presents to them the Capuchin pastors of the place, and points out to them the Indians and the negroes, their future charges. The Ursuline novice stands a little back facing the church; a negress with a baby in her arms, regards the group with awe and wonderment. A beautiful squaw, decked with beads and shells, and surrounded by plump paposes, half reclines on some logs, while a Congo negro looks on from his seat on the wood-pile. A young girl, Claude Massy, has a cat in her arms, one she has brought from France, and which is, doubtless, the original of all the feline species in Louisiana. Claude is standing near "Sister Annie;" both are dressed as Norman peasants; several Jesuits and Capuchins appear in the distance. The whole group is overshadowed by immense trees heavily draped with moss.

When the first greeting was over the nuns and their companions were conducted to the church, and thence to Bienville's country house, which he generously gave up to them, until their convent should be completed. Bienville's house occupied the square now bounded by Decatur, Bienville, Customhouse and Chartres streets. It was two stories high, with a flat roof, which could be used as a belvidere. It had many windows, which were covered with thin linen, instead of having sash of glass. The ground about the house was cleared, but the establishment was in the depth of the forest.

Almost immediately the nuns began to instruct the Indians and the Negroes, and to care for the sick. They received under their protection the orphans of the French recently massacred at Natchez, also the *Filles-à-la-Cassette*, or casket girls, several instalments of which the King of France sent over to provide wives for the colonists. The nuns soon found Gov. Bienville's house too small and removed to a plantation which had been given them by the "Indian Company," where they erected buildings, which were destroyed by fire in 1788.

The first reinforcements to the order came from France in 1734. From these small beginnings the Ursuline nuns have for over 160 years steadily pursued their onward career of helpfulness.

THE DISCALCED CARMELITES.

On one of the narrowest of the narrow streets of French town stands the Carmelite Convent—a big, square, old-fashioned French residence. Once, in the gay olden time, carriages used to rattle up to the doorway, and in the luxurious apartments there was music and dancing, and the sound of young girls' voices in laughter, and love makings and marriages.

Now the narrow street, creeping straight out to the river, where tall-masted ships lie at anchor, is become old and silent. Like a beard the moss has grown upon the red-tiled roofs, and the cobble-stones upon which the white sun shines hot and pitiless all the long day are overgrown with coarse grass. There are no longer any rattling carriages to stab the silence that has settled over all, and the old street seems to be sleeping away the afternoon of its life. In the wider room, once a parlor fitted with costly furniture and bronzes, there glitters a gilt and white altar, and the meek figure of blessed St. Teresa looks down on the bended penitents who come there to pray. The old house is silent, but if one listened with delicate ear, one might perhaps hear the murmurous breath of prayer that rises through the bare old rooms where move, as if felt-shodden, the serge-clad, silent, sweet Sisters of Carmel.

To be hungry and cold, to mortify the flesh, to do penance and to pray—to pray for all the sins of the world—this is the holy life of the Carmelite. There are fathers and mothers, dear friends and lovers, who steal down to this house of prayer—this convent home—and pressing their lips to the cruel spiked iron grating that bars the sweet Sisters from the outer world, beg them to pray for the dear ones who are in danger, whom the world or sickness has overcome.

The order of the Carmelite is the most rigid to which a woman may dedicate her life. Saint Teresa, the patron saint of the order, was a lovely Spanish woman, for years so frail in health that she had to be carried in a sheet. After a time strength was given her, for the great work on which her soul was set, and so marvelous was her life, so beautiful her works, that there is no saint in the Church more universally beloved than she who is our blessed mother. Her tomb is in the Spanish land, and a sweet perfume always breathes from about it. Her heart was snatched from her dead body by a nun directed of heaven, and is kept in a silver urn, and there have grown from it fourteen thorns.

When one comes to understand the daily life and methods of the Carmelite, the purposes of her life of sacrifice, pain and prayer, the knowledge is awe-inspiring. Her cry is to "become a victim with Jesus," and to expiate by her never-ceasing prayers and penances the sins and wickedness of those who pray not.

After the Carmelite has passed her novitiate—and many try but few succeed—and has finally renounced the world, no human being save her sisters in prayer ever again looks upon her face.

The dress of the order is the coarsest brown serge—they may wear no linen—and their undergarments are also of serge; even the pocket handkerchiefs being brown cloth. Square pieces of hempen cloth are tied with a bit of rope upon the foot and ankle, and a sandal, of knotted cords is worn upon the foot. The outer garment of serge is a loose gown, hanging in straight folds from the neckband to within a couple of inches of the floor, but confined at the waist by a stout leather girdle or belt. At the waist hangs the rosary. The sleeves, long and full, fall over the hands, and the face is framed in crimped folds of white linen. Upon her head

the Carmelite wears a large square of black serge, which is drawn across her face when she comes into the presence of those who live outside the convent walls, so that only the figure is seen.

At times, when relatives visit the Carmelite the black serge curtain at the iron gratings is gathered aside and the visitor sees through the prison bars in the dim light that filters in through the doorway and outlined against the austere walls of the cells the imposing figure of the nun, clad in coarse serge and cowed and hooded in black, with white hands clasping the cross and beaded chain at her girdle. Perhaps it is a mother for whom the serge curtains are drawn aside. Alas! for her poor humanity when she gazes with dim eyes on this silent, holy figure, and prays half rebelliously for strength to make the mother-love second in her heart that she may rejoice over the sweet, sacrificial life her darling has chosen.

The Carmelite fasts from the 14th of September until Easter of each year. Her life during this time is crowned every hour with some holy duty. She sleeps in a bare little cell containing a chair, a table, and two low benches, upon which are laid two planks. These planks, covered with straw, form her resting place, and her only covering is a sheet of serge. In the early dawn she rises from this poor bed, and in the still chapel she begins her prayers. The morning until 11 o'clock is spent in meditation, prayer and work. Her cell is put in order, her daily duties accomplished, and when not in the chapel she withdraws to her cell, and there works in solitude. Perhaps she is an artist and makes pictures, or embroiders or knits; but whatever it is, her hands are never idle, and her mind and heart are filled with holy thoughts as a garden in spring is filled with the sweet breath of flowers.

Not by so much as a sup of water does she break her fast until eleven o'clock, and then the little band of brown-robed women meet for the midday meal. They never eat meat, the order forbids it; and they sit at a low, narrow table, eating from the coarsest yellow delft plates, and with an iron or wooden knife and fork. The food is generally rice, beans, other vegetables and soup made without meat. Everything is cooked in the plainest way, and lard is not used, except when they are too poor to cook with oil. This meal is plentiful, and each person eats whatever is put upon her plate, particularly of those things she does not like. A skull and cross-bones are placed at the end of the table, and the nun looks often at the hideous spectacle of that casket which once held so costly a treasure, telling herself that soon she will be so poor a thing as that. The meal is finished in silence, and then for one hour the nuns laugh and talk and play together, working among the flowers in their garden—and having a great deal of bright and cheerful talk. Then they withdraw to their cells, and there is no sound within the convent walls, except when whispered prayers come from the chapel. During this long season of fast, eight hours a day are spent in repeating the services of the church—the Carmelite nuns repeating the same service daily that the priests do—and, like the priests, receiving communion every Sunday morning.

During her entire life the Carmelite lives in this self-sacrificing solitude. She may not even take a drink of water without permission from the Mother Superior, and if the Mother thinks the Sister can bear the thirst a little longer, she will frequently say no, that the lesson of patient endurance may be more faithfully learned.

Self-flagellation is also practiced by these Sisters, and these tender, delicate women tear and beat and break their flesh till the red blood falls, and drops of pain stand on their brows. Sometimes, nay often, the sound of the iron flail striking at her own bare body may be heard in these echoless cloisters, and the voice of the penitent cries out in the prayer, and begs that her penance may be accepted.

Every morning at 7 o'clock in the little convent down in Frenchtown a priest says mass before the gilt and white altar and brown statue of blessed Saint Teresa. The altar is a double one, and extends into the nuns' chapel, where the Sisters are, and strangers and devotees who may be kneeling in the outer chapel have their hearts stirred by the marvelous effect of these invisible Carmelite nuns chanting the mass. It is chanted entirely on one note, and the effect of

soprano voices and alto and contralto thus chanting in a minor key the rich musical words of the Latin mass is wonderful. Over the altar, high up to the ceiling, is a heavy iron grating, the black curtains are pulled aside, and the voices of the nuns come swelling out a long drawn cry of pain, of peace and of victory. There are lilies and many pure flowers on the altar to mingle their breath with the odor of incense.

On the Sabbath morning, at 7 o'clock, a very small grating by the side of the altar is drawn open; and here like a framed picture is seen, one after the other, the saint-like faces of these nuns, as with heavy lids fallen upon their eyes, they present themselves for the communion.

At nightfall the nuns again come together for their frugal meal; which cannot be called a meal, since it is only two ounces of bread measured out to each—the weight of four soda crackers in bread—with a drink of poor tea, or sometimes of wine. On Fridays, and all during Lent, black fast is observed; that is, no eggs or milk are used, and at all times these nuns must study to endure the barest poverty—to be hungry and in pain—and so suffering, so emulating the life of Christ, they go to Him with their prayers for other people.

There are many persons, indeed, who give rich gifts to the church in return for the prayers of the Carmelites. At one time news came to her friends in New Orleans of the dangerous illness of one of the sweetest and gentlest poets of the South. These friends went to the Carmelite nuns and besought their prayers, and so the holy Sisters knelt in chapel and cell and told their orisons for the sufferer. When she got well and came one day to New Orleans she went to the Carmelite Chapel and put an offering of Annunciation lilies at the feet of blessed Saint Teresa, and one of the prettiest songs that ever came from the pen of this poetess is about the nuns in the convent chapel saying their prayers for her.

There are only four Carmelite convents in America. The convent in New Orleans has been established but four or five years. All the sisters bear such names as Mary, Dolorosa, etc., which are given them when they finally assume the habit. Several of these ladies are young and wonderfully gifted, with beautiful faces and many accomplishments. They were all women of wealth, who withdrew from the world and who find happiness and the peace that is beyond understanding, in their chosen life. The Mother Superior was once one of the most beautiful and brilliant Creole belles in this gay city, a niece of Governor Roman.

THE CHARITY HOSPITAL.

In 1784 Don Andres de Almonaster y Roxas, the wealthiest citizen of Louisiana, contributed some \$114,000 toward building a hospital, of which the city was then in great need. This first hospital founded by the munificence of that generous Spaniard was the father of the Charity Hospital of to-day. It was situated on Rampart street, between St. Peter and Toulouse, and was burned in 1809. It was then determined that the hospital to replace it should be erected beyond the city limits, and for this purpose the square of ground now bounded by Canal, Dryades, Baronne and Common streets, in what was then known as "the city commons," was purchased; and here, in 1815, the second Charity Hospital was erected. This building was purchased sixteen years later by the State of Louisiana for the University for \$125,000. With the proceeds of this sale the present hospital on Common street, between Howard and Freret, was built. The State of Pennsylvania contributed some little aid to the hospital, but Louisiana bore very nearly the entire expense of building it. Among the contributors to the old hospitals, however, those on Rampart and Baronne streets, mention should be made of Julien Poydras, once Mayor of this city, who donated the sum of \$35,000; Etienne Boré, also Mayor, and R. Caune.

The present hospital, which was erected in 1832, covers the entire square bounded by Common, Gravier, Freret and Howard streets, one of the largest in the city, measuring 450 feet front on Common and Gravier, and 420 on the side streets, and containing about four and a half acres.

The hospital consisted originally of only one building, the main or central one. Although forty-seven years old, this building is as strong and substantial to-day as when first erected. The brick work is of extraordinary thickness, and even the walls between the different wards are of brick, and not the usual wood and plaster seen in modern buildings. From this central building the hospital has branched out in every direction. A wing was first added on the left, soon followed by another on the right; then came rooms on the Howard street side for the employees, kitchen, laundry, etc., the engineer's department on Gravier street, and finally the lying-in hospital at the corner of Gravier and Freret.

These various buildings form the four sides of a court, in the centre of which lies the hospital garden, under the especial care and management of a Sister of Charity. It contains probably an acre of ground, prettily laid out in walks bordered with flowers, evergreen shrubs, etc.

In looking over the record of the hospital, the number 38,250, is observed against the last death. One might think this represents the number of deaths that have occurred in the building. It does not. It is only the number of the last corpse which, having no friends or relatives to claim it, has to be cared for by the hospital after death, as it was cared for by it when alive. More than 38,000 bodies have been buried at the expense of the hospital in forty-eight years. The dead are buried just back of St. Patrick's Cemetery, and a board is placed over each grave with the number of the deceased, so that should any friend or relative desire hereafter to remove the remains they can be easily identified.

Besides the inmates of the hospital, there are also a large number of persons who visit every day for treatment. These patients see the house surgeon, who examines into their condition. If he thinks their cases serious, he advises them to go into the hospital; if not, they stay at home and visit the hospital daily or weekly for treatment. The number of persons applying for treatment of this kind runs from thirty-five to forty daily. Taking these patients into account, the total number of sick persons cared for in the Charity Hospital since the war has not been less than 200,000—nearly as many as the entire population of the city, and since the foundation of the hospital 400,000.

Every day is visiting day at the hospital, from eight A. M. to five P. M. To keep out impertinent, idle and morbidly curious persons, who would otherwise disturb the sick, a tariff of ten cents is charged all persons entering the building. In the case, however, of poor persons, whose relatives are sick, this charge is generally remitted.

In the Charity Hospital the medical students of the University of Louisiana have advantages offered them they can get nowhere else in the world. Here they can see and study nearly every known disease; here are exposed the maladies of tropical and semi-tropical regions, as well as those of the temperate zones. There are always some cases of leprosy there—a rare disease in America. Yellow fever cases are also to be studied, as well as all varieties of malarial fevers.

There is probably no known disease that is not to be seen here each year. Taking up one of the reports published, it will be seen that no less than 776 diseases, or different forms of diseases, are reported as having been treated in the hospital that year, classed as follows:—Diseases of the nervous system, 54; of the circulating system, 30; respiring system, 35; digestive system, 55; fevers, 14; eruptive fevers, 7; diseases of the urinary organs, 41; venereal diseases, 40; diseases of women, 36; of the ear, 8; of the eye, 42; of the nose, 4; cutaneous diseases, 35; malignant diseases (such as cancer), 33; local diseases and injuries (wounds, etc.), 210; diseases of locomotion, 83; toxic diseases, 17. There is but one known disease not treated at the hospital—small-pox. Small-pox patients were formerly admitted to the hospital, and the garret was fitted up for them, but some years ago, under a provision of the Legislature, this was changed, the city was given the control of the question of small-pox, and another hospital, especially designed for persons affected by this disease, was provided elsewhere.

DISSECTIONS.—Another great advantage offered medical students by the hospital is in the bodies of patients dying there. These, unless claimed by friends or relatives, go to the college

for dissecting purposes, so that there is never any lack of "subjects," as in most Western medical colleges. "Resurrecting" can never occur in New Orleans, for the best of reasons—there is no need for grave robbing. These bodies average about three a day, and afford the students the best opportunity to perfect themselves in anatomy.

The revenue of the hospital is about \$90,000, from the following sources: Lottery, \$10,000; State, in warrants, \$50,000; poll taxes, \$20,000; auctionees' fees, \$8,000; slaughter-house (half the inspection fees), \$5,000; licenses for balls, \$500; gate fees, pay patients, etc., \$1,500.

ASYLUMS, CONVENTS.

ASYLUM FOR DESTITUTE ORPHAN BOYS—St. Charles, between Dufossat and Bellecastle (Jefferson City).

BEAUREGARD ASYLUM—Pauline, between St. Claude and N. Rampart.

BOYS' HOUSE OF REFUGE—Metalrie Road, between Bienville and Conti.

CHILDREN'S HOME, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—Jackson, corner of St. Thomas.

CONVENT DE ST. FAMILLE—172 Hospital.

CONVENT OF MT. CARMEL—Olivier, corner of Eliza (Algiers).

CONVENT OF THE BENEDICTINE NUNS—630 Dauphine, between St. Ferdinand and Press.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD—Bienville, between North Dolhonde and North Broad.

CONVENT OF THE REDEMPТОRISTS—Constance, between St. Andrew and Josephine.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART—96 Dumaine.

CONVENT OF PERPETUAL ADORATION—Marais, between Mandeville and Spain.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME—Laurel, between St. Andrew and Josephine.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY—17 Orleans.

FEMALE ASYLUM OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—871 North Rampart, corner of Elmira.

FAITH HOME FOR THE AGED AND DESTITUTE—Pitt, corner of Robert.

FINK HOME—Camp, between Antonine and Amelia.

GERMAN PROTESTANT ASYLUM—State, between Camp and Chestnut (Burtheville).

GIROD ASYLUM—Metalrie Road, between Conti and St. Louis.

HOME FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM—Annunciation, corner Calliope.

HOME FOR THE AGED INFIRM—North Johnson, corner of Laharpe.

HOME OF THE AGED AND DESTITUTE—Magnolia, corner of Laharpe.

HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY—Constance, between Berlin and Milan.

HOUSE OF REFUGE FOR DESTITUTE GIRLS—Annunciation, corner of Calliope.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD—Bienville, between North Dolhonde and North Broad.

INDIGENT COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM—393 Dauphine.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AND MODEL FARM OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY CROSS—North Peters, corner of Reynes.

JEWISH WIDOWS' AND ORPHAN ASYLUM—Jackson, corner of Chippewa.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR—North Johnson, corner of Laharpe.

LOUISIANA RETREAT INSANE ASYLUM—Nashville, corner of Magazine. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

MONASTERY DISCALCED CARMELITES—Barracks, between Burgundy and Rampart.

MT. CARMEL CONVENT—200 Hospital.

MT. CARMEL FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM—53 Piety.

NEW ORLEANS FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM—Clio, between Camp and Prytania.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

POYDRAS ORPHAN ASYLUM FOR FEMALES—Magazine, between Leontine and Peters Avenue, Jefferson.

PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME—Seventh, corner of Constance.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM FOR COLORED FEMALE CHILDREN—Hospital, corner of North Tonti.

SOCIETE FRANCAISE DE BIENFAISANCE ASYLUM—St. Ann, between North Derbigny and North Roman.

ST. ALPHONSUS CONVENT OF MERCY—St. Andrew, between Constance and Magazine.

ST. ALPHONSUS ORPHAN ASYLUM—Fourth, corner of St. Patrick.

ST. ANN'S ASYLUM—Prytania, corner of St. Mary.

ST. ELIZABETH ORPHAN ASYLUM—Napoleon avenue, corner of Prytania; branch, Magazine, corner of Josephine.

ST. HENRY'S CONVENT—Constance, between Milan and Berlin.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT—St. Philip, corner of North Galvez.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM—Josephine, corner of Laurel. Under direction of the Sisters of Mercy.

ST. MARY'S DOMINICAN CONVENT—Dryades, corner of Calliope; branch, St. Charles, between Broadway and Upper Line.

ST. MARY'S ORPHAN BOYS' ASYLUM—Chartres, between Mazant and French avenue.

ST. MATER DOLOROSA CONVENT—Cambronne, corner of Third (Carrollton).

ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT OF MERCY—139 Magazine.

ST. VINCENT'S HALF-ORPHAN ASYLUM—Cambronne, between Second and Burthe (Carrollton).

ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR DESTITUTE BOYS—371 Bienville.

ST. VINCENT'S INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM—Magazine, corner of Race.

URSULINE CONVENT—North Peters, near Manuel.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FATHER TURGIS ASYLUM (for widows and orphans of the South)—St. Claude, corner of Pauline.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE DRAMA AND OPERA.

THE OLD ORLEANS THEATRE—CALDWELL AND THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA INTO NEW ORLEANS—THE AMERICAN AND ST. CHARLES THEATRES—SUCCESS OF THE OPERA.

On Orleans street, between Royal and Bourbon streets, there now stands a building of imposing appearance, whose wide, low façade, utterly devoid of the adorning graces of architecture, is plain to ugliness, and were it not for an aspect of antiquity, the homely structure would scarce attract more than passing notice. Yet, withal, a more attentive survey of the place and its surroundings will not fail to arouse the curiosity of him whose mind is not too deeply absorbed in the pursuit of some all-engaging object.

Upon the vacant space at the corner of the street stood, not many years ago, the old Orleans Theatre, once, in its palmy days, the resort of the fashionable world of French New Orleans. Its walls have rung to the plaudits of brilliant assemblages, where the Creole beauties clapped their jeweled hands and cried their "encores" to some reigning favorite of the stage. Famous singers and celebrated actors have had their triumphs here, on this spot, made desolate by the demon of conflagration. In 1868 the Orleans Theatre was burned to the ground, and the edifice was never rebuilt.

The building referred to was a wing of the theatre, and was saved from the devastating flames. Originally built by subscription about the year 1817, the Orleans Theatre became the property of Davis and Boudousquie, and afterwards of Mr. McDonough, who at his death willed the property to the city of Baltimore in 1859. Additions were made to the portions that remained after the fire, and in 1872 the building was used as the Criminal Court room for the parish of New Orleans. Some years ago the Criminal Courts were transferred to St. Patrick's Hall, and the old Orleans Hall closed its remarkable career by becoming a convent, a function as widely separated from its original one of dance-house as could well be imagined.

When, in the halcyon days of the famous Orleans Ball Room, gorgeous, sensuous women and fiery tempered men were whirling in the giddy mazes of the dance, daggers have flashed in the gaslight, and in the twinkling of an eye the scene is changed, and men rush together into the bloody melee, where often a gory corpse indicated the ferocity of the combatants.

In this ball room, the resort of the *demi-monde*, the fiercest human passions have run riot, and here have been laid the foundations for future tragedies, fatal duels, or bloody rencontres.

It was in the building next door, destroyed by the fire, that the drama, and particularly the opera most flourished in New Orleans in its earlier days. Nowhere outside of Italy was the opera ever so powerful or so popular as in the Creole city.

The site of the Orleans Theatre was occupied by an edifice erected for dramatic performances in 1813. This was burnt to the ground in 1816, when John Davis erected the Orleans Theatre. The building, which cost \$180,000, was in the lower story Roman Doric, above Corinthian Composite. There was in the center a parquette, quite elevated and commodious, with *loges grillé* at the side for persons in mourning. Two tiers of boxes and one of galleries rose above this.

Connected with this edifice and forming part of the same building, was the Orleans ball and supper rooms. A communication existed between this and the theatre. Indeed the parquette of the theatre was frequently floored over and the house occupied as a ball-room, thus furnishing when brilliantly lighted, in connection with the suite adjoining, a *coup d'œil* not to be surpassed for effect in America. The ball-rooms were built in 1817.

Obviously strange as the remark may seem to the average resident of New York, Boston or

other large cities of this country, wrapped up as they are in the magnificence and grandeur of their surroundings, the vastness of their commercial enterprises or their lauded patronage and appreciation of art in all its several branches, it is an undeniable fact that for perfection of detail, completeness of representation and strict adherence to the ideas of the composer, no operatic representations have yet equaled those usually presented at the "Théâtre d'Orleans," in the city of New Orleans, in the days preceding our late national unpleasantness.

Not to be a subscriber, or at least a regular attendant at the opera, was tantamount to being ignored by society and looked upon as a person greatly lacking in taste; whilst, *au contraire*, a frequent and undeviating appearance, particularly on grand opera nights, tended greatly toward a kindly, hospitable reception into the best French society under the *ancien régime*. Four operas were given weekly, of which two were *grande* and two *comique*, the other two evenings being devoted to vaudeville and musical comediettas by the attendant dramatic portion of the establishment. Tuesdays and Saturdays—especially the latter—were the extremely fashionable nights, on which occasions all patrons were expected to appear in full evening dress, and as these were regular subscription representations, it was a matter of considerable difficulty for a member of the outside world to obtain a seat, except in the parquette, which was always open to the general public; and even in this democratic locality white kid gloves and full dress coats were almost generally worn by the male portion of the audience.

The choicest places were to be found in the second or dress circle, which was divided into cosy comfortable stalls, containing four seats, in the rear of which were two rows of single chairs, flanked by a succession of handsome loges, as in the Baltimore Academy of Music. These loges were so arranged that curtains could be drawn before them, at the pleasure of the occupant, and were mostly selected by families not yet past the usual conventional period of mourning, etc., and who were tacitly acknowledged to be in strict privacy, except to those whose visits were made upon special invitation. The comfortable aisles were so constructed that both stalls and loges were easily approachable, and during the intermission were filled with gay gallants, paying their devoirs to the fair occupants of these favored seats.

As a general thing the stalls were taken by parties of four, consisting of a young lady and her male escort, invariably attended by her mother or some elderly friends; as in no case was it considered allowable for an unmarried girl to appear in public without her "chaperone," or some of her male relatives of nearest kin.

The opera, conversation, the tasteful costumes, and all the accompanying surroundings were invariably French. Now and then the intrusive American would appear upon the surface with different views of propriety, but it took years of endeavor, and a civil war that overthrew all preconceived ideas, to shake the tenacity with which the old French and Creole inhabitants of New Orleans clung to this, their latest and most honored institution. The display of beauty and exquisite taste in dress, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, was something positively startling to a stranger—the jet black hair, the sparkling eyes, the pure complexions, the superb costumes with low-cut corsages and showing the round, beautiful arms, the gay and animated features on all sides, presented a picture which has never been equaled in any other theatre in this country. Never overdressed, and generally wearing white or some other light color, with purest camellias half hid amidst their brilliant masses of jet black hair, they resembled in grouping and appearance the beautiful conception of the artist, Winterhalter, in his celebrated painting of the Empress Eugenie and the ladies of her court. Refinement, intellect and culture were visible on every side, and these brilliant audiences came together not only because it was fashionable to be there, but because they loved the divine art of music, and were, as a general rule, able and conscientious critics of all they heard and saw.

One peculiar custom of the *habitués* of the "Théâtre d'Orleans"—which will seem to the opera goer of the present day as peculiarly eccentric, if not positively objectionable, was the following: The grand operas of Meyerbeer, Halévy, Rossini, etc., were invariably presented in most perfect detail; and in order to accomplish this most thorough rendition the hour of com-

mencement was fixed at half-past 6 o'clock, as several of the favorite works occupied nearly five hours in their representation, the curtain generally falling between 11 and 12 o'clock.

A complete outfit expected of a fashionable cavalier was as follows: A stall for four, white kid gloves and bouquets for the ladies, a carriage and coffee ad libitum for the party, or it may be a more expensive supper at Moreau's or Victor's.

The writings of Meyerbeer were preferred before those of any other composer. "Les Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "L'Étoile du Nord," "Le Prophète," "Le Pardon de Ploermel," "L'Africaine," etc., were produced in a style bordering on perfection. All the leading artists were of the very highest rank, the chorus superb, costumes and scenery of the most magnificent character, with an orchestra composed of from sixty to eighty musicians, presided over for many years by that capable conductor and gentleman, Adolph Prevost.

"La Juive" and "Charles VI," by Halevy, were great favorites, as also were "La Vestale," by Spontini, and "Orphée," by Gluck. Scores of lighter operas were given, such as "Si j'étais Roi," "Les Amours du Diable," "Les Dragons de Villars," etc., in which the second singers acquitted themselves proportionately well with their brother artists of the heavier rôles.

Among the principal vocalists, who subsequently came North and appeared in Italian opera, were the majestic Rose De Vries, the original *Fides* in "Le Prophète," and the charming M^{me} Pauline Colson, who created the part of *Catharine* in "L'Étoile du Nord." The two principal tenors were Duluc (robusto) and Bordas (legere); the basses, MM. Genebrel and Junca, altogether constituting a galaxy of artists rarely met together.

For forty years this institution had been supported by subscriptions of the most liberal kind, and each year Managers Davis—father and son—and M. Bodousquie visited Paris and brought back with them the latest operas written.

Nearly all the social rules of the old opera system are still enforced in New Orleans, but not as rigidly as in these days of old. The Orleans theatre, however, was not the first theatre New Orleans boasted of, for as early as 1791, a company of French comedians played there. Strolling players were glad to obtain the use of a warehouse or other building. It was in 1808, however, that the first regular theatre was erected on St. Philip street.

The newspapers of 1810 make mention of a theatre in St. Peter street that seems to have passed out of existence by the impulse given by rival establishments a few years later. The St. Philip theatre later on became the Washington ball-room, and stood on the spot now occupied by the St. Philip street school-house. The circumstances attending the introduction of the English drama appear not to be very well understood, for a number of writers have with persistent inaccuracy stated that James H. Caldwell was the man who first caused plays to be performed here in the English tongue. This is wrong. The honor of this achievement, without any question, rests with Noah M. Ludlow, who for many years was associated with Sol Smith in the management of the St. Charles theatre, now owned by David Bidwell.

Mr. Ludlow gathered and brought down the river from the Western States a small comedy company in 1817, and opened his dramatic season December 24, at the St. Philip theatre, which at that time was owned by a woman named Coquet. The theatre had two circles and a parquette, and was capable of seating 700 persons. One dollar was charged as the admission fee to all parts of the house. The opening play was Tobin's comedy, entitled "The Honey Moon," and the cast of characters was as follows:

Duke Aranza.....	John Vaughn
Rolando.....	N. M. Ludlow
Count Montalban.....	Mr. Plummer
Belthazar.....	Mr. Lucas
Jaques.....	Mr. Morgan
Lampedo.....	Mr. Henry Vaughn
Juliana.....	Mrs. John Vaughn
Volante.....	Mrs. Jones
Zamora.....	Mrs. Ludlow
Hostess.....	Mrs. Morgan

The afterpiece was the farce entitled "Hotel: or, Servant with Two Masters." *Lazarillo* Mr. Morgan.

The above bill of the play is copied from Mr. Ludlow's book, and is, without doubt, correct.

There were no plays in the French tongue that year, as the Orleans theatre had been destroyed by fire several months before Mr. Ludlow opened his season. Thus was the English drama planted in New Orleans. The season was successful, and resulted in a profit of \$3,000. Of this sum Mr. John Vaughn received \$1,000 and Mr. Morgan a like amount, they being equal partners with Mr. Ludlow.

There were no English plays given in New Orleans during the season of 1818 and 1819.

It was in 1820, two years after Ludlow's company performed, that James H. Caldwell came to New Orleans and opened the St. Philip street theatre, January 7th, 1820, the bill being "The Honeymoon," and "Three and Duce."

Caldwell, as the founder of the American drama, is deserving of more than a passing notice.

He was a native of Sheffield, a young man of great personal beauty and attractive manners. When quite a youth he had been drawn upon the mimic stage by impulses and aspirations quite common to young men of lively parts and brilliant physical endowments. He had succeeded on the London boards in genteel comedy, and quickly arose, more through his personal than his artistic qualities, to a level with the first-class of star actors in that city. Thus he became the intimate associate and friend of the Kembles, the Keans, of Cooper, of Booth and Farran, and was recognized by them all as their peer and equal. In fact, they admitted that he was far superior to them all in the requisites of a manager, a maestro, a man of business, who could support their brilliant qualities and place them in the road to fortune and renown.

They had all exhausted their resources and their renown in old England. They must look to "fresh woods and pastures new" wherein to resuscitate their fortune. Where could they find such new woods and pastures save in the growing and prospering Anglo colonies of America?

James H. Caldwell was a prompt and energetic man. He was quick to perceive and appreciate the opening in the States for theatrical success and distinction.

He rallied a band of practiced and accomplished actors around him, who agreed to engage with him in the venture of introducing and establishing in the States a first-class dramatic company, which should present to their new, fresh and enthusiastic communities dramatic exhibitions equal to those which for so many years had satisfied the demands of London tastes.

This company was a very select one. It embraced such men as Booth, Brown, Soloman, the elder Blandi, Holland, Barrett, Rowe, Russel, DeBar, Green, and others, who were all regarded as of the first-class of dramatic actors on the English stage. After trying Richmond, Va., Caldwell brought his company to New Orleans. He encountered the usual difficulties of a progressive spirit. The Creole population were naturally jealous of the Americans. They could sell all the goods and hold all the offices themselves. Perhaps the natural antagonism which has for so many centuries separated the ancestors of each across the English channel, was unconsciously renewed on this side of the Atlantic; anyway, there was a contest as to whether the English drama could or should be enacted above Canal street.

Caldwell brought Booth to New Orleans, and Booth got up the leading parts in French and played with great applause. Mme. Caldwell was the leading lady at that time and played with him. He also brought out many others who were afterward distinguished as stars. He battled with prejudice and opposition and conquered. He not only built one of the most elegant theatres, but he connected the success of the drama with other enterprises. He was the founder of the St. Charles Hotel, the Gasworks and other modern enterprises. He was a member of the City Council, a patron of everything useful or attractive. He emulated in this respect

the great manager who, at the same time that he run the Globe Theatre at London, speculated in the town lots and corporate taxes of Stratford-on-Avon.

Aaron J. Phillips came down to New Orleans from the West with a dramatic company in the fall of 1819, and opened a season at the Orleans Opera-House, playing his company on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, the off nights of the Opera. Phillips hoped to deter Caldwell from bringing a company from Virginia, but he did not know the stuff Caldwell was made of. Caldwell brought a company and began his performances as above stated, and soon drove Phillips to relinquish the unequal contest. Phillips made terms with his rival and joined Caldwell's company, and the latter for a time gave performances at the Orleans on the off nights of the opera, and at the St. Philip on the nights when the Orleans was in use by the French opera troupe. Caldwell had a very large company, having engaged most of the members of Phillips' troupe. He found that the new and beautiful Orleans Theatre was the favorite with the public, and that the St. Philip Street Theatre had fallen into disfavor with theatre goers, so he closed the house, but paid the rent until the end of the season. On the whole Mr. Caldwell found his New Orleans venture profitable, and took a lease of the Orleans Theatre for four nights each week, at \$100 per night for the three seasons of 1820-21, 1821-22, 1822-23. During his management of the Orleans Theatre Mr. Caldwell saved a considerable sum of money, and he felt well satisfied that the American theatre would find a ready support without discouraging the French theatre, which had become firmly established at the Orleans street house. Mr. Caldwell was one of the most remarkable men New Orleans ever received as a citizen. He it was who, even in those early times, predicted that a new and prosperous city would be built above Canal street, and he had not been long here before he began to look about for a plot of ground whereon to build a theatre.

Mr. Caldwell was ridiculed beyond measure when it became known where he intended to build his proposed new theatre, for he had selected the site on Camp street, at that time a swamp. Many of the old Creoles refused to believe, or to be persuaded, that people could be found who would desire to build houses and live in the district above Canal street. But the farseeing manager was wise in his predictions and in the course he marked out. He lived to see the point where he built his new theatre on Camp street become the centre of an immense population. On May 29th, 1822, Mr. Caldwell, with his own hands, laid the corner stone of the New American Theatre on Camp street. The theatre was so far finished that Mr. Caldwell gave one performance in it on May 14th, 1823. The play was "The Dramatist," and was followed by the comic opera called "The Romp." Into this theatre Mr. Caldwell put the earnings of the two previous seasons and borrowed \$14,000 from citizens in sums of \$300. Each person advancing \$300 was entitled to an admission to the theatre, but the manager reserved the right to return the loan and cancel the obligation any time within 10 years.

Near December 1, 1823, Mr. Caldwell began his closing performance at the Orleans Theatre, as his lease expired at the end of the month. On January 1, 1824, Mr. Caldwell opened the completed Camp Street Theatre for its first regular season. On that occasion he spoke an opening address, written by Thomas Wells, of Boston. The bill of the play was as follows—Morton's comedy of

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Reuben Glenroy.....	J. H. Caldwell.
Owen Glenroy.....	Edward Caldwell.
Captain Glenroy.....	William Forrest.
Charles Plastic.....	Mr. Garner.
Kit Cosey.....	N. M. Ludlow.
Trot.....	Jackson Grey.
Jockey Hawbuck.....	Richard Russell.
Ross.....	J. M. Scott.
William.....	J. Higgins.
Evans.....	William McCafferty.
Walter.....	James Scholes.

Mr. J. H. Caldwell was proprietor and manager, Mr. Russell stage manager, Jas. S. Rowe treasurer, Wm. Noak leader of orchestra, John Varden machinist, Antonio Mondelli scene artist, and S. Simonds gas engineer.

The theatre was the first building in New Orleans lighted by gas, for Mr. Caldwell had erected gas works on the same lot adjoining the theatre. For awhile the theatre was the only building in New Orleans lighted by gas. After a time Mr. Caldwell lighted one side of Camp street, from the theatre to Canal street, but it took years of hard work to form a gas company and get Canal street lighted by gas. During the first two seasons of the theatre the street and sidewalks were without pavement. It was necessary to walk from Canal street to the theatre, says Ludlow, "on pieces of timber laid together, forming a pathway about two and a-half feet width, made of boat gunwales."

The theatre was a substantial one of brick, 60x160 feet and three stories high, and had seats for 1,100 persons. The stage and all the appliances for the production of plays were of the best kind, and in this establishment for a period of nearly 16 years the most attractive performers that could be procured appeared as stars, and the resident stock company was always competent to present, unaided by auxiliary talent, the chief works of the great dramatists. During the early part of February, 1824, Edwin Forrest, then a youth not quite 18 years of age, was engaged as a regular member of the stock company. He was accorded an opening character (*Jaffier*, in "Venice Preserved,") but thereafter he played walking gentleman, juvenile tragedy, and, in short, anything coming under the head of respectable utility.

It would require a volume to record the doings of the actors of this theatre. Mr. Caldwell made a large fortune and squandered it in erecting and conducting the first St. Charles Theatre. On the 30th of November, 1839, Mr. Caldwell abandoned the Camp street theatre, and concentrated his dramatic forces upon the stage of the St. Charles Theatre. The American, as the Camp was called, was altered in form so as to make it suitable for a ball room. After a time the place became known as Armory Hall, and was used for shows, concerts and exhibitions of one kind and another. For many years the structure was used by the Messrs. Montgomery as an auction mart. During the last year or two the upper portion of the building was occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association. Messrs. Rice, Born & Co. bought the land and the building for \$60,000. They commenced to tear down the old house in November, 1881, and now the new five-story hardware store has taken its place.

The old St. Charles Theatre, which, when it was constructed, was the largest theatre in the United States, stood where the Phoenix saloon is now located—the name of the saloon being due to the fact that it arose from the ashes of the theatre.

On May 9th, 1835, the corner-stone of this building was laid, and although in the process of building its enterprising owner, Caldwell, had to contend with ninety days of continued rain, it was opened, as resolved, on November 30th, in the same year, with "The School for Scandal" and "Spoiled Child." The theatre had a frontage of 132 feet on St. Charles, and a depth of 172 feet. The grand salon was 129 feet by 26; it had four tiers of boxes, surmounted by enormous galleries. At the back of forty-seven of these boxes were elegant boudoirs or retiring rooms. From the centre of the building was suspended a magnificent chandelier, weighing over two tons, and illuminated by two hundred gaslights. From the stage to the roof, the distance was 62 feet. The total cost of the building was \$350,000.

The new St. Charles (the "Old Drury," as it is fondly called by Orleanians) which followed it, now the oldest theatre in New Orleans, has seen more famous actors on its boards than any theatre in this country. Although greatly changed, a visit there cannot but recall the ancient memories clustering around the place, and one feels carried back to those old days. There is the chair from which the dazzling beauty of the charming Miss — captivated the whole house on Christmas night, in 1851; there the box where the divine Miss Somebody Else flirted so openly with the dashing Col. —, who was afterward killed in a duel on her account. The longer we look the more faces come out of the half shadow, and soon memory fills the house. The foot-

lights burn brightly, the dress circle and parquette are jammed; like the waving of the leaves on the aspen the fluttering of fans give life and motion to the picture. The orchestra are all in their places; the leader gives the invariable premonitory squeak to his violin, then tries the bass string, while the bass viol brings out a muffled groan from that elephantine instrument. An inspiring introduction seems to float out and drift away, when the tinkle of a little bell is heard, and majestically the curtain rises. Fans cease their motion, eyes are riveted on the stage, and, after some small talk from two gallants near the left upper entrance, in there walks a stately figure in majestic attire, and the whispers run through the audience: "There's old man Booth!" "How grand he is!" An auction drum over the way breaks the spell, and gone are the ghosts of the lang syne—gone the beauty, the chivalry and the mystic foot-lights that but a moment ago seemed to be there. That leader's fiddle has poured out its last *crescendo*, the cornet has sounded its last flourish to an advancing Richmond, and the fingers that handled the drum-sticks are dust and ashes out here in some of our cemeteries. Thirty-five years have worked sad havoc in the ranks with its canister and grape, and those who remain of those elegant audiences of bygone nights might almost be put in the private boxes.

The St. Charles was rebuilt immediately after its destruction by the fire of 1843, and all the records, prompter's books, etc., since then are still to be seen. Here is a sample of salaries from one of them: "J. H. McVicker, \$9 per week; Neaffie, \$25; Tom Placide, \$25; James Wright, \$15; Mr. and Mrs. Vance, \$40." This was during the season of 1845-6.

Here are some not uninteresting items from the prompter's book:

"Monday, June 22, 1846.—Ninth week of the season, and first night of the engagement of Mr. J. B. Booth.

"Mr. Booth was suffering under the effects of previous intoxication, and could not get through the part ('Iron Chest' was the piece) without being hissed. Mr. Smith explained to the audience the circumstances and announced his engagement was then and there terminated."

A little further on we read:

"June 24.—Mr. Booth, at the request of the public generally, re-engaged by the management."

Then for night we quote: "Full and enthusiastic houses," "brilliant receptions," "Mr. Booth electrified the throng present."

Looking on we see more complaints.

"'Follies of a Night,' 'Merchant of Venice'—Mr. Tom Placide absent at rehearsal; piece delayed in consequence. As regards Mr. Placide, could I not prevail upon the management (if they do exact forfeits) to make a lump job of it with him at the end of the season, thereby securing his name from exposure so very often, and relieving me from making use of it in so bad a cause?"

Endorsed on this is:

"The prompter may hereafter omit writing Mr. P.'s name in the book. Let the prompter at Mobile take his turn.

"LUDLOW & SMITH, Managers."

Next we meet a familiar name to all. The prompter writes "Messrs. Joe Jefferson, English and Fredericks reported as being very noisy in their dressing-rooms. This is becoming a common thing and requires notice."

There were two French theatres, one in St. Peters street, and another in St. Philip street, near Royal, which were in operation from 1808 to 1811. At the latter period, Mr. John Davis, a French *émigré* from St. Domingo, built the Orleans theatre, on the square, now partly occupied by the First District Court, near the Catholic Cathedral, and the adjoining court buildings, and engaged in Paris the first regular Opera Company that ever came into this country. The enterprise proved a highly successful one, and upon the death of Mr. John Davis the management of the theatre devolved upon his son, Mr. Pierre Davis (now residing in France), by whom it was most ably conducted during a period of over twenty-five years. It was under his management that those twin stars of the Parisian theatrical world, Mmes. Fanny Ellsler and



SWAMP SCENE
NEAR NEW ORLEANS

RAAURICENT

Damoreau, were first seen and heard in New Orleans, and that the great master-pieces of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Donizetti, Herold, Mozart, Spontini and Mehul became familiar as household words to the highly-refined audiences which crowded the small but elegant and comfortable Opera House, which, after the one originally erected by Mr. John Davis had been burnt down, was rebuilt next year.

Mr. Varney, the author of "Le Chant des Girondins," and afterwards leader of "Les Bouffes Parisiens," the late Eugene Prevost, Mr. John, and since the war Mons. E. Calabresi, have successively wielded the *baton* of leader of the orchestra.

In 1859, Mr. Chas. Boudousquié having some years before succeeded Mr. Davis as manager of the Orleans theatre, the building was bought at the judicial sale of the estate of John McDonough by Mr. Parlange, who failed to agree with Mr. Boudousquié as to the lease of the theatre, whereupon a new company was formed, and the present splendid edifice on Bourbon street was built by Messrs. Gallier & Esterbrook, architects for the Opera House Association.

It was upon the boards of this theatre that the charming Adelina Patti made her *debut* in Meyerbeer's "Pardon de Plœrmel." There, too, the dying notes of another great Italian artist, Madame Frezzolini, were heard just upon the eve of the great civil war, which, shortly after, led to the temporary suspension of all the theatrical enterprises in New Orleans.

On the return of peace, a French strolling company, under Mr. Marcelin Alhaiza, proving highly successful, a number of subscribers furnished him at the close of the season with the means of engaging a complete dramatic and operatic company. The result was most unfortunate, Mr. Marcelin Alhaiza having died on the eve of his company's departure from France, and the latter being shipwrecked and lost on the steamer in which they had taken passage from New York to this port.

Mr. Paul Alhaiza, the brother of the deceased manager, collected a few artists who had remained here, and engaged some of the members of another strolling company whose performances at the old Orleans theatre had been brought to a close in 1867, by the burning of that edifice. In 1868, he attempted, in partnership with Mr. Calabresi, to revive the opera, but the attempt proving unsuccessful, a new Opera House Association was formed, composed of leading capitalists and merchants of this city, by whom the opera house was purchased, and liberal provision was made for the engagement of a first-class opera company. Mr. E. Calabresi was by them appointed manager and leader, at a very high salary, but although he succeeded in engaging two or three singers, of talent and reputation, such as Michot, Castelmarty and Dumestre, most of the other artist brought over by him proved lamentably deficient, and after two seasons the members of the Opera House Association found themselves in debt after having expended the whole of their capital, and were therefore compelled to go into liquidation.

This happened at the close of the season of 1871-2, when Mr. Placide Canonge—a distinguished Creole journalist and playwright, who had already given evidence of his tact and good taste in the selection of a dramatic company for the old Orleans theatre, obtained quite late in the summer, a lease of the Opera House for the winter of 1872-3. Since then the Opera House has had varying fortunes, has been open one year and closed the next, but it has always been as fashionable and popular.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE CITY'S LUNGS.

THE SQUARES AND PUBLIC PLACES—MEMORIES THAT CLING AROUND THE OLD PLACE
D'ARMES—LAKESIDE RESORTS—SPANISH FORT AND WEST END.

1728.—THE PLACE D'ARMES.

In a shallow, stagnant pool, covered with green slime, stood a few tall cypresses and sycamores, their few scant limbs burthened with pendant moss, hanging and swinging with the breeze, telling of a former reign of savageness. In the centre were a few stunted, sickly cedars of European parentage whose appearance showed that they were not yet acclimated to this land. Around the square were planted short wooden pickets, leaning in every direction, and forming an accidental *chevaux de frise*; facing it a little brick church, whose diminutive steeple was yet high enough to look over the little huts and cabins congregated around it. Next to the church was a long, low, rambling and rickety house of two stories; around the upper one a wide gallery, supported by huge, log-like pillars.

On either wing of the square, set back behind neat little gardens, were the dwellings of the burghers. Some were pretentious villas of two stories, with galleries and porticos out of all proportion to the house; some of mere rough logs, not even cut into shape, but rounded off in a rude style by being charred and burned, the cracks between the logs filled up with river mud.

On the levee front stood in drunken, uneven ranks, some even ruder huts than these houses of old planks, full of holes and cracks, both in the sides and roofs, through which issued in all directions the smoke that, finding no legitimate exit, took any path that led to heaven. A strong smell of fish cooking for some trapper's dinner perfumed the air, together with a smell equally strong of their brothers cast away as "not good," or left lying in the mud-holes around the levee by the recent fall of the river.

Notwithstanding these little inconveniences and the loud guttural serenade of the frogs, the square was filled with people, all talking in a violent manner, arguing, gesticulating, contradicting.

Amidst this babel, a fleet of odd-looking boats rounded the point, and in a few minutes shot into the mud lagoons that lay between the levee and the summer bed of the river. As these neared the shore, a score or so of men leaped from them into the oozy mud, clambered up the levee, whilst a dozen or so more strove to get the boats nearer to the shore, where a long plank might offer an easier landing than this muddy walk.

This landing created a considerable stir. The most tempting display of goods by the peddlers in their narrow booths on the levee could no longer detain the citizens. They crowded around the new arrivals, following them closely into the square.

Most of the new comers were strong, athletic-looking men, with heavy mustaches of light hue, and all the appearance of Teutons. They were led by two men, one white, one Indian. The white man was hyperbolically tall, thin and yellow; his cheeks were sunken, his nose a monstrous aquiline, and his small twinkling eyes, which were crossed, had a melancholy look in them, which, with other circumstances made him a perfect picture of Don Quixote, "the Knight of the sorrowful countenance." Over his long waving locks he wore a broad-brimmed hat; upon his boots, a pair of eight-inch Mexican spurs, dangling and jingling as if he were a General. As he strode forward with long spasmodic steps, a universal viva for "Baby" broke from the people. It was "Baby," the military dancing master of Louisiana, the hero of a thousand fights, who brought the awful news of the massacre of the French settlers at Natchez and the advance of the Indians on New Orleans.

The crowd rapidly dispersed, some to barricade their houses, some to get their guns, some to spread the alarm. In a few minutes the crowd had returned, the men being armed.

Though the martinet would have smiled at this curiously arrayed army, it was not one to be despised in an Indian war. There was the crack company of Canadians, who had fought in the North with the mighty Mohawks and Sioux, and each man of whom could pick off an Indian every time he could load his gun—a tedious half an hour operation. A dozen or so half-breeds and Indians were in the troop, who could have paddled this lilliputian army through the lakes, bayous and swamps that make a spider-web of Lower Louisiana. There a renegado, who had seen the wildest times, learned all evil, and feasted and caroused in the Spanish main with the buccaneers and filibusters of the Caribbean Sea.

These men were drawn up in five companies, each company consisting of from fifty to sixty men. The captains were the most popular men of the colony, issuing their orders, each in his own style. One was a blacksmith of the city, of great popularity and importance; the next, a man whose name still lingers in the street romances of Paris, as the boldest robber of the city, and who was glad to exchange his official position in the Bagne at Toulon for this new and wild world; the next, an old soldier who had fought at Pultowa with the Swedish Alexander, and who was vainly striving to instill the principles of military science into the heads of this undisciplined horde. The Captain of the last company was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. He had been a nobleman of the highest rank and fortune at the court of Louis XIV, but a "*lettre de cachet*" had taken his fortune away, and sent him to this wild land. The other company was one of negroes, armed with pikes, sticks and knives, and truly their commander could say of them, as Falstaff said of his men: "There is but a shirt and a half to all the company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together," without hyperbole. The whole town had by this time collected to witness this display. There a pretty Acadian or Canadian girl, with a smile as heavenly as Evangeline's, who had come here with her husband, at the King's request—i. e., command. Here, a group of wrinkled, elderly women, the wives and mothers of the colony, whose hardened, brazened faces bore evidence of the evil life they had led, and the trade and profession they had followed before the government sent them to the colony on a venture. Side by side stood groups of negroes, squaws, and light mulatto girls. But few children were present; the children did not seem to thrive, and most of the exported women reached New Orleans after they had arrived at the grand climateric of fifty.

"To the ramparts!" cried the Governor, and the troops and militia filed slowly out of the square, followed by the crowd, to the slow music of a broken drum.

1769—THE PARADE.

The square was now a broad, open, uncovered place, with stunted grass of a sombre gray growing in odd and scattered spots and irregular figures upon its surface, giving it the appearance of some old housewife's counterpane, made up of all her odds and ends. A rather neat, though plain, wooden fence surrounded it, of fresh, new cypress, as yet unacquainted with either paint or whitewash.

In front stared the same old quiet church, a little the worse for age. By its side a rather pretentious, though low brick building of the most alarming white, with a picturesque roof of new red and yellow tiles. Upon the left of the church, slightly back of the street, stood a pretty villa-like house, half hidden behind the trees, cut and shaved in curious *outré* shapes, in mild imitation of the wonders of Versailles.

In front, bound to the levee by a ponderous wooden draw-bridge, floated a tall three-decked galleon, her poop rising high into the air, adorned with fanciful wood-carving and painted in the gaudiest colors. From her masts and ropes, amid which a hundred jolly tars clung and leaped, waved a thousand flags. Above them all, with its golden castles and red lions waved the proud banner of Spain. Further out in the stream lay a dozen brothers to this vessel, alike in everything.

In the square a large number of persons were collected. There a follower of the ancient regime, with powdered hair and queue tied up in brilliant ribbons, with silk and gold-flowered coat and long vest; upon the coat cuffs frills and lace that had been washed by some divine blanchisseuse.

By his side a long sword, highly ornamented in inlaid gold and silver frosted work.

Leaning upon his arm appeared his lady in thick brocaded gown and rich head-dress, her long robe trailing half-a-mile behind, from her broad, immensely swollen hoop petticoat; her charms slightly heightened by rouge and half a dozen other cosmetics, *en règle* at that time.

Nobody seemed to be in a joyous mood; no laughing was heard and but little whispering, and that was in a solemn tone. Every now and then the names of Lafrénère, Marquis, Milhet, Noyan and Caresse were murmured, and the speaker would then turn to gaze at a group of men in the centre of the square. This group which stood alone, was composed of five men, dressed in the ordinary attire of the colony, but with their arms tied behind them, and their hands chained together with handcuffs.

The first of these was a tall, majestic, fine-looking man, his hair slightly gray, but his undimmed eye showing spirit, ambition and knowledge. This was Lafrénère, the Tribune of Louisiana. Beside him stood a very young man upon whose chin a beard had hardly yet appeared; his face was calm and delicate, his nose straight, his every feature told of Normandy and noble birth. The next was of middle size, with heavy yellow beard and moustaches; his figure straight and erect, bearing all the appearance of an old and professional soldier of fortune—a Swiss. On his right stood a short, stout, red-faced gentleman who, though dressed in powdered wig and knee-breeches, bore all the signs and tokens of a merchant. The last man was tall and well built, with very dark complexion, his thick hair hanging in long loose locks over his shoulders. They were the five rebels, who had not yet been murdered like Villeré. Before them stood a long line of grenadiers; on their right a troop of mounted dragoons; near the gate the artillery with some fifty long, slender guns, with their names "Carlos," "Guerra," "Maria," on their sides in high raised letters, and ornamented with many a scene of war, or dragons belching fire, or griffins devouring men.

At the head of these men stood, with his arms folded and his head slightly bowed, as if in thought, a man in the prime of life. His face was slightly reddened and sunburnt, but though his body was hidden in the uniform of Spain, and his face in "the shadowy livery of the burnished sun," the merest glance revealed him to be an Irishman, the famous "General Count O'Reilly," Governor, by appointment, of Louisiana.

By his side stood all his staff officers, and by them half a dozen men, attired in yellow, green and purple, bearing heavy silver maces in their hands.

A fire was burning to the left of the prisoners; half a dozen negroes appeared with their arms full of books, which they handed to a tall and very black negro, who threw them, one by one, into the fire, while a little old man, in rusty black gown, walked around, crying in a loud voice: "This, the memorial of the planters of Louisiana, is, by order of his Excellency, Don Alexander O'Reilly, thus publicly burnt, for containing the following rebellious and atrocious doctrines:

'Liberty is the mother of commerce and population. Without liberty there are but few virtues.'"

As the smoke ascended from the last copy, the little crier ran around the square chanting, amidst the solemn silence of the people the order, "Whereas, Nicholas Chauvin de Lafrénère, Pierre Marquis, Joseph Milhet, Jean Baptiste Noyan and Pierre Caresse, have been found guilty; they are ordered to be shot for high treason committed against his Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain."

A grenadier stepped forward, offering to bind their eyes. Lafrénère waved him aside "No," cried he, a haughty smile passing over his face; "think you we are afraid to look on death," and turning around to the citizens he waved his hand in adieu, and said: "Farewell, fellow-citizens! The cry of liberty is already heard; it will be crowned with victory." He had barely

finished, when the crier again stepped forward and cried : " In consequence of his youth, Don Alexander O'Reilly, Governor of Louisiana, spares Monsieur de Noyan." " No," cried the beardless young man, " with my comrades I fought ; with them I die."

" Are you ready?" cried the Spanish captain. " Ready? Yes; always ready, and if we do not order the fire ourselves, it is because you are not soldiers, but assassins." A platoon of dragoons wheeled around, and leveled their guns—a sudden flash—and ere the report had echoed through the square, the five had fallen, sending up to heaven, amidst the fire and smoke which hovered around them, and whilst the death rattle was even then choking their breath, a last cry of "*Vive la Louisiane!*"

JACKSON SQUARE.—1815.

A cold blast blew through the square, the leaves shrivelled up and dropped from the trees—from all save two mighty, far-spreading sycamores, standing near the wide wooden gateway.

But, though nature was asleep, New Orleans was not. The square was covered with all colors, all races, all ages, in holiday attire and smiling faces, save here and there a dress of black and an eye glistening with tears. From the balconies of the Town Hall, and Parsonage opposite, looked down the Creole belles of our city; the bow-windows and tessellated roofs of all the surrounding houses were crowded, and even the trees were peopled by the *gamins*—all gazing with eager eyes to see some expected show.

The old Cathedral was burnished up in splendid style, its whole front wreathed in hanging evergreens. In the open place in the centre of the square stood a tall arch of triumph, supported by six Corinthian pillars, around which curled long, creeping parasites of evergreens, with roses, lilies and jasmines creeping from beneath their folds. Beneath this arbor stood two little girls, in white muslin dresses, radiant in many-colored ribbons. From this to the Cathedral door, extended on either side a long line of evergreens, upheld by golden lances, from each of which floated a flag embroidered with the emblazoned arms and motto of a sovereign state. Beside each banneret stood, as guardian, a fair Creole, upon her forehead a silver star, over her arm a basket filled with blooming flowers.

Upon the other side, leading to the levee, stood two long ranks of soldiers; upon the right hand, a company of mulattoes. Next to them, a body of Choctaw Indians, plumed, painted and blanketed as usual. Opposite these stood a set of rough-looking men, with long, unwashed faces, and scraggy, unshaven beards, arrayed in dirty woolen hunting-shirts of dingy blue and brown, and pants of butternut or grass-green color. Upon their heads, fur caps, adorned with bushy tails that told of raccoon and squirrel hunts in the wilds of Kentucky or Tennessee; in their rough, untanned deer-skin belts rows of knives, pistols and tomahawks, and on their shoulders their trusty rifles, no two alike in length, size or make.

Suddenly a roar of cannon on the levee echoed through the square, the boys on the tree-tops shouted, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the soldiers brightened up, and strove, in vain, to assume military attitudes, and change the look of pleasure on their faces to one of duty and importance, as a group of half a dozen men entered the levee gate.

The first man who entered was a tall, gaunt, sallow, old man with iron-gray hair; his face was beardless and wrinkled, and an expression of severity and sternness gave it a forbidding aspect. His dress was simple, almost threadbare; a leather cap protected his head, an old blue cloak his body. A single glance revealed Andrew Jackson. Though different in dress, his form and face were the same which in bronze to-day look down upon and protect the square, so very like, that it seems as if, in imitation of the commander in Don Giovanni, the old General might have dismounted from his horse, and having changed his clothes, come here to revel in old memories. By his side stood a man as tall, though stouter than he, a man of herculean frame, dressed in the rudest border style. It could be none but Coffee.

By their side walked Col. Patterson, a stout, compact, melancholic man, in neat undress naval uniform.

As they walked up these human aisles, cheers on cheers went up in endless succession, deafening the very cannon, and shocking the air as if with an aerial earthquake. They neared the arch, the General stopped, the two little girls, mounted on tip-toe, removed his cap, and dropped a laurel wreath upon his brow, which blushed a rosy red beneath its weather-beaten sallowness.

A young lady, glowing with all the beauty of this sunny clime, holding in her hand a banner, bearing the proud name of Louisiana, stepped forward, and in that name welcomed "the hero of New Orleans." The old soldier's face brightened; some fairy hands smoothed down the wrinkles on his brow, and in a trembling voice he had commenced, "Ladies of Louisiana," when each of the young ladies drew handfuls of flowers from their baskets and drowned the General in a floral rain. Again this singular group marched forward amidst this carnival of flowers. As they mounted the Cathedral steps, another cheer, another halt. Around them crowd the Battalion d'Orleans, each a hero of the war who had spent his Christmas and New Year amidst the marshes of Chalmette, carrying in the muzzle of his gun a bouquet, the trophy given by some fond wife or sweetheart. There in the gateway stood the Chasseurs, the Louisiana Blues, the Hulans, the Carbineers. On the steps were all the dignitaries of the town, Governor Claiborne, the Mayor Girod, the Captains Plache, White, St. Gene and Gibert, with Livingstone, Ghrymes, Dussau de la Croix, Villeré, etc. But in the centre of the door stood the cynosure of all eyes, the Abbé Dubourg, clad in all the splendor of his canonical robes, and surrounded by a college of his priests. As the General approached, he stepped forward and said, "Gladly do we welcome the hero of Chalmette—gladly do we tender him our thanks; but a greater than he guided his sword and directed his counsels. Let us sing forth His praise." As his words died away, the Te Deum broke forth in all its majesty, and lights of all colors, red, white and blue, shone from every window, making the street bright with artificial day.

SPANISH FORT.

The traditions of the old Spanish fort embrace the whole history of the foundation and settlement of New Orleans. Beginning with the landing of Bienville at the mouth of the bayou which he named St. Jean, and his resting with his wearied followers on the high ground on which the remnant of the fort now stands, preparatory to his ascent of the bayou, in pursuit of the shortest line between Lake Pontchartrain and the Mississippi river, and tracing down through the century and a half which have since passed, the most vivid and interesting incidents of that history will be found to group around this old fort. It was indeed the initial point of Bienville's great enterprise. His ambition could not be satisfied with the feeble and discouraging efforts made by the first settlers at East Biloxi, now Ocean Springs. He was not of the nature to sit quietly down and await starvation in that poor and desolate spot, when the banks of the Mississippi and the high lands of the bayous flowing from it were so easily attainable. And so, selecting the most active and enterprising of his followers, he worked his way in barges to and through the Bayou St. John and discovered an easy passage to the high grounds, within a mile and a half of the main current of the Mississippi. It was here the first huts were erected of the future great city. When the decline of the river within its banks opened to settlement the rich plain of the alluvion, it was occupied with a thin line of huts which then, reversing the present contour of the city, extended at right angles from the river to the bayou. It was through the bayou all the travel and commerce of the little settlement was conducted. The only ports with which such communications were then maintained were those of the Bay of St Louis and Biloxi, where the parent colonies still lingered in a depleted and half-starved condition, awaiting relief from old France. A brilliant success crowned the design of Bienville, and the settlement developed into quite a pretentious town under him and his French successors. And when, as a result of European wars and entanglements, France lost her hold upon her colony, and Spain assumed dominion, it cannot be denied that her governors proved fully equal to the task of completing and, indeed, expanding the scope of Bienville's enterprise. Those old Spanish governors were

really great men. They had their bigotries and their inordinate pride and hauteur, but they were also men of large views, of great energy and a high sense of duty to their nation and their offices.

No greater names can be found in our history than those of De Ulloa, Galvez and Carondelet. Even O'Reilly, accused for his cruelties to the old French settlers and Creoles, was a vigorous and faithful protector and promoter of the interests and prosperity of the colony. It was De Ulloa who directed and executed the building of the Fort St. John, of which the foundations and walls now remain, inclosing the hotel and promenade grounds, to which the people of New Orleans now resort for enjoyment and recreation. He was the same who, as Vice-Regent of Mexico, designed the powerful fortress which defends the entrance to the harbor of Vera Cruz and which was named after him. Carondelet conceived and accomplished the still greater enterprise of constructing the canal from the head of Bayou St. John to the Old Basin, for so long a period the central locality of the old city.

During the Spanish dominion the fort at the mouth of the bayou was kept in good condition and repair and well fortified. It was regarded as the principal protection of the city against any sudden assault and raid of the Indians or of the pirates who then abounded in the Gulf of Mexico, and frequently raided the young colonies which could be reached by their cruisers. Thus the old fort was always garrisoned and held ready to defend the only practicable approach to the city at that time.

After both Spanish and French dominions had ceased in Louisiana, and the stars and stripes waved over the old structure of De Ulloa, Andrew Jackson and his staff, hurrying from Pensacola and Mobile, after the brilliant campaign against the Creek Indians and the conquest of Florida, found the Spanish Fort, with its very ancient guns in position and an effective garrison of artillerymen, prepared to repel an invader far more formidable than the Indians and freebooters of the Spanish main. The British cruisers were then engaged in a close survey of all the approaches to the city, preparatory to the great expedition which had been long contemplated against it, and which, a few months subsequently, met with so disastrous a conclusion.

Jackson and his staff reached the old fort in schooners and barges, bringing their horses with them. Coffee's brigade of mounted riflemen had been sent by land around the lakes to join the little army then concentrating in New Orleans.

Stopping long enough to receive the salutations of the garrison of the old fort, Jackson ordered his staff to saddle up, and quickly mounting, the little party proceeded by the narrow pathway along the ridge upon which the railway now runs toward the settlement at the head of the bayou. Here he was received by the late Kelly Smith, then a Federal officer in the city, was refreshed with a generous collation, after partaking of which the General and staff remounted their horses, proceeded along the Bayou Road as far as the junction with Esplanade street. Here he was met by the Governor, the Mayor, the State and city officials, and the notabilities of our population, and welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the keys of the city intrusted to his care and all its resources placed at his command.

How he fulfilled this trust and justified this confidence is familiar to all readers of history.

Returning to the old fort's history, alas! that we should have to record an incident of the sad and uncontrollable grief and insubordination of the veteran warrior of Vinegar Hill and first lieutenant of the garrison, who, during the great battle of the eighth of January, 1815, became so disgusted with the inaction of the garrison and his exclusion from all the *gaudia certaminis* of actual conflict with "the bloody Red Coats," that with a few of his countrymen he stole out of the fort and tramped through the swamps to the field of Chalmette, alas! too late to participate in its glories, but not too late to gloat over the gory spectacle exhibited by the field which had been swept by Jackson's artillery and musketry, and to join in the loud huzzas that rung along the American lines as Pakenham's grand army melted away in the distance.

Forty years ago the old Spanish Fort had become the private lakeside residence of a wealthy Frenchman named Millaudon. He was a man of large ideas, considerable enterprise and some-

what addicted to hobbies. He had two favorite hobbies. The one was his sugar plantation, now cultivated by the Ames brothers, on the other side of the river just above Gretna. On this plantation Mr. Millaudon expended many thousands of dollars in experimenting with every new mechanical invention for the manufacture and refining of sugar and the distillation of rum. It was always a mystery how any resources could stand the drain imposed by Mr. Millaudon for the gratification of this ambition. But it was well known that the yield of every season during his cultivation of this plantation with at least 300 slaves, exhibited a large loss on the cost and the expense incurred by the owner in his experimenting with every new mechanical invention proposed to him, so that after many years he had accumulated a mass of machinery which had failed in executing its purposes, for the material of which he was offered \$40,000 by a thrifty ironmonger.

The other pet hobby of Mr. Millaudon was his lake residence at the mouth of Bayou St. John, built on the foundation of the old fort. Here he made large investments in protecting the site from the constant overflows of the lake and the abrasion of the levee, planting trees and laying out a garden, until it had become quite a pleasant place for family sojourn during the summer. Mr. Millaudon or his family did not long enjoy the pleasures of this lakeside residence, and receiving a large offer for it as a hotel by certain capitalists interested in a shell road, which had become a popular drive for our fashionable and wealthy people, said road meandering through the swamp with the course of the bayou, Mr. Millaudon sold his farm-house or villa for a hotel. It passed into the management of the Elkin Club, which kept a very delightful table. All the politicians, the great merchants and lovers of luxury were wont to resort to Elkins for a good time. This epoch in the history of the old fort was not of long duration. The Club was given up, and for many years, with a few spasmodic efforts to revive its ancient glories, the fort was abandoned and almost forgotten by our people.

At last a vigorous effort was made by the company, which constructed the railroad known as the Spanish Fort road, to restore its fortunes. This object had been reached and the fort was beginning to be a very attractive resort, when the company became involved in financial troubles and its enterprising constructors were compelled to bring their property to the block, and lost large sums thereby, and the Messrs. Schwarz became the purchasers, under whose management the place again became one of the most agreeable lakeside resorts in the country.

THE WEST END.

For many years there was no such drive as the new shell road, no such beautiful canal as the new canal, nor was there anywhere on the lake so capacious and elegant a hotel as that erected by the Canal Bank, at the terminus. Oh! what glorious dinners, what grand frolics, what unbounded jollity were wont to reign at that universally popular and fashionable hostelry. For a long time this superiority over all other resorts was kept up, but after the war the hotel was burned, the New Canal fell into other hands, the shell road was neglected and ceased to be an agreeable drive, and the glory of old Dan Hickok departed.

Then the City Railroad started its enterprise for the extension of its road from the terminus at the cemeteries to the lake, obtained a charter to run dummies from Canal street to the lake, along the canal, and completed and furnished its road in fine style, so that in a very short time it re-established the old popularity of the New Lake, and was encouraged by a large and constant patronage, which it held for several years. But, finally, it encountered great loss and damage by the great tempest, of several years ago, which broke up the revetment and swept away all the houses which had been erected along the shore. This furnished the opportunity to the Spanish Fort road, of which they made good use. But the old company set to work to repair these damages, and under the attractive name of West End, and by an expenditure of over a hundred thousand dollars restored the ancient glories and re-established the popularity of this resort.

CHAPTER XVI.—CREOLE NEW ORLEANS.

THE LOUISIANA CREOLES—THEIR HOMES AND MANNER OF LIVING—THE CREOLE POETRY
—THE REFUGEES FROM SAN DOMINGO.

Down in the neighborhood of the old Cathedral, where Chartres street, buzzing and lazily bustling, widens out into the broad, green smile of a public square, there are queer little alleyways piercing from one street to another, running by the cool Cathedral closes. The mother church bends defiant front to the white glare of the river, to the innovation of shrill steam-car whistles, that would cry down the deep bay and growl of her bells, but cannot; and away from the church into the narrow alley falls grateful shadow, in which a beggar or two makes monotonous moans for unexpected aims. A hot rush of wind from the river, sweetened by filtration through the rose patches of the big square, comes down into the shadowy alley, rattling the green Venetian blinds at the white windows, and whipping at the long curtains of knotted cord hung over certain of the open doorways, just as one may see them in Florence and Rome in the summer time. The signs hereabout are all French, and that of "avocat" seems predominant. Groups of men chattering over their cigarettes interfere with pedestrianism in the alley, and stare with Gallic curiosity and gallantry after every petticoated individual that passes. A priest, in cassock—and he plump and good-tempered, with face shining like a newly-peeled onion—leans laughing against the black balustrade in one of these old French houses.

Just in this neighborhood is a dingy old bookstore; the house of stone, one-storied, musty and damp. Books are piled around the four walls ten feet high, and if one would loiter in this learned den, one must needs stand up to one's reading, for chair or resting-place there is none. The proprietor of this shop has gone abroad. He makes such trips twice or thrice a year. There is plenty of custom for old things in old New Orleans, and sharp buyers from the North, hungry for bargains, snatch greedily for every rare volume, or strange bit of brass, or bronze, or crystal, that finds impoverished way into these old, dirty, second-hand shops.

Try speaking English to any of the dwellers in this neighborhood and one is answered in the carressing accents and delicious dialect that makes so large a part of the charm of Cable's books.

There can be no place in America quite like old New Orleans. One who has seen them, can never quite forget the gray stone-arched entrances to the old courtyards, and the houses wrinkled with age and with dusty dormer windows blinking down like faded, aged eyes over which a growth of golded rod leans like a monstrous bushy eyebrow. A wild tangle of vines grows in most of these dark courtyards, some of which are given over to complete decay; others, however, being trimly neat and pretty as the homes of prosperous French people invariably are.

Many of the shops contain odd wares. In a house whose round upper windows, covered interiorly with white blinds, look precisely like sleeping eyes, is a music shop. Songs in the windows are French; the master stands within, humming a gay little chansonette, and a curious gray old print, representing a concert in a monastery, gathers a laughing crowd at the show window.

Next door in the jeweler's shop, among the odds and ends, is an exquisite Venetian gondola, done in filagree silver, with gondoliers and all complete.

The down-town people of the poorer localities are great lovers of potted flowers and singing birds. Some streets are fine with color, owing to the brilliant red masses of geraniums that blossom boldly in defiance of the hottest sun; and many a tiny bit of iron gallery jutting in

curious fashion out of some tall window is transformed into the coolest of arbors by looped-up cypress vines, which lay their long fingers on everything they can reach.

Here seed dealers do a brisk business in mignonnette, morning glory and pansy seeds, while the flower dealers over at the market hard by can, on Sunday mornings, hardly supply the demand for pots of purple Marguerites and pink China asters.

In this French town everything is so widely different from things in new New Orleans. Here the mover's cart is but seldom seen; in a strange, un-American way the people are deeply rooted, and many talk of their ancestry or posterity. Many a young matron lives in the house her great-grandmother occupied, and the passer-by making excursions down some of those long, narrow streets, where there is a hazy perspective of red-tiled roofs tangled together or strung one to the other by freighted clotheslines, has now and again glimpses of quaint interiors. Cool, red sanded floors, quaint spindle-legged dressing tables, cabinets positively antique, rich with carvings, and black with age, mosaic tables pieced together long before the grand mosaic of these United States was half designed, and over the tall, high and narrow mantel shelves with their heavy cornices and mimic Corinthian columns, reared about an absurdly small bit of a fireplace, gigantic vases of Sevres, odd bits of Bohemian ware, bottles and absinthe glasses. In these stiff, straight up and down brick mansions with solid green shutters, damp courtyards and corridors, like the tunnels of the catacombs, the occupants come and go in generations.

So long have they been in possession, undisturbed by agents or repairers, that the younger members of the family are almost sure that the "landlord" living beyond the sea is but a myth, and the rental faithfully forwarded at the close of each month is but a sad waste of money.

Sometimes in the wedge of light streaming in between the bowed wooden shutters one can see a neat old French lady—a Madame of a style at least fifty years out of date, rocking back and forth. She is brown, slim of build, and with a fine aquiline face; and she has great glittering, barbaric hoops of gold in her old ears. She wears a thin, short gown of cross-barred nainsook—now-a-days such gowns are worn by her great-grand-children and called "Mother Hubbards." She is a quaint, sharp, knowing and talkative old French Mother Hubbard, rocking away in the high-backed wooden chair which contrasts illy with the mahogany dressing-cases and oaken sideboard.

Sauntering down one of the side streets, we glance into *porte cochères* that reveal vistas of beautiful quadrangular gardens, ivy-clad walls, bubbling, sparkling fountains. Stairways lead to galleries, upon which open salons whose proportions dwarf Queen Anne cottage parlors into doll-house apartments. The lower floors, still reserved for business, once the scene of fashion's barter, are now the resort for those in search of oddities in goods and trades.

Placards—"Chambres garnies" dangle from long twines tied to hanging balconies, the point of juncture hidden by vines that swing over the railing to catch upon other twines stretched tautly to upper window-sills. Behold their greenery, geraniums blaze and bloom in their improvised beds, as brightly and blithely as if rooted upon spacious lawns.

Windows with contents sacred and secular advertise the stock of interiors near the old French Cathedral. Slate pencils and rosaries, candles and slates, tape and missals, perhaps, one window devoted to those lugubrious tributes to the departed, black and white beads, wreaths and baskets of all sizes and qualities, interspersed with boxes of the tiny nails which fashion them to the tombs. Passing by the Cathedral gardens we join the constant stream of the devout and enter the ancient pile.

A qui yacen los restos
Dn. Andres Almonaster y Roxas,

is inscribed upon the tomb of the builder, born in Andalusia to die in New Orleans on April 26, 1798, aged twenty-three years. Tinted sunbeams steal in through the lofty lunettes of stained glass. Holy men look down from the spandrels upon the devotees before the shrine to Our

Lady of Lourdes. Tributes of gratitude for her mercy and grace hang thick upon the wall, varying from the tiny print to handsome vases and tablets.

LA BELLE CREOLE.

Modest and retired, with but little attempt at architectural ornament, the Creole's home is nevertheless his most sacred possession, about which cluster his most endearing memories and fondest hopes.

Handed down from father to son, and always inhabited by persons of similar tastes and education, these old Creole homes have undergone only such changes as the needs of successive occupants demanded, leaving their original design without material alteration. The old trees—venerable centenarians—still stand where they were planted by the founders of the homestead. Here are still the same expansive patterns of quaintly-shaped beds, with centre-piece of curiously clipped pittisporum, and borders of sweet violets, where bloom in succession the old-fashioned jonquils, lilies and amaryllis, and where the fragrant myrtle and cape jessamine maintain their ground against the newer favorite of more modern gardens.

Winds, dews and sunshine indeed seem to have leagued with each generation, as it came, against such influences as would mar the beauties of the old homestead, or steal from the revered demesne any of its wealth of flower or foliage, or in any way disturb the peaceful harmony of form and color which have been so pleasantly preserved in the long lapse of years.

And so the charming old Creole homestead comes down to its occupants of to-day, one of the few memorials of olden times, worth preserving, that have been well preserved. So many pleasant things cluster about its rooms and galleries and gardens that one wonders if there be any nook or corner wherein to stow a new one. There comes a time, however, during the warm summer months, when an added charm is bestowed upon the old homestead, a charm that casts over it a spell like that of enchantment.

The pretty Creole maiden born to it some dozen happy years before, returns from the convent where she had gone for her education, to spend the summer vacation at home. Although she may not have crossed the flowery borders of young maidenhood, one can realize the fascination slumbering in her dark eyes, as their fringed lids droop over them, softening, but not diminishing their brilliance. Her petite figure is formed with the grace and lightness of a fairy, and her voice is as musical as the song of a bird. Of course the little Creole maiden takes kindly to music. She has been as it were cradled in song. It is mother's milk to her. Her earliest lullabies were operative airs. She comes of a musical family, and, would be untrue to its traditions if she were not a lover of the *art musical*. She is fond of the flowers of every hue that decorate the old garden-walks, which in their delicate loveliness seem akin to her, and of the feathered songsters of the woodlands, who cease their song to listen to hers.

Although the Creole maiden is naturally merry and vivacious, there is none of that wild rompishness about her for which others of the same age, but of different training, are often distinguished. Though at the sound of her voice Sisypus would rest upon his stone and pause to listen, there is none of that boisterous merriment which in other households defy the rules of etiquette and the frowns of mothers. And yet at all the merry-makings of the neighborhood demoiselle seems at the summit of girlish felicity. In the gay parties given her as she is about to return to her studies in the convent—the feast which ushers in the fast—she is the merriest of all the demoiselles assembled.

A year or two elapses—probably more, as fortune smiles or frowns upon the family. One day there comes into this old Creole homestead, with its oasis of verdure, a young girl, pretty as its flowers, happy as its birds. It is our little demoiselle of the vacation. She has finished her education at the convent, and enjoyed a brief but gay season at home or with some of her schoolmates. Orange blossoms shine like stars in the midnight of her hair, and a single rose-bud

nestles in the white wonder of her bosom. She returns to her home with the benedictions of Holy Church, a Creole bride.

Travel where you will, you will not meet with one so fair, so fresh, so smiling, so graceful, merry and easily contented as she. See her once, whether in the happy family circle or in the dancing throng, and it is a picture framed in memory undimmed forever.

Of course here is at once one of the brightest names on the illuminated page of society. In accordance with the law and custom of her peculiar circle, she selects her acquaintances and makes up her list of visiting friends, and is fastidious in her selection. She could not be more so if the destinies of the republic were at stake. None but the select are to be found at her receptions, and to be admitted at her reunions is a much coveted honor. All the surroundings of her home, even down to the little bits of porcelain of rare "*Faïence de Diane de Poitiers*"—the heirlooms of honored ancestors—are *comme il faut*, elegant and refined. Her days are passed in fêtes and entertainments of every description.

Is the fair Creole bride given over to the gauds and fripperies of fashionable life? Nay. The brighter parts of her character, which shine with increasing lustre with each passing year, have had their source in another school. Her unbounding generosity, her true nobility of thought and feeling, her courage and her truth, her pure, unsullied thought, her untiring charities, her devotion to parents and friends, her sympathy with sorrow, her kindness to her inferiors, her dignified simplicity—where could these have been learned save at the altars of her faith? And as the family increases does the Creole matron give up her pleasant receptions and *bals dansants*? And has the fashionable world only left to it a memory and a tear for what was so brilliant and *recherché*? Not so. Not for her the recluse life of the household cypher or the nursery drudge—

"Retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in the noonday grove."

She unites the duties of home with the pleasures of social life. Her graceful influence is felt in both, pleasantly reminding one of the orange tree of her own sunny groves, which bears in its beautiful foliage in the same month the golden fruit of maturity with the fair blossoms of its spring.

With all her wealth of maternal affection the Creole matron is not imprisoned in her nursery to be devoured by her children. In them she has renewed her youth. With her maternity

"Another morn
Has risen upon her mid-noon."

Her motherly virtue is her cardinal virtue. Care for her children seems to have contributed indeed to the number and the sensibility of the chords of sympathy and affection.

The Creole matron, however, does not squander upon the infancy of her children all the health necessary to their youth and adolescence, nor does she destroy their sense of gratitude and her own authority, and impair both their constitution and temper by indiscriminate and indiscreet indulgence. She economises her own health and beauty as she adds both to her offspring.

She is all the fonder of what many deem frivolities, because of her children. For them the gay reception, and the graceful dance are pleasant and harmless pastime. In such indulgences her children learn that ease of manner, grace of movement, and the thousand little prettinesses which are so adorable in after years. She has nursed her babies, prepared them for their studies in the convent school, and she thus finishes an important branch of their education which the school books could not furnish.

And thus another belle Creole grows up to womanhood under her loving eye. She is not permitted to form intimacies outside of home.

The watchful care of the Creole matron may be somewhat relaxed as the mind of *demoiselle*

becomes more perfectly formed, but the invisible rein is still held with a firm, though gentle hand.

The Creole matron is the inevitable duenna of the parlor, and the constant attendant chaperone at all public assemblies; an ever-vigilant guide, and protector against aught that may offend the fine feeling, the noble pride, or the generous heart of demoiselle. And when the time comes for *la belle* to marry, she does not trust her own unguided fancies, although she may have read in story books of gallant knights, and had many pleasant dreams of such heroes as live only in the pages of poetry and romance. The Creole matron saves her all the trouble in the perplexing choice of a husband, and manages the whole affair with extreme skill, tact and ability. The preliminaries arranged, the selected husband *in futuro* is invited to the house, the drawing-room cleared of all superfluities, and the couple left to an agreeable tete-a-tete, during which they behave like sensible children and exchange vows and rings. The nuptial mass at the church follows, as there is no breaking of engagements or hearts in Creole etiquette.

The Creole matron grows old, as she does everything else, gracefully. She has not been shaken by the blasts of many passions, or enervated by the stimulants of violent sensations. There is no paled reflex of her youthful warmth in the glance she gives to the past, with its buried joys, or the present, with its all-pervading contentment and happiness.

Although an increased *avoidupois* has added magnificence to her *embonpoint*, and her waltzing days are over, her pretty, well-shaped feet still beat time in unison with the spirit of its music. She is an artiste of conversation, and her *bon mot* is uttered with such natural avoidance of offense, and the arch allusion is so gracefully applied that she gives one the idea of a new use of language, and yet she is a marvelous listener. Her complaisance is ever ready; words come of themselves upon your lips merely from finding themselves so obligingly listened to; and whilst others follow the conversation, it is she who directs it, who seasonably revives it, brings it back from the field from which it has strayed, restores it to others without ostentation, stopping with marvelous tact precisely at the proper point. And the world may not know how much of the stately dignity, the polished ease, the refined elegance that reign supreme in her household is the inspiration of its gay mistress, who remains, in age as in youth, the life and ornament of it.

And so with the snows of many winters on her head and the sunshine of many summers in her heart, surrounded by three or four generations of children, blessing and blessed, the Creole matron is at length gathered to her fathers.

SOME CREOLE SONGS.

Mr. Cable, in his later readings at the North, has given some specimens of the Creole dialect songs, which aroused a great interest in them. The number of these songs is almost without limit, but the following are a few of the most ancient and popular among them:

Z'autres qu'a di moin, ca yon bonheur;
 Et moin va di, ca yon peine :—
 D'amour quand porte la chaine,
 Adieu, courri tout bonheur !
 Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi !
 Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi !
 Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi !
 Li gagnin doulor, doulor, doulor,—
 Li gagnin doulor dans cœur a li !

* * * * *

Others say, it is your happiness :
 I say, it is your sorrow :
 When we are enchanted by love,
 Farewell to all happiness !
 Poor little Miss Zizi !
 Poor little Miss Zizi !
 Poor little Miss Zizi !
 She has sorrow, sorrow, sorrow ;—
 She has sorrow in her heart.

This appears to be an old fragment from either the beginning or from the ending of an entire song. A great number of Creole songs, having various airs and differing greatly in their metrical construction, have similarly worded refrains. A very common burthen in these songs is—

“ Mo l'amin vous
 Comme cochon almin la boue !

“ I love you just as a little pig loves the mud ! ” This refrain is found attached, in various forms, to at least half a dozen various ditties. Here is one specimen :

Si to te 'tit zozo
 Et moi-meme mo te fusil
 Mo sre tchoue toi—*Boum !*
 Ah, cher bijou
 D'acajou,
 Mo l'amin vous
 Comme cochon almin la boue !

If thou wert a little bird,
 And I were a little gun,
 I would shoot thee—*bang !*
 Ah, dear little
 Mahogany jewel,
 I love thee as a little pig loves the mud !

In another stanza of the same love song, the lover expresses a wish that his little “ mahogany jewel ” were a little pig and that he were a little knife, so that he might cut her little throat—zip ! The sound of the knife is well imitated.

Here are several odd little Creole songs, some of them very old. It is said that Bernard Marigny de Mandeville, of famous memory, used to have them sung in his house for the amusement of his guests—among whom, perhaps, was Louis Philippe himself. The airs are very lively and very pretty :

Delaide, mo la reine,
 Chimin-la trop longue pour alle :—
 Chimin-la monte dans les hauts ;
 Tout piti qui mo ye,
 M'alle monte la haut dans courant,
 C'est moin, Liron, qui rive
 M'alle di ye,
 Bon soir, mo la reine.
 C'est moin, Liron, qui rive,

'Delaide, my queen, the way is too long for me to travel;—that way leads far up yonder. But, little as I am, I am going to stem the stream up there. "I, Liron, am come," is what I shall say to them. My queen, good-night; 'tis I, Liron, who has come.

Tous les jours de l'an,
Tous les jours de l'an,
Tous les jours de l'an,
Vous pas vini 'oir moin :
Mo te couche malade dans lit ;
Mo voye nouvelles apres mo la reine ;
Vous pas seulement vini 'oir moin ;
A present qui mo bien gaillard,
Cher ami, mo pas besoin 'oir vous.

Every New Year's day you neglected to visit me. I was lying sick in bed. I sent word to my queen. But you did not even once come to see me. Now that I am quite well, dear friend, I do not want to see you.

L'autre jour, mo couche deyors :
C'est toi qui courri di Madame.
Ah, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi !—
Ah, c'est jordi moin qu'alle connin toi !
Aie !—moin qu'alle connin toi !
Aie !—moin qu'alle connin toi !
Mo te prend toi pour zami moin ;
Pendant to te toujours trahi moin.
Ah, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi !—
Aie !—moin qu'alle connin toi !

The other night I slept out of doors ;
'Tis you who went to tell Madame.
Ah, 'tis to-day, 'tis to-day, 'tis to-day !
Ah, 'tis to-day I am going to know you !
Ay !—I am going to know you !
Ay !—I am going to know you !
I had taken you to be my friend,
All the while you were betraying me.
Ah, 'tis to-day, etc.

The French exclamation, "Aie !" indicates pain or distress.
La chanson qui suit a été faite pour ridiculiser une mulâtresse nommée Toucoton qui voulait se faire passer pour blanche.

Refrain.

Ah ! Toucoton !
Mo connin toi ;
To semble Morico ;
Y'a pas savon
Qui laissez blanc
Pour laver to la peau.

Quand blancs la yo donne yo bal,
 To pas capable aller :
 Comment t'a vaillant giabal.
 Toi qui l'aime briller !
 Ah ! Toucouton !
 Mo connin toi, etc

Longtemps to cotume prend 'loge
 Avec gens comme il faut ;
 Asteur faut to
 Prend' Jacques—deloge !
 Y'a pas passe tantot,
 Ah ! Toucouton !
 Mo connin toi, etc.

The following song was composed to ridicule a mulato girl named Toucouton, who tried to make herself pass for a white one :

Ah, Toucouton !
 I know you well ;
 You are like a blackamoor ;
 There is no soap
 Which is white enough
 To wash your skin.

When the white folks give a ball,
 You are not able to go there ;
 Ah, how will you be able to play the fiirt ?
 You who so love to shine.
 Ah, Toucouton, etc.

Once you used to take a seat
 Among the fashionable people ;
 Now you must take leave, decamp,
 Without any delay whatever.
 Ah, Toucouton, etc.

The following Creole song was popular in Louisiana at the beginning of the century :

Moin pas conne qui quichose
 Qui appe tourmente moin la ;
 Moin pas conne qui la cause,
 Cœur a moin brule comme ça.
 Ah Die ! Qui tourment, qui peine,
 Dipis longtemps quimbe moi ;
 C'est tourment la passe chaine,
 Plutot moin mouri youne fois

Toi conne qui belle rigole
 Qui coule dans bananiers,
 Ou toi te si fe la folle
 La foi qui toi te baigne,

D'lean la pas coule encore,—
Des fois li 'rete tout court,—
Li semble regrette encore
Li pas baigne toi toujours.

Here is a free translation :

"I do not know what it is which torments me thus.
"I can not tell what it is that makes my heart beat so.
"O God! what torture! what pains I have suffered so long!
"It is worse than the pain of fetters; I had rather die at once.

"Do you remember the pretty little brook that ran through the banana trees—
"Where you used to have such fun, when you used to bathe?
"That water has ceased to run;—
"Since the time it stopped all at once—
"It seems to me it died of regret
"That its wavelets could not embrace you forever."

The following is a remnant of a song which must be considerably over a century old, and which used to be sung by the blacks on the plantations in the early days of the century :

Di tems Missié d'Artaguette,
Hé! Ho! Hé!
C'était, c'était bon tems,
Yé té ménin monde à la baguette,
Hé! Ho! Hé!
Pas nègrès, pas rubans,
Pas diamans,
Pour Dochans,
Hé! Ho! Hé!

In the days of d'Artaguette,
Hé! Ho! Hé!
It was the good old time,
The world was led straight with a switch,
Hé! Ho! Hé!
There were no negroes,
No diamonds,
For the vulgar,
Hé! Ho! Hé!

LIZETTE.

Lizette quitté la plaine
Mon perdi bonher a moué;
Gié a moin semblé fontaine
Dipi mon pas mué toué
La jour quand mon coupé canne,
Mon songé zamone a moué
La nuit quand mon dans cabane
Dans dromi mon quimbé toué,

Si to allé la ville
 Yo trouvé jeune Caudio
 Qui gagné pour tromper fille
 Bouche doux passé sirop.
 Yo va crer yo bin sincère
 Pendant quior yo coquin tro ;
 C'est s'rpent qui contrefaire
 Crier rat pour tromper yo.

Dipi mon perdi Lizette
 Mon pas souchié calinda
 Mon quitte Bra'n bram sonnette
 Mon pas batte Bamboula
 Quand mo contré l'aut'négresse
 Mon pas gagne gié pone li.
 Font qui chose à moin mourri.

Mon maigne tant com' gnon souche
 Jambe a moin tant comme roseau,
 Mangé na pa doux dans bouche,
 Tafia même c'est comme dyo.
 Quand mon sagé toné Lizette,
 Dyo toujours dans gié moin,
 Magnel moin vin trop bete
 A force chagrin mangé moin.

Lizet' mon taudé nouvelle,
 To Compté bientôt tourné ;
 Vini donc toujours fidèle
 Miré bon passé tandé,
 N' a pas tardé davantage,
 To fai moin assez chagrin—
 Mon tant com' zozo dans cage
 Quand yo fait li mourri faim.

CHANSON DU VIE BOSCOYO.

Mouché Préval
 Li donné grand bal.
 Li fait nègue payé
 Pou sauté ain pé.
 Dansé Calinda, etc.

Li donné soupe
 Pou nègue régalé ;
 So vié la misique
 Té baye la collique.

Mouché Préval
 Té capitaine bal,
 So cocher Louis
 Té mait' cérémoni.

Ala ein bourrique
Tandé la misique,
Li vini valsé
Com quan li cabré.

Yavé des negresses
Belle com yé maitresse ;
Yé té volé bel-bel
Dans l'ormoir mamzel.

Blan et pi noir,
Yé dansé bamboula :
Vou pas jamais voir
Ain pli gran gala.

Ala gardien la geole,
Li trouvé ça bin drole ;
Li dit : " Mo aussi
Ma fait bal ici."

Et pile wacheman
Yé tombé la dan
Yé fait branle-bas
Dans licherie là.

Yé mené yé tous
Dans la calabous,
Lendemain matin
Yé fouetté yé bin.

Yé té volé bel chain,
Yé té volé romaine,
Yé té volé n'écrin,
Et pi souyé fin.

Ain mari godiche
Vini mandé postiche
Qui té servi so femme
Pou fé la bel dame.

"Comment, Sapajou,
To pran mo kilotte ?"
"Non, mo maite, mo di you,
Mo jis pran you botte."

Pitit maitresse
Li t'apé crié,
"To voir négresse,
C'est mo robe to volé.

Chez Mouché Préal,
 Dans la ri n'Opital,
 Yé té fait nègue payé
 Pou sauté ain pé.

Pove Mouché Préal,
 Mo cré li bien mal :
 Ya pli encor bal
 Dans la ri n'Opital.

Li payé cent piasse,
 Li couri la chasse,
 Li di, c'est fini,
 Ya pli bal sans permi.

CELESTE.

Mo courri dan bois, Zami
 Pou tonai zozo, Zami
 Aforse mo laimai toi.
 Ah ! Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou
 Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

Si totali zozo, Zami.
 Ai motai fizi Zami
 Motai touyai toi Zami
 Aforse mo laimai toi
 Ah ! Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou
 Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

Si totali di rie Zami
 Motai tourno Zami
 Motai mange toi Zami
 Aforse me laimai toi
 Ah ! Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou
 Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

Si total bayou Zami
 Motai puaissou, Zami
 Motai nagiaie dan toi Zami
 Aforse mo laimai toi
 Ah ! Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou
 Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

Si totali la bou Zami
 Motai coson Zami
 Motai rabourai dan toi Zami
 Aforse mo laimai toi
 Ah ! Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou
 Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

THE SAN DOMINGUAIS.

In the confused blending of races and nationalities and fragments of foreign communities that went to make up the population of Louisiana in its earlier and later colonial days, a small element in the incongruous whole was that represented by the fugitives from San Domingo, some of whom came directly hither after the massacre of the French in that island, and others found their way here by devious routes, down the Mississippi and by other means from various parts of the United States—Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and other States of the Union.

In a work published in Paris in 1803, by one of these refugees, who had spent the two or three previous years in New Orleans, we are told that the "wretched colonists of San Domingo, escaped amid the flames and the horrors which made of their country a sort of hell, and seeking an asylum across the sea in the United States, were welcomed with open arms by the inhabitants of that country, who came in crowds to the places of landing and there disputed among themselves for the pleasure of taking to their homes the various families and of extending to them all the resources of humanity, in the most sympathetic manner and without the least suspicion of interested motives. All these unfortunate refugees, men, women, and children, of every description, of every color, found themselves, from the day of their arrival, fully assured of the first wants of nature, lodging, food, and clothing. Baltimore, above all, immortalized itself under these memorable circumstances, in the eyes of France, especially, and of the world in general, by the enthusiasm with which she came to the relief of this multitude of unfortunates, and offered a hospitable asylum to strangers without resources. The government of Maryland, co-operating nobly, in what concerned it, in this work of commiseration and magnanimity, moreover assured to these unfortunates pecuniary relief during the first six months of their arrival, as well as lodgings and provisions to those among them who desired to live in private quarters."

Notwithstanding the alarm that had been aroused in the slave-holding States of the Union by the excesses of the blacks in San Domingo, which led many in those States to fear lest the example of revolt set by them might prove contagious among the negroes in this country, the Legislature of Maryland unanimously passed an enactment permitting the slaves in the service of the refugees who had accompanied their masters into that State to be admitted into Maryland, to serve their masters as usual. Relief proportionate to their condition was also furnished them, and the only condition exacted was that the masters should register them in the municipal offices of the localities in which they might reside. This course was the more commendable in view of the fact that since the adoption of the constitution of the State, a law had been in force which excluded from Maryland foreign blacks and slaves, the intention of the law having been to reduce the number of negroes and slaves in Maryland and to increase the white population. It is singular—but perhaps this was merely a coincidence—that from the time of the hospitable welcome accorded to the refugees, Baltimore began to increase in population and importance as a centre of commerce, manufactures, etc., and as the home of the arts.

While Maryland was thus extending a friendly reception to the exiles of San Domingo, with or without slaves, the eyes of many of the refugees were turned to Louisiana as a quarter of the globe most suitable in every way, from similarity of language and nationality, customs and interests, in which to seek an asylum in their tribulations and reverses of fortune. They remembered that in times past the people of San Domingo had not been lukewarm in testifying their interest in, and sympathy with, the colonists in Louisiana on occasions when trouble had come to them. Before and after the occupation of Louisiana by the Spaniards they offered the people of the Colony a refuge among them, and welcomed, without distinction, those who emigrated thither, many of whom obtained positions—positions of honor and profit in San Domingo. Moreover, on the occasion of the great fire of 1788 in New Orleans which reduced

half of this city to ashes, bringing with it universal suffering and ruin, the inhabitants of the island sent to the city relief in proportion to the demands of the citizens, and in other ways manifested their concern at the disaster that had overtaken the colonists here.

In their first flight from San Domingo, a few of the refugees from that island sought shelter in Louisiana. It does not appear that any legal objection to the residence of those unaccompanied by slaves was interposed by the Spanish authorities. Among those who thus managed, unincumbered, to obtain a *habitat* in Louisiana, says Martin, was "a company of Canadians from Cape François, and the city of New Orleans now enjoyed, for the first time, the advantage of regular dramatic exhibitions. Some of the other refugees, availing themselves of the wants of the province, opened academies for the instruction of youth. Hitherto, the means of education had been confined to a school in which a Spanish priest, aided by two ushers, taught the elements of the Spanish language, and the convent of the Ursuline nuns." In this testimony to the first presence of educators in the colony, with the exception of the two institutions mentioned, which were restricted to New Orleans, and which had been established by the Spaniards in 1772, we begin to catch a glimpse of the dawn of educational facilities in Louisiana. Nor is it difficult, with these facts before us, to understand how, even at a much later period, many adults of the province, among them some who regarded themselves as persons of consideration, were unable to read or write, and that the spectacle of a quaint *Kaintock*, who had floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans in his flatboat with his up-country produce, as he stood on the Levee figuring up his accounts on the head of a barrel, was regarded with mingled awe and astonishment by open-mouthed spectators, who observed his movements as rustics at a country fair watch the antics of a juggling mountebank—the silent tribute paid by ignorance to superior wisdom.

Among other benefits to undeveloped interests of Louisiana arising from the presence of these refugees, was the impetus given to the manufacture of sugar. Some of the new comers had been planters in San Domingo, others were mechanics acquainted with the manner of constructing and equipping sugar houses, while others still had been sugar makers and overseers, who solved the mystery of how to make the growth of sugar cane profitable in Louisiana. What had before been a problem that had failed of solution in spite of repeated efforts to solve it, was explained by these individuals, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, as it were, for the benefit of the colonists of Louisiana. It is true the Louisianians were made to pay dearly for the instruction and service they received, and for the construction of their sugar-houses. But these first heavy expenses having been met, the subsequent profit was great; and thus, what had been the loss of San Domingo proved the opportunity of Louisiana and her planters.

While this class of the San Domingo refugees, who came to Louisiana with nothing but the clothes on their backs and a certain sort of skill and experience, which they knew how to turn to advantage, were allowed residence in the colony, being tolerated if not welcomed, there was another class, people with some means who had managed to escape the massacres with a greater or less number of their slaves and were hoping to find an asylum in Louisiana, who were met at the threshold of their venture by the passage of laws which practically forbade their admission into the colony. Scarcely had the news of the bloodshed in San Domingo reached Louisiana before, at the instance and request of the inhabitants of the colony, the Governor-General was requested by the Cabildo to promulgate a law, which that body had passed and which expressly forbade the introduction into Louisiana of negroes from the West India Islands, and especially from the French islands, under a penalty of a fine of \$400 for each negro thus entered, to be paid by the master for the benefit of the colony, the arrest of the negroes and their prompt expulsion from the country. The Spanish Court ratified this measure in January, 1793. The Cabildo rigorously carried out their decrees, no exceptions being made in favor of the refugees already in the United States, large numbers of whom, but for this enactment, would have come hither and established themselves with the remnants of their fortunes and the few slaves who had remained faithful to them.

The restrictions thus imposed naturally restrained the refugees possessing slaves from seeking Louisiana. After the lapse of a few years, however, a few, ignorant of the decree, or perhaps imagining that time had weakened the enforcement of the law on the subject, came overland from Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia and Maryland to Louisiana with their slaves to take up their residence in the colony. The fact that they were provided with passports furnished by the Spanish Minister to the United States induced the Spanish authorities to admit them, tacitly if not willingly.

But the antagonism that had previously forbidden their admission was not extinct in the minds of many of the colonists of Louisiana.

Not long had the newcomers been settled in New Orleans before they fell under the ban of what may be, with justice, termed the *canaille* of the city. They were denounced to the authorities, were pursued with more or less severity, and their servants, women and children as well as men, were carried off before their eyes to prison, where for a longer or shorter period of time they were kept at the expense of their masters. The agitation looking to their expulsion from the colony was kept up for some time until finally, in some cases after a detention of fifteen months in prison and a corresponding expense to their masters for their maintenance there, the Governor, awaiting the propitious moment when the popular clamor had subsided, quietly restored them to their masters.

Short-sighted as was the policy that repulsed those of the San Domingo refugees whose residence in the colony would have been most desirable, its justification was found in fears that sprang partly from ignorance and partly from an exaggerated view of the possibilities that might have been entailed to Louisiana by the presence and conversation of the San Domingo negroes among those of Louisiana. The massacre of the French colonists in San Domingo was at that day the *spectre rouge* that excited the alarms of the Louisianians. In fact the tidings from San Domingo had reached the ears of the negroes throughout the colony, mainly through overhearing unguarded conversations on the subject between the whites. It was, perhaps, a natural impulse that led the Louisiana blacks to dream of as sanguinary an uprising as that which, a few years previously, had secured self-government for their brothers in San Domingo. At all events, that such a view was taken by numbers of the negroes of Pointe Coupée is certain, and but for a dissension among the leaders of the plot, serious loss of life among the isolated families of planters would have followed.

In the year 1795 occurred the famous conspiracy which was hatched on the Poydras Plantation, in the parish of Pointe Coupée. While a part of the white population, says Martin, evinced their anxiety to imitate the French in the struggle for freedom, it is not extraordinary that the slaves should have been seduced into an attempt to rise by the reports of the success of the blacks in Hispaniola. An insurrection was planned in the Parish of Pointe Coupee, an insulated one, in which the number of slaves was considerable.

The conspiracy was formed on the plantation of Julian Poydras, a wealthy planter, who was then absent on a journey to the United States, and had extended thence to all parts of the parish. The indiscriminate slaughter of every white man was intended. A disagreement as to the day the massacre was to take place gave rise to a quarrel among the principal leaders, which led to a discovery of the plot. The militia was instantly put under arms; and the Baron (Carondelet), on the first information, sent a part of the regular force. The slaves attempted resistance, and twenty-five of them were killed before those that had been selected for trial were arrested and confined.

Serrano, the assessor of the intendancy, went up to assist Dupart, the civil commandant, at the trials. Fifty were found guilty; others were severely flogged. Sixteen of the first were hung in different parts of the parish; the nine remaining were put on board of a galley, which floated down to New Orleans. On her way one of them was landed near the church of each parish along the river, and left hanging on a tree. This timely exercise of severity quieted for a while the apprehensions of the inhabitants, who had been considerably alarmed.

It will thus be seen that fears of the danger that might arise from the intimate relations of the negroes from San Domingo with those of Louisiana may have had much to do with the course pursued by the colonists. But there was in course of time a development of personal and social antagonism between the refugees and the people among whom they sought shelter, which gave rise to a bitter feeling between the two classes that survived the generation among whom it originated. The words *St. Domingue* and *Martinique*, in connection with the refugees from those islands, became almost as offensive to the ears of the Louisianians of 1800 and later years as were those rude terms of contempt, *Kaintock* and *Américain*, applied to the first Americans who came to Louisiana.

To these San Domingans are due the first newspaper in Louisiana, the first theatre, and the cultivation of the sugar cane. To them also is due the word "Creole," to express the native Louisianian of French or Spanish descent. The word was originally Spanish, and applied only to the American descendants of Spaniards; but it spread to the French West Indies, and was brought by the San Domingans to Louisiana. The early settlers of Louisiana, who were mainly from *Croada*, *Acadia* (New Brunswick), and *Paris*, did not use the word, and with them the Creoles were the West Indians. The word, however, came in the course of time to include all the people of French descent except the *Acadians*.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CITY'S POPULATION.

THE VARIOUS ELEMENTS OF WHICH IT IS MADE UP—THE CREOLES, SPANIARDS, NEGROES, INDIANS, AND OTHERS.

The early origin of a people is generally obscured, and with reason, since it is almost always humble, base, often dishonorable. The nobility of England are proud to trace their descent from a gang of robber chieftains; the ancestors of the hill people of Georgia were rescued from the London debtors' prisons, while Australia owes its first society and earliest patriots to ex-convicts and ticket-of-leave men. So, likewise, there are several stories of the first people of Louisiana—particularly of its first ladies—that the early colonists would gladly have covered up and hidden if they could have done so.

THE CREOLES.

The original masculine portion of the population was well enough; it was, for the most part, honest but adventurous Canadian *voyageurs* and *courreurs des bois*—sturdy, bold, energetic men, who fought and worked their way overland and down the river, through an endless desert wilderness, peopled with dangerous savages. They came alone and without families, since none but men could endure the fatigues and hardships of this arduous journey. Here, they languished away in single blessedness and melancholy bachelorhood as long as they could stand it, save a few led astray by the dusky charms of some forest maiden. At last good King Louis took mercy on their loneliness and shipped, as an experiment, several cargoes of females; and just here comes in the bar sinister, for these females were prisoners from the royal prison of La Salpêtrière. Such were the first women of Louisiana, of whose morals the less said the better, for, as Gov. Cadellac declared to the parish priest when he proposed the purification of the colony by shipping these home: 'If I send away all the loose females, there will be no women left here at all, and this would not suit the views of the king or the inclinations of the people.'

However, for want of better wives, the colonists welcomed these with open arms; but although these satisfied *them*, they did not, by any means, satisfy the directors of the Louisiana Company, as they proved a failure in one of the most important needs of the new country—children.

To supply the deficiency a cargo of girls, known in Louisiana history as the *filles de la cassette*, or casket girls, were sent over by way of experiment—girls, poor but virtuous. The experiment proved a signal success—the girls commanded fancy prices and supplied the needed want. In the infancy of the colony a Louisianian felt proud indeed if he could only trace his origin back to these "casket" instead of to the "correction" girls.

Such was the lowly origin of the first native-born Louisianians—a queer cross between the staid, sober Canadian and the gay, fickle Parisian.

It was some half a century after this that the first Acadian found his way to Louisiana. He came a persecuted wanderer, without country or home; he was so hospitably received, fed, clothed and lodged, that, well pleased with the country and the people, he pitched his tents upon the soil of Louisiana and peopled its western prairies.

THE ACADIANS.

The Acadians were a sturdy, stalwart race, showing in their disposition and in every feature their Northern or Norman descent. They were bony, sinewy, with high cheek bones, and their complexion swarthy and bronzed, all their features bearing so close a resemblance to those of our aborigines as to give rise to a somewhat wild theory that the climate of America had an

Indianizing effect on Europeans, and that a few centuries of it would convert us in complexion and disposition, into Sioux and Modocs. The true explanation of this undoubted Indian physiognomy is perhaps more easily and naturally explained in the frequency, in the earlier days, of Choctaw wives—a custom so prevalent in the colony at one time as to beget a schism between Church and State on this point—the parish priest coolly suggesting that if a man could get no better wife than an Indian squaw he had better remain single altogether.

The Cajan was as prolific as his Canadian cousin. In 1765-66 some 866 Acadians arrived at New Orleans; in 1788 a few more came, making altogether, perhaps, 1,000, who, to-day, after the lapse of less than a century, number at least 40,000, covering the whole western portion of the State, and extending even to the Red and Mississippi rivers.

All will remember the story of the Acadians, so beautifully told by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." In Louisiana the expelled people were free from the persecution of the Americans and found a kindred tongue. They settled in the western portions of the State, on the prairies of the Opelousas, where they mainly live to this day, wonderfully increased in numbers, but the same primitive people they were when they left Nova Scotia.

Their homes are substantially-built cypress houses, the walls of which are sometimes reinforced with a thick layer of mixed mud and moss as a mortar. They cultivate cane, cotton, and vegetables, but as the marsh is approached, greater attention is paid to herding, as cattle thrive easily there in winter. Along the many intricate bayous leading out into the marsh around New Orleans, frequent cheniers or live-oak groves are found, like islands in this sea of waving rushes and reeds. In some places these cheniers assume larger proportions, and become known as islands. Lying back some distance from the Gulf, they can be approached from that direction only by the bayous, but by land the marsh inside is of firmer consistency, and affords foothold for horses and cattle. It is here that the Louisiana herdsman, or what in Texas would be called "the cowboys," thrive. They differ essentially from their Texan brothers, as few of them speak anything but French. They are daring, skillful riders, and drive herds through marshes and swamps which, to the uninitiated, appear impassable. Swimming bayous is to them pleasant sport. Their horses are the small Creole ponies, descendants of the mustang, that never weary, and are as active and quick as panthers. Perhaps no horse has the peculiar, springy gait of these ponies. To the rider it is as if he were sitting on a chair of most delicate springs, and in long journeys this adds much to the comfort of the trip. This motion is the result of continued travel through the sea marshes, where at every step the pony sinks deeper than his knees. To keep from bogging or miring, a quick recovery of the feet is necessary, so that hardly has the entire weight been placed on one leg than it is rapidly withdrawn. This necessitates a quick, elastic step, so rare to highland horses. Where these plucky little fellows travel mile after mile, the larger and stronger horse would fall and hopelessly flounder, rendering it impossible for the rider to retain his seat.

They, like all cattle ponies, are drilled to sudden turnings and wheelings, and can perform intricate movements which would confuse the manege horses of the circus. A slight movement of the hand or the leg, and a sharp turn in his own tracks is made; a slight prick of the spur, and he will take a plunge forward. All this is necessary for the safety of himself and rider, for Attakapas cattle have a reputation for belligerency not to be disregarded.

AN ACADIAN PICTURE.

In the front of the cattle, pushing along leg-deep through the waxy mud of the marsh, came two large brindle oxen with very long horns, who acted as leaders. These were very tame, having been trained thus to show the way to their less tractable fellows. When they approached the bayou, which was deep, these old Nestors at once took to the water and began swimming. The rest of the herd hesitated a moment, but the halcos of the men behind soon decided them, and in they plunged. Swimming seemed an easy matter to them, even two little calves only

ten days old keeping up with the rest. One obstreperous fellow, when he reached the middle of the bayou, struck out in the direction of the Gulf, about 50 yards off, but the rolling breakers coming in made him alter his mind.

Then came the herdsmen. They plunged in fearlessly, and their tough little ponies, after breasting it bravely, crawled up on the other side. The landing was even more difficult than the swim, for when their fore feet struck the marsh they buried. With some floundering and plunging all were soon on the other shore. As it was near dark and Chenier-au-Tigre was some eight miles down to the eastward, some of these men had to remain out on the marsh all night; yet they seemed to think nothing of such a prospect, though a narrow beach afforded the only solid foothold for miles. Thus they drive sometimes 150 miles to a market, swimming perhaps fifty bayous and riding through the treacherous marsh nearly all the way. Neither rain, wind, cold nor heat affects them, and they live to a hearty old age, without knowing what rheumatism is. They are all athletic and of good stature and kind to a fault.

They have not changed since Longfellow limned them—

“Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.”

THE SPANISH.

The Spanish settlers of Louisiana were, for the most part, brought over by the government, fed, supported and cared for at the government's expense, and established in various posts throughout the State, as the Romans of old established their colonies in a conquered country, to assure its fidelity. The colonists were from the Canary Islands, just then suffering under a blight, and whose inhabitants were starving to death; and were called by the Creoles, *Islinges*, a corruption of *islenos* (islanders). The settlement of these Canary Islanders at Terre aux Bœufs, in the immediate vicinity of New Orleans, is well worth a visit, as here the language and traits of Spain are preserved to this day.

The only other Spaniards in Louisiana were a few persons of Spanish-Mexican descent on the uncertain Texas border, the office-holders, a respectable class of good Castilian descent, who, living at New Orleans, intermarried with the Creole families until they lost all Iberian peculiarities, save their names, and some needy Catalans, the “*Dagoes*” of those days, who have since melted away into other races. The other Spanish residents, never very numerous, left for Havana when the banner of Castile and Arragon no longer waved at New Orleans.

THE NEGROES.

The negro population of Louisiana have always claimed an aristocracy of descent, and boasted that their hair was less kinky, their faces less African, than those of the less favored darkies of other States and climes—virtues they have always attributed to some mythical Indian ancestor.

The French in America, like the Greeks of old, enslaved their captives, and worked the vanquished Choctaws in the indigo fields. In the first few years of Louisiana life, these Indian slaves predominated in numbers over the negroes. They were poor laborers, however, lazy, idle, apt to run off or to use a tomahawk if worked too hard. The Louisiana planters, thoroughly disgusted with them, proposed an arrangement with the West Indian planters by which they were to swap off their Indian slaves for good stout negroes from Martinique and St. Lucie—three Indians to count for two negroes. The scheme failed, the West Indian planters sensibly

refusing to take the savages at any price. The Indian slaves were, therefore, sent back to the plow and the hoe, supplemented in their work by a few newly imported Africans.

The two races, red and black, living as they did, in the same quarters and cabins, gradually melted into one race, in which the features and nature of the Indian was lost in the superior numbers of the negroes, while the latter improved in appearance, and boasted less woolly hair than the negroes of other parts of the country.

The first negroes came from Martinique, Gaudaloupe and San Domingo, but importations from these islands had soon to be forbidden by a special edict, the San Domingo negroes being too well acquainted with Voudouism and poisons, and showing even at that early period those bad traits they developed more thoroughly in 1791—being turbulent, riotous and often breaking into flagrant insurrection.

As early as 1724, Bienville, then Governor of Louisiana, published the first Black Code. It is significant that one of the first provisions of the code banished Jews from Louisiana, and prohibited the exercise of all other religions than the Catholic.

This code is not devoid of interest, as showing the feelings and the opinions of the epoch, and is a striking contrast between the past and the present. This decree of the French government made it imperative on masters to impart religious instruction to their slaves according to the tenets of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, no other mode of worship being permitted. Negroes placed under the direction or supervision of any other person than Catholics were liable to confiscation. Sundays and holidays were to be strictly observed, and all negroes found at work on such days were to be confiscated. Christian slaves were to be buried in consecrated ground by their masters. Marriages between blacks and whites were crimes to be punished. Whites and even manumitted or free-born blacks were prohibited from living in a state of concubinage with slaves. The ceremonies and forms prescribed by the ordinance of Blois and by the edict of 1630 for marriages were to be observed both with regard to free persons and to slaves; but the consent of the father and mother of the slave was not necessary, that of the master only being sufficient.

Slaves were forbidden from carrying offensive weapons or heavy sticks. An exception was made in favor of those who were sent hunting or shooting by their masters, and carried with them a written permission to that effect, or were designated by some known mark or badge.

Slaves belonging to different masters were prohibited from gathering in crowds, either by day or by night, for any cause or under any pretext whatever, either at the dwelling or on the grounds of one of their masters, or elsewhere, and much less on the highways or in secluded places, under the penalty of the whip. In case of frequent offenses of the kind, the offenders were branded with the mark of the flower-de-luce, and should there be aggravating circumstances, capital punishment might be inflicted at the discretion of the judges. Masters permitting or tolerating such gatherings were punished on conviction.

Negroes could not sell any commodities, provisions or produce of any kind without the written permission of their masters or without wearing their known marks or badges, and any person purchasing anything from negroes in violation of this decree was sentenced to pay the very high fine of 1,500 livres.

Very humane and minute provisions were made at length in that document for the clothing of the slaves and for their subsistence. "Slaves," said article 20 of the ordinance, "who shall not be properly clad, fed, and provided for by their masters, may give information thereof to the attorney-general of the Superior Council or to any officer of justice of an inferior jurisdiction, and may put the written exposition of their wrongs into their hands; upon which information, and even *ex officio*, should the information come from another quarter, the attorney-general shall prosecute said masters without charging any costs to the complainants. It is our royal will that this regulation be observed in all accusations for crimes or barbarous and inhuman treatment, brought by slaves against their masters."

Slaves, disabled from working, either by old age, disease, or otherwise, be the disease

incurable or not, were to be fed and provided for by their masters, and in case of being abandoned by said masters, said slaves were to be adjudged to the nearest hospital, to which said masters were compelled to pay eight cents a day for the food and maintenance of each of these slaves, and for the payment of this sum said hospital had a lien on the plantations of the master.

Soon after the annexation of Louisiana to the Union, occurred a serious slave revolt which began on one of the plantations of the German Coast. The negroes marched along the river toward the city, divided into companies, each under an officer, with beat of drums and flags displayed, compelling the blacks they met to join their disorderly crew, and before they could be checked they set fire to the houses of four or five plantations and made a few victims. Most of the planters, being apprised by their own slaves of the coming danger, had fled with their families. One of them, named Trepagnier, contented himself with sending to a place of safety his wife and children, but, deaf to their entreaties, remained at home for the protection of his property. Having provided himself with several fowling-pieces, which he loaded with buck-shot, and having taken his stand on a high circular gallery which belted his house, and from which he could see to a distance, he awaited calmly the coming of his foes. In a short time bacchanalian shouts announced their approach, and they tumultuously made their appearance at the front gate which led to the planter's residence. But at the sight of the double-barreled gun which was leveled at them and which they knew to be in the hands of a most expert shot, they wavered, lacked self-sacrificing devotion to accomplish their end, and finally passed on, after having vented their disappointed wrath in fearful shrieks and demoniacal gesticulations. Shaking at the planter their fists and whatever weapons they had, they swore soon to come back for the purpose of cutting his throat. They were about 500, and one single man, well-armed, had kept them at bay.

The misguided negroes, who had been deluded into this foolish attempt at insurrection, were soon encompassed by a strong body of militia, backed by regulars under Major Milton, who had come down from Baton Rouge, and under Gen. Hampton, who had hastened up with those under his command in New Orleans. To attack was to rout the blacks; they fled in every direction with wild cries of despair, leaving sixty-six bodies on the field. Most of the prisoners were hung on the spot; sixteen were sent to the city for trial. The fugitives had taken shelter in the neighboring swamps, where they could be pursued with but extreme difficulty. Many of them, however, had been dangerously wounded, and every day corpses were discovered by the pursuers. The wretches sent to New Orleans were immediately tried and convicted. As it was intended to make a warning example of them, their heads were placed on high poles above and below the city along the river, as far as the plantation on which the revolt began. The ghastly sight spread terror far and wide, and further to insure tranquility and to quiet alarm, a part of the regular forces and of the militia remained on duty in the neighborhood for a considerable time.

THE INDIANS.

In the romantic chapter of the history of Colonial Louisiana, the Indian, as was natural, figures largely.

Of the many thousands of aborigines who once held, under the superior patent of Nature, the vast territory that composed old Louisiana, the fifteen or twenty Choctaw women whom one sees at the French Market, sitting patiently, silent and motionless, waiting (with some contempt, if the truth were known) for the pale-face purchaser of their pounded laurel and sassafras leaves, from which is derived that triumph of Louisiana cookery, the *gombo filé*; their baskets, strongly woven from the stalk and leaves of the latanier; their medicinal herbs—the drugs and simples of natural man—are, with the males of their families, almost the sole survivors of the race which inherited the land from their fathers. And it seems strange that these representatives of the aborigines should belong to that nation, the Choctaw, which was always hostile to the French.

In colonial days the principal nations with which the French had dealings in peace or war were the Illinois, the Natchez, the Mobilians, the Choctaws, the Alabamons and the Chickasaws. The Illinois and the Alabamons were the most friendly; the Chickasaws and the Choctaws the most hostile.

Within a period as late as the memory of the old citizens of New Orleans, the remnant of the aboriginal population of Louisiana still frequented New Orleans in the winter time in great numbers. They had been accustomed to gather in this city annually under the Spanish domination in order to receive a certain allowance of woolen goods, guns, powder and shot, vermilion and other small presents which were given them as evidence of friendship and good will. Each band had its village beyond the city limits, composed of huts covered with the skins of bears and of deer, or with the leaves of the latanier. During the daytime they spread about the city and among the neighboring plantations, and in the evening they returned, men, women, and children, to their camps. The women, then as now, brought their small wares to market; the men were hunters of deer, ducks, squirrels, and other game. In those days the men wore on their heads a sort of helmet furnished with large feathers, and they still retained enough of their old fashions to paint their faces, on a vermilion ground, with blue transverse and spiral lines which, united to their costume, was in keeping with the Mardi-Gras season, the period in which they were found in greatest numbers in the city.

There are two or three very interesting Indian settlements in the neighborhood of New Orleans, one at Indian village near Bayou Lacombe just north of New Orleans, another at Bayou LaCroix, and still another on the Têche.

On one of the most sequestered bends of that picturesque stream, the Bayou Teche, the attention of the traveler is attracted by a number of small cabins built at little distances from one another with that irregularity which at once indicates they are not the usual plantation quarters. These small houses are of cypress, and their roofs are covered with the large shingles of old Creole days. The overhanging oaks, that add so much to the romantic beauty of the stream, are draped in trailing tresses of Spanish moss that give a sombre tinge to the landscape, and the barely perceptible current of the bayou increases the drowsy effect of the sylvan vistas of deep shadows and mellow lights. The Teche, everywhere so beautiful, here retains much of her primeval loveliness, and the imagination hears the footsteps of laughing Dryades in every rustle of the breeze-blown live oaks. The wind murmurs pastorals without words, while the fretwork of gold and black trembles in unison to this music, on the grass beneath the trees where the sun with resistless pertinacity, has penetrated through the thick foliage.

About twenty-five miles above where the meandering Teche flows into the Atchafalaya is Indian Bend, and it derives its name from a little cluster of cabins which are situated there. Here for more than a century has dwelt the last remnant of the once powerful tribe of Attakapas, once the terror of all other red men hereabouts, for it was told of them that they devoured the flesh of their fallen foes.

The last remaining families now residing in Indian Bend are of the Chetimacha tribe, a branch of the Attakapas, and as relics of a once great nation they are most interesting to study. Far more difficult to approach and less communicative when approached than the Choctaws, it was not without much trouble that what is here given was learned.

The people living near them still hold them in something like awe and strangers are not escorted to their village without minute advice as to how they must behave, and even then much reluctance is shown. It is not a little curious to note the hesitancy with which a resident of that locality will endeavor to prevent one from making a visit to this Indian village. If you desire an introduction to these aborigines you are told that a very dangerous fever is prevailing among them. If you express a willingness to brave the disease you are informed it is not the proper time of day to call. When the proper time arrives it is said the sun is too hot.

There is an atmosphere of loneliness hanging over the little settlement, notwithstanding the three or four women moving languidly about from one cabin to another in the yellow sunlight,

Around their reservation waving fields of cane in bright apple-green speak of the growth of civilization that hemmed them in, but this does not seem to move their perfect apathy, for no attempt at cultivation is to be seen near their homes. No prattle of children, no song of mothers, no sound of life is to be heard. All is silent, as if animate life were extinct. At the sight of a stranger the women retire, and it is only when the door of a cabin is approached that a man shows himself.

In personal appearance they differ somewhat from our Choctaws. The men are somewhat darker than those who come to the city to sell their wares, their cheekbones very high and their eyes keen and quick of movement. Pursy, sensual mouths, indicate a deterioration of the race, but even with this drawback their expression is one of perfect self-assurance if not boldness. They are fully up to the average height of the white man, and their broad shoulders show that they come from a big-framed people. The women are neater and more comely than the men, and their faces betoken quick intelligence. All are dressed in the habits of the whites, the men in cottonade pants and calico shirt, the women calico skirt and bright colored waist or josey. In their intercourse with the outside world they speak the Creole *patois*, but between themselves still use their mother tongue. Their spoken language differs from all others of our known Indians. It is *sui generis*, and can be likened to nothing so much as to the twittering of birds. It is made up of labials and sibilants, and each syllable seems of sharp brevity. The absence of guttural sounds makes their speech sound more like an attempt at loud whispering which, with the short syllables, produces, as was said before, the twittering sound.

So far as has been observed, none of the ceremonies or festivals of their ancestors are followed or celebrated, but it is possible within their close community old rites may be regularly observed unknown to their neighbors.

One of the most remarkable arts they have preserved is basket-making. In this they excel. In fact, north of Mexico there is no tribe in which such exquisite specimens of both workmanship and color can be found.

Their baskets are really objects of art, and are highly prized by those who can secure them. They are made of cane, but so small and delicate are the strips, some appear to have been woven of the finest material. With their finger nails they strip off the hard cuticle from the ordinary wild cane, and the different dyes are applied before the weaving begins.

These dyes are imperishable, and, notwithstanding many temptations held out, they still refuse to divulge the secret of their manufacture. Such is their ingenuity of design no two of these baskets are alike. Squares, triangles, curious hieroglyphics and geometric patterns in white, red, chocolate, yellow and black, make each piece of work unique, and all so wrought that there is a unity in the composition evincing a remarkably high order of taste. The larger baskets are double, the outside being covered with designs, while the interior is plain, and such is their fineness they would hold water.

So much sought for are these baskets that it is with difficulty that they can be obtained, \$15 to \$20 being asked for the larger. They will not make them without an order, and even then they have to be coaxed and cajoled.

Their wants are very few, and when spoken to on the subject they invariably comment on the high price of coffee, a beverage of which they are immoderately fond. Hominy and a little salt meat make up the entire diet. Frugal in their tastes and economic by habit, they manage to live quite comfortably on their small income from basket making and light work. Never interfering with the neighboring whites on the plantations, they are almost forgotten by the residents of the locality, and, as they rarely disturb the Arcadian quiet they are respected by all.

Unlike most tribes they recognize female equality, and the twenty-five or thirty Indians left are now ruled by a queen, the chief having died.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE OLD RAMPARTS.

MILITARY NEW ORLEANS—THE WALLS AND FORTIFICATIONS OF NEW ORLEANS—THE SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS AGAINST THE CITY—JACKSON AT CHALMETTE—FARRAGUT'S FLEET.

New Orleans can boast of once having been a fortress, second only to Metz and Strasburg. It had a very military, a very threatening and dangerous look on the map of that day, with its forts and redoubts, its bastions and its covered ways, its scarps, counter-scarps, glacis, friezes, revetments, and everything else military in name. A century ago it boasted of its walls—virgin walls, too; no one had ever stormed them; no one had ever tried to climb over them; more, no unfriendly person had ever been near enough to get even a glance at them. Whether they were of any practical use in those days may well be doubted; but, to New Orleans of this day, they certainly have been a benefit, for to them it owes the beauty and width of Canal, Rampart and Esplanade, whose neutral grounds mark the ancient fortifications, as the boulevards of Paris mark its older and dismantled walls.

New Orleans was well defended then. Forts innumerable were scattered over the country, generally where they were least needed. Suppose an enemy, with evil designs upon Louisiana, had determined on the capture of the city, what would he not have encountered before he could become its master? First, he would have found at the Balize a formidable fort, built on the treacherous mud, at considerable expense. This fort figured in at least one long and bloody war which history has somehow neglected to preserve. In the winter of 1793, a skiff-load of marines from the French sloop *La Parisienne*, attacked the Balize, and captured it with all its garrison—four men. Loss, a pack of cards and an old pistol. Masters of the fort, the French vigorously and courageously maintained themselves for several months against all the odds of Spain. Carondelet, then governor, and the other Spanish authorities, were greatly alarmed at this loss. Some months after, a company of Spanish troops was sent down to the Balize, the fort stormed in noble style, and the four imprisoned Spaniards that had served as a garrison released, nobody being hurt on either side in this second battle of the Balize. The French left immediately upon the appearance of the Spaniards, carrying off, as trophies, the four muskets they had captured, and some old, stale, damaged rations, to the great delight of the garrison, who now counted on getting something fresh. Thus, by Spanish valor, was the enemy repulsed and this bloody war brought to an end.

At English Turn, quite a distance up the river, was a second fortress, originally designed, upon the same scale of magnificence which characterized the other defenses of New Orleans, for forty cannon. They did get a few small guns, but the troops did not worry or bother over them in the least, finding life far pleasanter up at the cabarets in the city, and reasoning, very correctly, too, that if the enemy's ships could sail up the Mississippi River against the current, contrary winds, etc., nothing that they could do with their rusty old guns would have the least effect in delaying them.

In the rear of the town, commanding the entrance of Bayou St. John, stood and stands to this very day, a small fort of brick and earth, now newly painted and repaired, and debased to the condition of a restaurant. A few old guns lie around the yard as mementoes, as useful there as they ever were in the old days, for no enemy more dangerous than some predatory gar-fish in the bayou, ever disturbed the sleepy quiet of old Fort St. John.

If some adventurous enemy had attacked the fort, silenced its guns, stormed its walls, and then triumphantly dragged his boats over the three-foot bar at the mouth of the bayou, in how much better a condition would he have been? A few miles of weary struggling through



MAURICE N.Y.

Spring

A Creole Court-Yard :: Royal Street

the shallow, muddy stream, and he would have found himself in a dismal, unfathomable cypress swamp, the resort of alligators, lepers, thieves and runaway negroes. If he got his men safely through this without any loss from the army of mosquitoes that hung upon his flanks, he would have found himself, after all his journey, standing on the Congo field, where of a Sunday night, or on St. John's eve, the negroes used to dance the Voudou dance, with the walls of the city rising before him, cannon frowning at him from the embrasures, and soldiers ready to join issue with him. Genuine walls were there too, with a regular fosse in front like all European fortresses, forty feet wide by seven deep; somewhat choked up, it is true, with weeds and grass, and seeming to offer a secure footing, but which would treacherously have plunged any enemy that had attempted to cross, save by the regular bridges, into the slime and mud at the bottom, the victim of poisonous congers, water moccasins and cray-fish.

Behind this was the wall, built of mud, like that Romulus gave his infant city, and resembling very much what we style nowadays a levee. Above this ran a line of wooden palisades or pickets, behind which the garrison might stand and pick off the enemy, if they were not particular about risking their own lives, as the palisades were no defense whatever.

Five forts protected this wall, two on the river bank, St. Charles and St. Louis, and three in the rear of the city, St. Joseph, St. Ferdinand and Burgundy. These forts were pentagonal in shape, built inside of brick, and afforded barracks, each for two companies of infantry. They were pierced for sixteen guns, four in the face, three on each flank, and two in the gorge, facing the city, in case the burghers should rise, for whose particular benefit these fortifications were built rather than as a protection against foreign enemies.

Beside these, there was a battery just in front of the city, for the benefit of any fleet that might have ventured up the river. But, however brilliantly designed these fortifications, they were but feebly carried out. One fort only—St. Charles—had its full complement of guns, the others were far short of the number, and some without any armament at all; so that it would have been utterly impossible to have brought more than ten small cannon to bear at the same time on any attacking enemy. "In fine," said old Gen. Collot, and he ought to know, as he was locked up some weeks in one of them—Fort St. Charles—"these bastions look more like children's playthings than genuine forts."

There were four wooden gates to the city, made of pickets, twelve or fifteen feet long, and defended by breastworks. Two were situated on the river bank, at the upper and lower end of Chartres street; another, Porte St. Jean, at the end of Dumaine street, on the road leading to the lake, and another still higher up. At the early hour of nine these gates were closed, and everybody expected to be at home. Outside, the *serenos*, as the Metropolitans of that day were styled, promenaded up and down the streets, crying out the state of the weather and the time o'clock. Off to the *calabosa* went any crowd of citizens that dared discuss politics or the situation in France, or any tipsy revellers trying to find their way home, but confused by the clumsy wooden *trottoirs* of that day.

The forts and covered way between them afforded comfortable accommodation for from twelve to fifteen hundred men. In addition there were in the city, on Barracks street, a large long one-story brick building, capable of holding fifteen hundred men, and on Chartres street another with lodges, stables, etc., for five hundred dragoons; so that there were quarters enough for an army of soldiers, but unfortunately no army for the quarters.

Those troops the Government had managed to collect together at some trouble were a very hard set. They spent most of their time singing, drinking, and gambling in the cabarets on Toulouse street. They were allowed a good deal of freedom and did pretty much what they pleased. Occasionally, however, when, after a long spree on very bad tafia, they ran a-muck and grew so violent as to knock down and beat some quiet and inoffensive farmer from the German coast, come to the city with a cargo of cabbages to sell, they were locked up in the guard-house until they could sober off, and perhaps received in addition a dozen or so lashes.

This was far from agreeable medicine to them, and on the very first opportunity they mut-

inied, killed their officers, deserted, and, like Captain Dalgetty, entered the service of any country that would have them. If, however, they were caught, it fared badly, indeed, with them. Military discipline was loose enough in Louisiana—the men knew more about tafia than guns, and spent more of their time in cabarets than in the bastions—but military punishment had caught some of the nice little ideas from the Inquisition. A recaptured mutineer was treated in a very emphatic and exemplary manner. Dressed in the “wedding garments of the grave,” he was nailed alive in a neat, comfortable cypress coffin, which was then slowly sawed in half by the executioner.

If the deserter escaped, but could not reach any neighboring nation—England, the nearest, was a thousand miles away—he generally took to the woods, fraternized with the savages, married a squaw, became a chief, and in a very short time had forgotten altogether his language, his religion and his name. Sometimes, however, he grew tired of this savage life, even with plenty of men and squaws, and nothing to do but fight, and, after a few years’ experience of it, would return to civilization, tattooed beyond recognition, and scatter around some of the fabulous stories he had picked up from the Indians, of gold mines, emerald caves, etc.

This would, of course, set the adventurous young men of the colony wild, until they got up some Black Hill expedition in search of gold; from which a few survivors would return, wasted and worn with their irregular diet of pine-tops and berries, and bringing back nothing except chills and fever.

In fine, New Orleans, a century ago, might have boasted of being a very military city.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

On the 23d of December, 1814, at half past 1 o’clock in the afternoon, the sentry at the door of General Jackson’s headquarters, at No. 106 Royal street, announced the arrival of three gentlemen who had just come galloping down the street in hot haste, and desired an immediate audience with the General. These visitors were Major Gabrielle Villeré, son of Major-General Villeré, Colonel De la Ronde, and Mr. Dussan la Croix, who brought the stirring news of the approach of the vanguard of the British army, which was at that hour encamped on the Villeré plantation, nine miles below the city.

“At the close of Major Villeré’s narrative, the General drew up his figure, bowed with disease and weakness, to its full height, and with an eye of fire and an emphatic blow upon the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed:

“By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!”

“Then courteously inviting the visitors to refresh themselves, and sipping a glass of wine in compliment to them, he turned to his secretary and aids and remarked:

“Gentlemen, the British are below. We must fight them to night.”

General Jackson dispatched a messenger to each of the corps under his command, ordering them with all haste to break up their camps and march to positions assigned them: General Carroll to the head of Bienvenu, Governor Claiborne to a point further up the Gentilly road, which road leads from Chef Menteur to New Orleans; the rest of the troops to a plantation just below the city. Commodore Patterson was also sent for and requested to prepare the Carolina for weighing anchor and dropping down the river.

These orders issued, the General sat down to dinner and ate a little rice, the only food his system could then endure. He then lay down upon a sofa in his office and dozed for a short time. It was the last sleep the General was to enjoy for seventy hours or more—for five days and nights one writer positively asserts. Who else could have slept at such a time? Before 3 o’clock he mounted his horse and rode to the lower part of the city, where then stood Fort St. Charles, on ground now occupied by the Branch Mint building. Before the gates of the fort he took his station, waiting to see the troops pass on their way to the vicinity of the enemy’s position, and to give his final orders to the various commanders.

Drawn up near him, in imposing array, was one of the two regiments of regulars, the 44th Infantry, Colonel Ross, mustering three hundred and thirty-one muskets. Around the General were gathered his six aids, Captain Butler, Captain Reid, Captain Chotard, Edward Livingston, Mr. Davezac, Mr. Duplessis. The other regiment of regulars, the 7th Infantry, Major Peire, four hundred and sixty-five muskets, had already marched down the road, to guard it against the enemy's advance. With them were sixty-six marines, twenty-two artillerymen and two six-pounders, under Colonel McRae and Lieutenant Spotts, and the regular artillery. Captain Beal's famous company of New Orleans riflemen, composed of merchants and lawyers of the city, were also below, defending the high road. A cloud of dust on the levee, and the thunder of horses' feet, soon announced to the expectant General the approach of cavalry.

Col. Hinds, of the Mississippi Dragoons, emerged from the dust cloud galloping at the head of his troops, whom he led swiftly by to the designated spot. Coffee, with his Tennesseans, was not far behind. Halting at the General's side, he conversed with him a few minutes, and then, rejoining his men, gave the word, "Forward, at a gallop," and the long line of backwoodsmen swept rapidly past. Next came in view a parti-colored host on foot, at a run, which proved to be Major Plache's fine battalion of uniformed companies. "Ah!" cried Jackson to his Aid Davezac, "Here come the brave Creoles." They had run all the way from Fort St. John and came breathless into the General's presence. In a moment they too had received their orders and were again in motion. A battalion of colored freemen, under Major D'Aquin, and a small body of Choctaw Indians, under Capt. Jugeaut, arrived, halted, passed on, and the General had seen his available force go by.

The number of troops that went that afternoon to meet the enemy was two thousand one hundred and thirty-one, of whom considerably more than half had never been in action. The commanders of the different corps had all received the same simple orders: To advance as far as the Rodriguez Canal, six miles below the city and two miles above the Villeré plantation; there to halt, take positions, and wait for orders to close with the enemy. The Rodriguez Canal was no more than a wide, shallow ditch, which extended across the firm ground from the river to the swamp.

During the bustle attending the departure of the troops, the city seemed still confident and cheerful. As the men hurried along the levee, the windows were crowded with ladies waving their handkerchiefs and hiding with smiles the anxiety that rent their hearts. Husbands, fathers, brothers, nephews, friends, were recognized in the moving masses of soldiers.

Wives, mothers, sisters were discerned at the familiar windows. The salutations then hurriedly given were the last that were ever exchanged between some of those panting soldiers and those they loved.

The result of the affair of December 23d was the saving of Louisiana, for it cannot be doubted that the enemy, had he not been attacked with such impetuosity when he had hardly effected his disembarkation, would that very night or early next morning, have marched against the city, which was not then covered by any fortification, and was defended by hardly five thousand men, mostly militia, who could not, in the open field, have withstood disciplined troops, accustomed to the use of the bayonet, a weapon with which most of the militia were unprovided.

The troops engaged in the action of the 23d, in the plain of Gentilly, were as follows:

"The right, commanded by Gen. Jackson in person, was composed of	
A detachment of marines under command of Lieut. Bellevue.....	66
A detachment of artillery with two six-pounders, under the immediate command of Col. McRae and Lieut. Spotts.....	22
7th Regiment, Major Peire	465
44th, commanded by Capt. Baker,	331

Major Plauche's Battalion Carabineers, Capt. Roche.....	86
Dismounted Dragoons, Major St. Geme.....	78
Louisiana Blues, Capt. White.....	31
Frances, Capt. Hudry.....	33
Chasseurs, Capt. Guibert.....	59
The Battalion of San Domingo men of color, Major D'Aquin.....	287
Choctaws, Capt. Pierre Jugeaut.....	210
	18
	228
The left, commanded by Gen. Coffee, was composed as follows :	
Tennessee Volunteer Mounted Riflemen, forming Gen. Coffee's Brigade.....	563
Tennessee Rifle Company, Capt. Beale.....	62
Mississippi Dragoons, Major Hinds.....	107
	732
Total.....	2,131

When New Orleans was threatened by the British the Legislature passed a special law, authorizing the formation of a battalion of free men of color, which shortly took the field under Major Lacoste, a gallant officer, subsequently killed in a duel. Another battalion of free men of color was afterward formed under the direction of Col. Michel Fortier, a brave soldier and prominent citizen. Col. Savary, of San Domingo, organized this new corps, the members of which were refugees from that island. Its command was confided to Major D'Aquin, of the Second Regiment of Militia. These colored troops did excellent service in the field, and on the 8th of January were posted to the left of Plauche's Battalion.

Plauche's Battalion of Volunteers and Capt. Beale's Company of Orleans Riflemen contributed very largely to the success of Americans in the affairs of the 23d and 28th December, and the engagements of January.

The Plauche Battalion was composed mostly of Frenchmen by birth—merchants, lawyers, clerks—the flower of the population, and in the defense of New Orleans they displayed the personal valor, martial ardor and enthusiasm characteristic of the French nation.

Jackson's lines on the eighth of January, within five miles of the city's limits at that day, ran along the limits of Rodriguez's and Chalmette's plantations, from the river bank to the swamp. The parapet, mainly of earthwork, revetted with plank, in some places twenty feet thick and five high, extended nearly a mile, being situated on the brink of an old saw-mill race, or *coulée*. Without entering into details, the disposition of the troops was as follows: The redoubt on the river, in front of the extremity of the line on the right, was manned by a company of the Seventh Regiment, Lieut. Ross. Within the line, on the right, was Capt. Beale's volunteer company; Seventh Regiment Regulars, Major Peire; Major Plauche's battalion of volunteers; Major Lacoste's battalion of men of color; Major D'Aquin's battalion of San Domingo men of color; the Forty-fourth Regiment Regulars, Capt. Baker; the troops of Gen. Carroll, supported by the Kentuckians under Gen. John Adair; and on the rest of the line, to the swamp, Gen. Coffee's brigade. The batteries were stationed at intervals. Including 100 artillerymen, the line was defended by 3,200 armed men, 800 of the available forces having been distributed in various detachments for the defense of the camp, the Piernis Canal and the outskirts of the woods. Of this force two of the regiments were regular troops, and the balance volunteers and militia.

The British Army of Invasion aggregated, according to Eaton and Latour, 14,450 men. It seems certain that at least 12,000 advanced to the siege of New Orleans.

The attack began at dawn, on the left of the line, and by 8 o'clock the enemy had been repulsed with fearful loss, estimated by the best authorities at nearly 3,000 soldiers, in killed, wounded and missing. The casualties in the American line were six killed and seven wounded during the action. The entire casualties in the American forces, on both sides of the river,

January 8, were 13 killed and 39 wounded, 19 missing. Of the killed, 3 privates were serving at the batteries, 1 sergeant, 1 corporal from the Seventh Regiment, 1 private in Gen. Coffee's brigade, 1 sergeant, 3 privates in Carroll's division, 1 private in the Kentucky militia, 1 private of the colored volunteers, 1 private in Gen. Morgan's militia.

The loss of the British, according to their official reports, was, in killed, 2 major-generals (Pakenham and Gibbs), 1 lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 11 sergeants, 1 drummer, 266 rank and file; wounded, 1 major-general (Keane), 3 lieutenant colonels, 2 majors, 18 captains, 38 lieutenants, 9 ensigns, 1 staff, 54 sergeants, 9 drummers, 1,126 rank and file; missing, 3 captains, 12 lieutenants, 13 sergeants, 4 drummers, 452 rank and file. It was a bad day for the officers. The tremendous loss in their ranks speaks for their bravery. The chief effort of the enemy was directed against that part of the line defended by the West Tennessee militia and the Kentucky troops. The central portion of the line was not attacked, and on the right the British were driven back by the Seventh Regiment and Capt. Beale's Rifle-men, after entering the redoubt.

In his general orders of January 21, General Jackson, in thanking the troops, paid special tributes to the Louisiana organizations, and made particular mention of Capts. Dominique and Belluche, and the Lafitte brothers, all of the Barataria privateers; of General Garrique de Flan-jac, a State Senator, and brigadier of militia, who served as a volunteer; of Majors Plauche, St. Gême, Lacoste, D'Aquin, Captain Savary, Colonel De la Ronde, General Humbert, Don Juan de Araya, the Mexican Field-Marshal; Major-General Villère and General Morgan, the Engineers Latour and Blanchard; the Attakapas dragoons, Captain Dubuclay; the cavalry from the Felicianas and the Mississippi territory. General Labattut had command of the town, of which Nicolas Girod was then the mayor.

The troops on the right bank were less successful in resisting the enemy owing to the inadequacy of the line of defense on the Cazeland plantation, the right of which was turned. The troops on the right bank were: the Second Regiment Louisiana Militia, Colonel Zenon Cavalier; First Regiment Louisiana Militia, Colonel Dejan; Sixth Regiment (a detachment), and a detachment of General Adair's Kentuckians.

JACKSON'S HEADQUARTERS.

The headquarters of General Jackson during the battle of New Orleans was the residence of Wm. M. Montgomery, a rich merchant who possessed a suburban villa just below the city. From the Montgomery House General Jackson moved to the old Marigny Mansion on Victory (now Chartres) street, where he awaited the visiting multitudes. The house has since been destroyed by fire, so that the numerous buildings pointed out to strangers as Jackson's headquarters are bogus, being buildings where he probably spent an evening or so.

THE ANCIENT BATTLEFIELD.

Taking its course from the city through Elysian Fields and Goodchildren streets, the Mississippi River, Terre aux Bœufs & Lake Borgne Railroad passes the abattoir and the fields where the cattle are penned; the Chalmette Cotton Mills, the ancient battlefield where the opposing lines swept back and forth on that memorable day when New Orleans was saved from the British. Near it is the Chalmette Cemetery, containing the bones of 1,500 of those who fell in defense of this city, and conspicuous upon a tall mound the still unfinished monument to the hero of that field.

It passes also the ancient and ruined Villère house, where Pakenham made his headquarters before the struggle. The doors and windows are gone, the plaster tumbles from its sides, and weeds wave upon roof and lintel; a very noble old mansion it must have been in its time, but feeble, decrepit and tottering to its fall to-day.

It is the battlefield also where private wrongs were avenged ; the old duelling-ground, where in the chilliness of the early morning air many men have felt cold thrills which were not all owing to the mists of morning, but had some relation to the small dark hole in the end of a pistol or the gleam of keen steel.

Cabbage gardens are sprinkled about through these whilom bloody fields, and humbly flourish regardless of tragedy, and orange groves are being planted.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS BY FARRAGUT.

The capture of New Orleans by the Union Army in 1862 being confined mainly to the fleet, its story can be briefly told.

When the news reached New Orleans that the fleet had passed the forts and was approaching the city, the popular frenzy was unrestrainable and the wildest devastation followed.

Thenceforth there was no hope. Nothing but wild confusion, tumult, frenzy, reckless destruction of property. The order to burn all the cotton in the city to prevent it falling into the hands of the Federals, was executed with some deliberation. Ten or twelve thousand bales were rolled out of the cotton yards into the streets, or carted to the levee and set on fire, and guarded by soldiers until it should be totally destroyed. There was no demur to this grand sacrifice of this valuable staple. All assented to it as an indispensable burnt offering on the altar of patriotism. It was the property which the enemy most needed ; it was that, the want of which might impel European powers to intervene on their behalf. Not a pound of it should they get. Foreigners and natives subscribed to this policy. He who should oppose or protest against such destruction would have been in great danger of popular violence.

A vast deal of other property was burned as well as cotton. Some over-zealous patriot endeavored to set fire to the tobacco and the sugar in the warehouses. Next the ships at the wharves, already freighted with cotton, were consigned to the flames, cut adrift, and sent down the stream to announce to the coming enemy the desperate resolves which prevailed in New Orleans. Then the steamboats, all that were unable to get up steam, were delivered to the fiery demon, until the river, for the whole extent of the city front, was fringed on both sides with solid and continuous belts of bright and lofty flames, while a vast and dense volume of smoke spread over the broad levee, a heavy, massive curtain of Cimmerian darkness. Beneath that canopy and in the glare of those flames could be seen thousands of men, women and children, engaged in a wild and reckless struggle for the spoils and plunder, to which they were invited by the general recklessness, and instigated by hunger as well as by avarice. Hogsheads of sugar, barrels of molasses, of pork, tierces of bacon, were broken open and their contents borne off in baskets, bags, buckets, and in the aprons of women and children. Even pieces of iron, of machinery, and half-burned cotton bales—everything of any value within their reach was seized upon by this wild mob and dragged to their hovels in the purlieus of the city. The great extent of the levee, which stretches a length of five or six miles in front of the city, favored this general depredation. The gutters of the streets ran molasses. The granite pavements were plastered with a thick coating of fine brown sugar. Children were seen running about, sweating and groaning under the weight of large masses of bacon, and stout women rolled parcels along the sidewalks and in the middle of the streets.

So universal was the spirit of plunder and depredation, and so absorbed were the better part of the community in the great calamity that had overtaken them, that these scenes had gone on for some time without check or interruption from the authorities and good citizens. New Orleans was being sacked by her own people.

At last the foreign brigades attempted to suppress the general lawlessness and plunder. They had to do it at the point of the bayonet.

Frequently the rogues and ruffians would defy them, showering upon them all kinds of abuse, as Yankees in disguise who wanted to keep the provisions for that abhorred people.

The soldiers were compelled to keep in ranks for fear of assassination. They succeeded, however, after awhile, in arresting the violence and in clearing the levee of the worst part of this rabble. The plunder ceased in a great measure, probably as much from the want of material as from a fear of the soldiers.

The levees and wharves had been swept of almost everything except a few dismounted cannon, and the debris of broken and condemned machinery. The conflagration of the public material still continued. The basement of the Custom-house had been used since the secession of the State, as a military workshop for the construction of gun-carriages, and the repair of cannon. There was a great deal of material in these rooms which would be useful to the enemy. It was all brought out and thrown into a grand pile in the middle of Canal street, and with several pieces of artillery already mounted, was thoroughly saturated with turpentine and then set on fire. It made a huge pyramid of fire, which burned for many hours, and required the care of a strong detail to keep it alive and ensure the total destruction of the whole mass. Other property that would prove useful to the enemy must be placed beyond their reach. Timber and wood-yards were then condemned to the flames, and the work-shops on the opposite bank of the river were stripped of their machinery, and of the tools used in repairing vessels, which were thrown into the river. The large and valuable docks in Algiers, which cost millions of dollars to construct, which had afforded employment to hundreds of laborers, and were indispensable to the commerce of the city, were sunk.

The evening of the twenty-fourth closed with two incidents, which, for a while, engaged the popular attention. These were the departures of the Governor, his staff and various State and Confederate officials and their families, the families of Gen. Lovell and staff, some furloughed officers, some of the planters from the country and their families, making in all two good loads for the steamers "Magenta" and "Pargoud."

A more inspiring scene, and one which produced a momentary thrill of enthusiasm among the people now engaged their attention, the sound of drums was heard and of a military band playing the Confederate airs, and a long column of dusty soldiers appeared marching to the field of battle. This was the brigade of Brigadier-General Buisson, en route for the plains of Chalmette (Jackson's old battle-field), to execute the orders of General Lovell to make all possible resistance to a hostile fleet of twenty ships, carrying nearly 200 cannon of the largest calibre, and steaming along the surface of a stream several feet above the level of the plain in which General Buisson's brigade would be compelled to operate. This was certainly a forlorn undertaking, but the men marched along so spiritedly and bravely that the populace could not refrain from cheering them.

And thus closed the never-to-be-forgotten 24th of April, 1862, a day fraught with the bitterest memories and the saddest scenes which the history of New Orleans has ever recorded. The 25th dawned upon a city "clothed in sack-cloth and ashes." The fires which had been lighted early on the day before were not yet burned out, and the smoke, cinders and ashes filled the atmosphere and diffused an offensive and oppressive odor.

Early in the day there was a commotion and a rush of the crowd toward the levee. It is not the enemy. They have not yet passed the English Turn and the Chalmette batteries. What is it? The groans and lamentations of the vast multitude which stretched for miles along the levee announced some new and fresh disaster. Those who were in front soon discovered the nature of it from actual observation; others far down the streets and beyond the view of the river intuitively divined it. Here came a vast, heavy, massive, but symmetrically-shaped hull, blazing from stem to stern with a conflagration that seemed to occupy half the width of the river, sweeping everything before it, and roaring and tottering like some supernatural monster in its last agonies. "There goes the Mississippi," was the wailing cry of the crowd. And so it was—this immense, costly, ingenious structure, upon which so much skill, labor and money had been expended, from which such mighty results were expected, which, lacked, its builders

asserted, but a few days to render it complete and effective, after many vain attempts with all the power that could be commanded to tow her up the river, was now, by order of her commander, Captain Sinclair, of the Confederate navy, committed to the flames and sent down the stream to announce her own destruction to the approaching enemy.

Active measures were taken to insure the peace of the city. Gen. Juge, an old citizen and gallant French veteran, had been placed by the mayor in charge of the peace and order of the city—which duty he performed with great zeal and success, arresting pillage and tumult, and restoring peace and quiet. The mayor, by his various proclamations—inviting the traders to open their stores, the people to resume their ordinary avocations, promising to have the free market opened with an abundance of fresh provisions, fiercely denouncing the treason of those who refused to receive the paper money of the Confederacy, and assuring all classes that the honor and interests of the city and of the Confederacy were in good hands, succeeded in a great measure in calming the popular passions.

During all this tumult and excitement in the city, Farragut's squadron was slowly steaming up the river in quest of the innumerable batteries which he was led to believe lined the shores. He was surprised to discover the banks of the river for over sixty miles entirely bare of men and of batteries, save a few idle negroes and now and then a white man in peaceful garb, who contented themselves with derisive shouts and impotent execrations. Thus without opposition Farragut anchored before the city, and New Orleans was practically captured.

CHAPTER XVIII.—UNDER THE OAKS.

DUELLING WITH RAPIERS AND PISTOLS—SOME CELEBRATED AFFAIRS—A SPECIMEN DUELIST
—A FIGHT OVER AN UNKNOWN CAUSE—THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AS A REASON FOR
A CHALLENGE.

The "code," as it is called, the duello, was universally recognized in New Orleans before the war, and even to this day duels occur, although growing rarer every year. The man who would not fight "in the days before the war" was regarded as not entitled to the treatment due a gentleman and was socially tabooed, and liable to the grossest insults.

All the efforts of the religious portion of the community to stop duelling proved a failure and aroused the most bitter prejudice. An Article was inserted in the Constitution of the State in 1848, disfranchising duellists. The Creoles complained bitterly of this, which they claimed was an attempt to drive men of courage from the State, and so vigorous was the opposition raised—for nearly all the leading men found themselves disfranchised by this provision—that the anti-duelling article was repealed four years later, and duellists restored to favor again.

In the early Creole days, the rapier or colechemarde was the weapon most in favor in duels, but broadswords and sabres were sometimes used. The Americans introduced the pistol, rifle and shot gun, which made dueling much more fatal. With the rapier, a slight wound was sufficient to satisfy honor, whereas with the shot gun or rifle one of the principals was nearly always seriously wounded. In fact, in a majority of the duels in which the shot gun was used, one or more deaths ensued.

There was no excuse for refusing to "fight." No matter how high your position, you must accept any challenge sent you by a gentleman. Thus, the first American Governor, Claiborne, left the gubernatorial mansion to fight Daniel Clarke, the State representative in Congress, an encounter which resulted in the severe wounding of Clarke. This duel took place at the mouth of Bayou Marechal.

In the annex of the Old Basin street division of the St. Louis Cemetery may be seen a neat marble shaft, erected over the remains of W. C. C. Claiborne, the first Governor of Louisiana, and the Protestant members of his family. On one of the four sides of this shaft there is the following epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory of
Micajah Lewis,
Brother-in-law and Secretary of
Governor W. C. C. Claiborne,
who fell in a duel, January 14, 1804,
Aged, 24 years.

Young Lewis's death resulted from political antagonism, which provoked a bitter personal assault upon the Governor, whose wife, the sister of young Lewis, had recently died.

Lewis called to the field the author of this slanderous assault, and at the first exchange was shot through the heart. He was a young man of great promise and elevated sentiments, and his death gave infinite sorrow to the Governor and all his friends. The tomb at the time it was constructed was a very costly and tasteful one. The epitaph was directed by the Governor himself, who recognized the authority of the code at that period.

Gayarré, in his history of Louisiana, tells a story of a duel which occurred between six young French noblemen promenading on the green sward, on the very spot where New Orleans now has its centre of trade. One of them exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful night! what

a splendid level ground for a joust! Suppose we pair off, draw our swords and make this night memorable by a spontaneous display of bravery and skill!" Upon the word they drew, paired off, and under the clear light of the moon their shining blades gleamed in courteous and deadly encounter, and such valor was displayed as would have immortalized, in reasonable battle, these giddy-headed and light-hearted heroes. Two of them remained on the field, pale and bloody corpses, victims of a foolish but heroic bravado.

A very similar story is that of the duel between Major Henry, of Nicaraguan fame, and Major Joe Howell, renowned among all those who remember the old Louisiana traditions for coolness and daring. Howell and Henry had met in a coffee-house at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets (where Joe Walker now keeps the Crescent Hall), and had had a difficulty which wound up in a challenge to fight that evening at the Half-Way House. It was impossible for the seconds to find out what was the origin of the trouble, Howell himself not recollecting anything about it. It seems that he and Major Henry—a noted brave of the Nicaraguan army—who had served with Walker, had had a mal-entendu in Nicaragua, and cherished no friendship for one another. They met, and Henry invited Joe to drink. Both were under the influence of liquor. Unfortunately two newsboys came in and commenced to fight. According to the theory of the times, Joe bet on one and Henry backed the other. Henry's newsboy caved in, when he then remarked that the fight would have been very different if he and Joe had been engaged instead of the boys. Joe nodded "Yes." "Well, then," put in Nicaragua Henry, "suppose we do have it." Joe whipped out his six-shooter, for short answer. "Hold on, old boy, I'm not ready; let us meet at five o'clock this evening at the Half-Way House; bring your navy; I will have mine." "All right," answered Joe, and the whisky straights, which had been losing some of their lightning by evaporation, instantly disappeared in well-accustomed channels; not, however, before the glasses had violently tinkled against each other. Just then two policemen put in an appearance, and both belligerents were taken to the station. Mutual friends, actuated as much by a desire to see the sequence as by any other Christian motive, soon obtained their release. Henry kept on drinking, and Joe went to sleep, as some great generals have done before him on the eve of mighty battles.

Both parties were known as men of indomitable pluck and desperate courage. Major Henry's reputation was proverbial; further on we will give some particulars of his eventful career. Joe Howell was a brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis, stood six feet seven inches in his boots, was admirably proportioned, and his body was covered with scars caused by wounds inflicted with knife, arrow and bullet.

At 4½ o'clock Joe woke up, took one cocktail, and without the least nervousness or concern bid his friends *au revoir* and jumped into the carriage. Dr. Sam Choppin, acting surgeon on the occasion, followed.

On the way, as is customary in the fulfillment of his duty, Howell's second offered some advice to his man. He told him to endeavor to get the first shot in on his antagonist, to fire low and to cock with his right hand without lowering his pistol.

His answer was, after driving a cloud of smoke from his cigarette: "Tut, tut, my boy, teach your grandmother how to suck eggs!"

The second said no more.

When the grounds were reached 300 persons were found there. All the hacks and cabs had been engaged as soon as the news flashed over the city that these two men were about to meet in mortal combat. Not less than fifty Nicaraguans were there; but these were clustered around Henry, who could be seen some two hundred yards out in the field, resting on one elbow in a dry hollow.

Joe Howell had also many friends among the spectators and gayly chatted with them.

All efforts to settle the affair failed.

"Will you please give me your version of the cause of this difficulty," Howell's second asked.

"It don't matter; we are here to fight," was the sharp answer from Henry's second.

"Well, but brave men don't fight like children, for nothing. We want to know what we are going to fight about; if we are wrong we may apologize, or vice versa."

"We don't know anything about it; but if there is to be an apology, Major Howell must make it."

"But if you are ignorant of the origin and cause of this difficulty how can you point out our wrong?"

"Wait; we will see Major Henry."

And off they went to the ditch where Henry sat leisurely resting.

In less than three minutes the Nicaraguans were back.

"Well?" asked Howell's man.

"Well," Major Henry says, "if Joe Howell will apologize it's no fight."

"Apologize for what?" asked the other with some animation.

"Don't know, and don't care," was the laconic reply.

"Then there is no possible way of arranging this matter amicably. Suppose both parties approach each other half way and shake hands without a word? Will you see Major Henry and tell him the proposition comes from our side?"

After some discussion they consented to this, but very reluctantly.

This time the seconds remained fully ten minutes by the side of their principal. There was animated discussion and much gesticulation among them, but they returned and said: "Major Henry says Joe ought to apologize, and then they can shake hands."

"Then it means fight. Load your navy, we will do likewise; ten paces; six barrels loaded; fire at will, and advance."

The line of fire was a narrow path, flanked on either side by a small ditch. Howell stood six feet seven inches in his boots, and, contrary to advice, wore white pants and an alpaca coat, making him a dangerously conspicuous target.

The command was given:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

Joe, who was facing the woods, answered firmly, "Ready!" but kept his eye looking steadily along the barrel of his cocked pistol. Henry, in a nonchalant fashion, threw his head on one side, his pistol dangling at his arm, and in a lazy tone said, "Ready." The word was then given: "Fire!" Both raised simultaneously, fired, and missed. Howell cocked with his right thumb and fired again before Henry was ready for his second shot. Howell's ball pierced Henry's left forearm, when Henry again fired and missed. Howell now came in with his third shot, striking Henry in the abdomen. To this Henry responded with a shot which threw up the dirt right at Howell's feet. The latter then advanced one step, and, taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. Seeing that Henry was done for, Howell's second rushed up and threw up Joe's pistol with his hand. The shot flew away up in the air, that certainly would then and there have killed Henry.

The other side having cried "Stop!" according to agreement, in case of either party being badly wounded, uttered shrill cries of "Foul! Foul!" and immediately whipped out their revolvers. Then followed a scene of confusion, and for a long time it looked as if a wholesale duel would follow; but the crowd interfered, and prevented the fight. The wounded man was taken to the Halfway House, where he remained for some weeks before he could be transported to the city.

Major Henry was, what is known in the vernacular of the ordinary novelist, a character. Retiring in disposition, little given to talk, of a melancholy temperament, he gave no external evidence of the power and determination of the man beneath. Those who knew him intimately and who were with him in the most desperate of dangers say that he was one of the few men they knew who had no appreciation of the word fear. He would face what appeared to be almost certain death with an equanimity that was startling. Joining Gen. Walker's filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, as an officer in the battles there, he was noted for his daring and

coolness. Without caring whether he was followed or not he would charge single-handed into the enemy's ranks, cutting and shooting, right and left, himself receiving wound after wound. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for, notwithstanding the fact that his body was covered with scars, he received new wounds without blenching, and so great was his vitality that he recovered in a very short time.

He served for many years as an enlisted soldier in the Seventh Regiment Infantry, United States army; was made quartermaster-sergeant of the regiment during the Mexican war on account of gallant conduct, and at the close of the war was promoted to a lieutenancy. In this capacity he was stationed for a long time in the Cherokee Nation, where his taciturn disposition made him very unpopular with the men, but his daring and recklessness in amorous exploits caused him to be quite a favorite with the squaws.

This came very near being the cause of his death, for one night at a ball he found himself suddenly environed by a crowd of Cherokee braves, and when they dispersed he was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, with seven stabs in his body. No other man would have recovered, but he did.

In the assault and taking of Monterey, during the Mexican war, Major Henry accomplished a feat which, for reckless daring, has scarcely a parallel in the annals of military venture.

It will be remembered that Monterey, like its sister city of Spain, the immortal Saragossa, was defended foot by foot and inch by inch. Every window was a fortalice from which murderous shots were fired, and every terrace a fortress dealing death and destruction to the advancing foe.

Major Henry, in the hottest of the fight, wagered a dinner with his friends of the regiment that he would ride three squares on a mule, at a slow pace, through the cross-fire of the Mexican patriots and return. And so indeed he did. The mule did not come back, however, having fallen pierced by a dozen balls, a victim to the temerity of its rider. Major Henry returned on foot, and won his wager somewhat the worse for his experience, with three bullets in his body.

During the Nicaraguan war this remarkable fighter distinguished himself on every occasion, and was much admired and respected as a soldier. His temper, however, was not such as would permit him to live in peace with his fellow-officers. He was noted for several brilliant duels during that eventful campaign—among which, one with Col. Jules Dreux, was fought at Mes-siah. He was major of the regiment of which Dreux was colonel, and they had a misunderstanding. Dreux waived his rank, and they fought with navy revolvers at twelve paces.

It was in 1843 that a very violent political campaign occurred in this State between the Whig and Democratic parties. The contest was for Representatives in Congress. Each party had brought forward its strongest candidates. The journals of the two parties were especially vigorous and aggressive in their assaults upon the nominees of the adverse party. Personality and virulent criticism were never before carried to such a pitch in this State. The *Tropic*, a daily newspaper, conducted with great vigor and savagery by Col. McArdle, infused a fiercely belligerent tone into the party and its press throughout the State. Many personal conflicts and affairs of honor resulted from this bellicose spirit. These quarrels of individuals were adopted by their parties, and the fights assumed the character of faction fights instead of personal affairs of honor. One of the most unhappy and tragic of these combats was that which resulted in the death of Hueston, the editor of the Baton Rouge *Gazette*. Hueston was of Northern birth, and had recently assumed editorial charge of the paper, which had previously maintained the reputation of a prudent, sedate and cautious Whig journal. Hueston gave an entirely new character to the *Gazette*. The *Tropic* had inoculated the *Gazette* with its partisan virus, and its editorials bristled with sarcasms and offensive personalities. One of the most offensive and unjustifiable of these, which led to the tragic scene we have to relate, was contained in a review of the Congressional candidates. The Democratic candidates in the Fourth and Second Congressional districts were Gen. Bossier and the Hon. Alcee La Branche. Both gentlemen were highly honored and admired by their party and large circles of personal friends. They were Creoles.

Mr. La Branche had been Speaker of our House of Representatives; was the first Charge d'Affaires to Texas, and in all his relations was greatly esteemed as a gentleman of great propriety and dignity of behavior. So far from being a duelist, as has been charged, he was one of the few public men in Louisiana who had never been engaged in an "affair."

General Bossier on the other hand, the Democratic candidate in the Fourth district, had had several affairs of that character, in one of which, a sword combat, he slew General Gaiennie, the great Whig leader of his district. Now, the Baton Rouge *Gazette*, referring to these characteristics of the two Democratic candidates, taunted the Democrats of the Second district with a preference for a man destitute of spirit and manhood, and those of the Fourth district with a selection of a candidate who had, by his superior physical power, killed his antagonist. This article was regarded by Mr. LaB.'s friends as an insult of the grossest character to himself, his party and his friends. Shortly after the appearance of this article, Hueston visited New Orleans where he was received by the fighting men of his party as a "lion." His arrival was announced in one of the papers with a flourish. Thereupon Mr. LaBranche sought him in the St. Charles billiard-room, and demanded some reparation for the gross insult offered him. Receiving a defiant response, he struck Hueston with a cane or billiard-cue several blows, knocking him down and disabling him. Hueston was taken to his rooms. A surgeon was sent for, who attended to his wounds. Next friends (political friends) were called in, and from them two of the most experienced in such affairs were selected to make arrangements for the earliest possible meeting at the Oaks. These friends were Colonel W. H. McArdle and Richard Hagan, both of whom had been engaged in several affairs of a serious and sanguinary character. Hueston's wounds were of a more serious character than was at first imagined. His surgeon remonstrated against his going out for several days. But Hueston with an obstancy which characterized his whole conduct in this affair, insisted upon the meeting taking place within three days. Accordingly the arrangements were made. Mr. La Branche's friends were General John L. Lewis and Jos. Genois. The weapons selected were double-barreled shotguns, both barrels loaded with ball. Promptly the parties came to time at the Oaks at break of day. A crowd of spectators had been attracted to the scene. In consequence of this interruption and the rumored approach of the police, the parties changed the ground to a more remote locality. They could not elude the intruders, of whom nearly two hundred reached the spot selected. The seconds proceeded rapidly with their arrangements. The ground was measured. Forty yards was the distance agreed on. The words were: "Fire—one, two, three, four, five." The combatants must fire both barrels between the words "fire" and "five." The weapons were ordinary shot-guns, loaded with ball. General Lewis loaded Mr. LaBranche's gun and Colonel Hagan Mr. Hueston's. The word was given by Colonel McArdle. Both parties were cool and determined. It was observable, however, that Mr. Hueston still bore marks on his face of his recent scuffle.

At the first fire both parties discharged their pieces nearly simultaneously. One of the balls from Mr. LaBranche's piece passed through Hueston's hat, another through his coat. Those of Hueston flew wide of the mark. It was obvious to the seconds and the spectators that Mr. LaBranche had the advantage of greater quickness and skill in handling his weapon.

The seconds of Mr. LaBranche approached those of Mr. Hueston with the usual inquiry whether their principal was satisfied. These gentlemen consulted Hueston. He shook his head with great positiveness, and requested them to load up.

A second exchange was then had, with similar results to the first. The two balls of LaBranche whizzed close by the head of Hueston, who again fired wild.

There was another interview of the seconds and a repetition of the emphatic shake of the head by Mr. Hueston. His seconds remonstrated and apologized to the seconds of the other side for the persistency of their principal, Col. Hagan remarking that after the next fire the distance should be shortened or the parties retired.

The spectators manifested the same sentiment by crying out that the affair should end

there. But Hueston was immovable, and with cool jocularly requested that the guns be reloaded. His obstinacy prevailed.

There was a third exchange. As the smoke cleared away the combatants were observed in the same position, apparently unhurt. One of the balls from LaBranche's gun had barely missed the skull of Hueston, passing through his hair and slightly puncturing the skin, causing blood to flow.

At the third interview of the seconds it was suggested that, Mr. Hueston being wounded, the combat should there end. This suggestion appeared to inflame the obduracy of Hueston. "Feel my pulse," he asked of the surgeon, "and say whether it does not beat steady and regular." The surgeon felt his pulse and declared that there was no irregularity, but added that the affair ought to end there. So thought and declared everybody else but Hueston. He was inflexible in his resolution to kill or be killed. With manifest sorrow and indignation arrangements were made for the fourth exchange of shots.

At the word the parties fired, as before. Each discharged both barrels. At the discharge of LaBranche's first barrel, this being his seventh shot, Hueston reeled and fell. He had discharged both barrels of his gun. LaBranche's second barrel was discharged, being the eighth shot, before he could perceive the effect of the last. His friends and surgeon advanced to Hueston, who was prone on the ground, lifted him into a carriage, and bore him to the city. An examination discovered that he had been shot through the lungs, and had but a few moments to live. He was taken to the Maison de Santé, where, after the most intense agony, during which he begged one of his friends, as the last kindness he could render him, to fire a ball through his head and end his torture, he died.

Colonel S. L. Oakey came to this city from New York early in the thirties. He engaged at first in the wholesale dry goods business, and afterward in the commission business for the sale of planters' products.

In any pursuit in which he was embarked he displayed great activity, zeal and earnestness, a strong will and dauntless valor and determination. With these he combined a courtly and knightly bearing, a love of the drama, a taste for military display, an intense Democracy and an ardent patriotism.

As illustrative of these qualities in 1843, he assumed the championship of the cotton factors of the city against certain very bitter and denunciatory charges which had appeared in letters from this city in the Vicksburg *Sentinel*, then conducted by that famous polemical editor, Hagan, who, on account of similar articles, was involved a short time after in a combat, in which he was killed by the late General D. W. Adams.

The letters from this city were traced to an English cotton buyer, named Wright. As the house of Colonel Oakey was involved in the slanders published by the *Sentinel*, the colonel sought the writer and called him to account for the same. A personal rencontre ensued, which was deferred to the field of honor. Wright had boasted much of his skill as a marksman. The rifle was the weapon selected by him. Colonel Oakey had never fired a rifle in his life, and refused even to practice with the weapon. The parties met across the lake, in Mississippi. Wright was a large, stout man; Oakey was a small, insignificant-looking man, of calm, cool and determined manner, not vaunting, boastful, or demonstrative. The combatants were supported by gentlemen of prominence in the community. The distance was sixty yards. Oakey chose the Yager, known afterwards as the Mississippi rifle; Wright used a highly-finished English rifle. At the word Wright fired precipitately; Oakey received and returned the fire with great coolness. His adversary fell at his discharge—shot on a line through the heart. The parties returned to the city that evening on the same steamer bearing the unfortunate victim of a duel conducted with the strictest punctilio.

The Creoles of New Orleans were always very spirited and courageous, but sometimes fought on provocations which the Americans would not have resented in a manner so deadly.

The Creole element was impatient of dissent, and resorted to small arms on all occasions of

differences even among themselves. One paper was especially provocative of such disputes. The writers were Americans, who expressed their opinions without much circumlocution, and so provoked the fiery native greatly. There was one article upon a performance at the opera. This critique occasioned three duels, and upon reading it carefully one will be at a loss to find material to have justified one, even conceding that rational people should peril life at all on a question of singing or dancing.

There appeared in New Orleans, some forty years ago, a very learned savant and academician, from whom there was no appeal on any question of science, known as the Chevalier Tomasi. Tomasi published a communication on the hydraulics of the Mississippi. He would either stop the river, or make it deeper, or restrict it within boundaries specified by science. The style of the article was dogmatic and dictatorial. The Academy of Sciences in Paris was declared as omnipotent in physics as the Sorbonne had been in ethics. Americans were an ignorant tribe expelled from Europe for stupidity or other crimes. To cite a Creole authority only provoked a grimace or a sarcasm. It is proper to say that there was a vehement feud between the Creoles and French. Men grew tired of the society of their superiors, and to have Paris eternally thrown in their teeth, with a word now and then about the *filles de cassette* and an assumption of general superiority, would disturb the equanimity of the most phlegmatic, much less of the most mercurial people.

So Tomasi was descanting to a Creole upon the perfection of the system, whatever it was, when a Creole associate ventured to remark that the Mississippi was a very headstrong stream, and that possibly the basis of calculation assumed for the smaller rivers of Europe would not be found applicable to so mighty a stream. At this Tomasi merely employed a gesture of contempt, and added with a sneer, "How little you Americans know of the world. Know that there are rivers in Europe so large that the Mississippi is a mere rill, figuratively speaking." To this the enraged Creole replied, "Sir, I will never allow the Mississippi to be insulted or disparaged in my presence by an arrogant pretender to knowledge." This he accompanied with the fling of a glove in the face of the Chevalier. A challenge was the consequence, and Professor Tomasi was wounded, as is supposed, mortally. A day or two afterwards, however, the Chevalier appeared in the streets wearing what the surgeons call a T bandage about his face and jaw. He wore quite a ghostly aspect, and when asked about it, remarked, "*c'est rien ; une egratignure seulement*," and stripped away the bandage, to show that the sword of his antagonist had duly vindicated the dignity of the Mississippi by passing entirely across the mouth of the defamer from one cheek to the other. "But," said the Chevalier, as he replaced his bandage, "I should have killed my antagonist but for the miserable character of your American steel. My sword, sir, doubled like lead. Had it been a genuine *colichemarde* he would have fared properly for having brutally outraged the sensibilities of a French gentleman. He here opened a lecture on the carbonization of iron, which could nowhere be effected properly except with wood cut in a certain forest of France. This lecture was delivered with pain and contortion of visage, but no doubt gave him great relief, as all his premises and deductions were accepted without dispute.

But to merely recount the duels that have taken place at New Orleans would fill a large volume. The Oaks, the favorite meeting place of the old days, and which now lie in what is styled the Lower City Park, just back of the cemeteries, between Canal and Esplanade streets, have witnessed hundreds of fatal duels. Since the war dueling has not been quite so much in favor as it was a quarter of a century ago, but hostile meetings are still frequent, and not a few of them have terminated fatally.

CHAPTER XIX.—LAFITTE, THE PIRATE.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE BARATARIA PIRATES—THE WARNING THAT SAVED NEW ORLEANS FROM CAPTURE BY THE BRITISH—PIRATICAL DELUSIONS OF LATER DAYS.

Opposite the Sixth district of New Orleans, on the right bank of the Mississippi, is a small canal, now used by fishermen and hunters, which approaches to within a few hundred yards of the river bank. The small craft that ply on this canal are taken up by cars which are taken into the water by an inclined plane. Following this canal, which runs nearly due west for five or six miles, you reach a deep, narrow and tortuous bayou. Descending this bayou, which for forty miles pursues its sluggish course through an impenetrable swamp, you pass into a large lake girt with sombre forests and gloomy swamps, and resonant with the hoarse croakings of alligators and the screams of swamp fowls.

From this lake, by a third and larger bayou, you pass into another lake, and from that to another, until you reach an island, on which are discernible, at a considerable distance, several elevated knolls, and where a scant vegetation and a few trees maintain a feeble existence. At the lower end of the island are some aboriginal vestiges, in the shape of high mounds of shells, which are thought to mark the burial-place of an extinct tribe. The lake or bayou finally empties into the Gulf in two outlets, between which lies the beautiful island of Grand Terre. Here may be found the foundations of houses, the brick work of a rude fort, and other evidences of an ancient settlement. This is the spot which has become so famous in the literature and romances of the Southwest as the "Pirate Home," the retreat of the dread corsair of the Gulf, whom the genius of Byron has immortalized as one who

"Left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Jean Lafitte, the pirate, was a blacksmith from Bordeaux, France, who kept his forge at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip streets, in a building which remains to this day. He had an older brother, Pierre, who was a seafaring character, and had served in the French navy.

Shortly after the cession of Louisiana to the United States, a series of events occurred which made the Gulf of Mexico the arena of a most extensive and profitable privateering. First came the war between France and Spain, which afforded the inhabitants of the French islands a good pretence to depredate upon the rich commerce of the Spanish possessions, the most valuable and productive in the New World. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean swarmed with privateers. Shortly after this the United States of Columbia declared its independence of Spain, and invited to its port of Carthagená all the privateers and buccaneers of the gulf. Commissions were promptly given or sold to them to sail under the Columbian flag and prey upon the commerce of poor old Spain. The privateers selected as their headquarters the little bay or cove of Grand Terre. It was called Barataria, and several huts and storehouses were built there, and cannon planted on the beach. Here rallied the privateers of the Gulf with their fast-sailing schooners armed to the teeth and manned by fierce-looking men, armed with cutlasses—desperadoes of all nations.

Besides its inaccessibility to vessels of war, the Bay of Barataria recommended itself by another important consideration. It was near to New Orleans, where the spoils of the privateers, or as they can well be styled, pirates, could be disposed of. A regular organization was established, officers chosen and agents appointed in New Orleans to enlist men and negotiate the sale of goods.



Café Des Exilés

Among these agents was the blacksmith Jean Lafitte, who by his address, enterprise and success soon obtained such ascendancy over the lawless congregation at Barataria that they elected him their captain or commander.

There is a tradition that this choice gave great dissatisfaction to some of the more warlike of the pirates, and particularly to one Gambio, a savage, grim Italian who did not scruple to prefer the title and character of pirate to the puling hypocritical one of privateer; and Lafitte found it necessary when one of Gambio's followers resisted him to shoot him through the heart before the whole band. His vigor and determination gave him supreme command of the pirates and he certainly conducted his administration with energy and ability. A large fleet of small vessels rode in the harbor, besides others that were cruising in the Gulf. Their store-houses were filled with valuable goods. Hither resorted merchants and traders from all parts of the country to purchase goods which, being cheaper obtained, could be retailed at a large profit. A number of small vessels were employed in transporting these goods to New Orleans, into which city they were carried by night and disposed of by the agents of the pirates there.

Several attempts were made to break up the band and the U. S. Grand Jury more than once indicted Lafitte, but the government could never arrest him. At the very time when a Federal force was being equipped to descend upon the settlement of Barataria, the pirates were able to do the United States a great service, which saved New Orleans from capture by the British, and won for Lafitte the title of the "pirate patriot." When the British were arranging their expedition against the city, they prepared to advance on it by way of Barataria, and sent a man-of-war to the island, to make terms with Lafitte and secure the co-operation of the pirates in capturing New Orleans, offering as a bribe a large sum of money and to Lafitte personally a commission as captain in the British navy.

Lafitte affected acquiescence in these proposals, but at the same time warned Governor Claiborne of the approach of the British, and thus enabled the United States to take steps for the defence of the city and to send General Jackson there.

Notwithstanding Lafitte's services, an expedition was fitted up against the pirates and the settlement captured. The Baratarians were ironed and committed to the Calaboose at New Orleans, and their spoils, consisting of an immense amount of valuable goods, money, etc., seized and conveyed to the city.

At the battle of New Orleans, General Jackson being short of gunners, appointed several of Lafitte's men to the artillery, where they did good service.

After the expedition against Barataria, the pirates were scattered in every direction. Some of them fled the country, and may have fallen into loose ways and sought to trade upon the name of Lafitte, thereby giving circulation to the fictitious stories, and multiplying the name and form of the pirate. Others remained in New Orleans and took to honest and regular pursuits, and several prospered and became rich and important personages. Two of them, who were famous fighting men, You and Bluche, managed to secure the admiration and respect of General Jackson to such a degree that he gave the latter, Bluche, a high certificate and recommendation, which procured him an appointment to the command of the fleet of one of the South American republics, and the other, old Dominique, was the first person the General inquired for on his last visit to the city. He lived to an advanced age, in great poverty, but with undiminished pride in his achievements as a warrior, and at his death was buried in the St. Louis Cemetery, where a pompous tomb was erected over him, and a quotation from Voltaire's "Henriade" testifies to his greatness as a hero and warrior, "The victor in a hundred fights on sea and land."

Lafitte himself returned to his old pursuits, and being unable to remain at Grand Terre, removed to Galveston (then known as Campeachy) island in 1817. Here he built a small town, having his quarters in a commodious house, painted red, where he was visited in 1819 by Col. W. D. C. Hall, in the endeavor to secure his co-operation with Gen. Long in his expedition to Mexico, but without success.

Lafitte's person is thus described: He was a well-formed, handsome man, about six feet two inches in height, strongly built, with large hazel eyes and black hair, and generally wore a moustache. He dressed in a green uniform and otter-skin cap. He was a man of polite and easy manners, of retired habits, generous disposition, and of such a winning address that his influence over his followers was almost absolute. He located his town on the ruins of Aury's village, built a house which he painted red, and threw up around it a fort.

While Lafitte was located on the island he had five or six armed vessels, and a large number of followers. In 1819 the island was visited by a severe storm, and several of the vessels were driven ashore on the mainland. Shortly after the occupation, one of Lafitte's men stole a squaw from the Caranchua tribe of Indians, who often resorted to the west end of the island, and kept possession of her. This so enraged the Indians that they attacked a hunting party of the buccaneers and killed two of them. In return the Indians were attacked by Lafitte with two hundred men and two cannon, and a skirmish ensued, lasting two days, when the Indians were forced to flee to the mainland, after having thirty warriors slain.

While at Grand Terre, Lafitte had dealt largely in negroes taken from Spanish slavers, and continued the business during his stay here, and it was not a great many years since there were living witnesses that the price of an able-bodied negro was at that period only \$40. In 1819 a desperado named Brown plundered an American vessel and was pursued to Galveston by the United States revenue cutter "Lynx," Captain Madison. Brown arrived before the cutter, and Lafitte getting wind of the affair, had him hung on a little island near the present harbor improvement works, then known as "Little Campeachy," and separated from the larger island by a channel seven or eight feet in depth. He also hung another of his men named François for engaging in a plot to rob and murder a Mr. Kuykendall, who, it is quite probable, visited the island for the purpose of purchasing a few of Capt. Lafitte's likely Africans.

The United States becoming tired of Lafitte's establishment, owing to the numerous complaints of depredations on American vessels, determined to break it up, and dispatched a naval force under Lieut. Kearney, with orders to see that Capt. Lafitte left. The pirate chief received the officer courteously, entertained him sumptuously at the Red House, and issued instructions to his followers to prepare to depart. The buccaneers having everything in readiness, Lafitte ordered the town to be set on fire, and embarking on the "Pride," his favorite vessel, sailed from the island on the twelfth of May, 1820, never to return. After cruising in the Caribbean Sea for several years he located on the island of Muges, off the coast of Yucatan, where, according to the traveler Stevens, he died in 1826, leaving a widow and a hecatomb of turtle shells to honor his memory.

Twenty-five years ago piratical panics, alarming stories of bloody deeds on the Gulf, similar to those the novelists and story-mongers have related of their heroes of the Morgan, Kidd and Lafitte class, were periodically put in circulation, and the whole community was agog with excitement and alarm therefrom. Generally these sensational stories and panics resulted in some ludicrous exposures, and no more harm was done than to bring much laughter and ridicule upon the parties who had yielded with too easy a credulity to such exciting fictions.

But occasionally these piratical stories caused some trouble.

There was in New Orleans of old, a retired sea-captain of the name of Bossière, who to gratify his unconquerable love for the sea had constructed or purchased a beautiful yacht, in which, during vacation, he was accustomed to cruise around the mouth of the river, visiting the islands of the Gulf, and boarding the vessels bound for the city.

His yacht was a long, low, black, raking schooner. His crew was composed of amateur sailors, friends from the city, who, investing themselves in tarpaulin hats, red flannel shirts and light duck pants, affected the airs and swagger of regular salts and relieved themselves of their surplus sportiveness by playing piratical pranks on the peaceful merchant and fishing vessels plying in the Gulf, such as displaying a black flag with a skeleton and cross bones. Unfortunately, the humor of their pranks were not perceived or appreciated. They were accepted as

certain indications of the real piratical character of the little yacht, and even reported in the city, with much exaggeration, as infallible evidences of the existence of a formidable pirate vessel, manned by some of the legitimate descendants or successors of Lafitte and the other famous pirates of the early days of the city. These stories had a large circulation throughout the country, and were gulped down with marvelous avidity by seafaring people. The packets plying between this and the northern cities were warned to look out for the long, low, black, raking vessel hovering off the mouth of the river. Captain Bossière was insensible or indifferent to these pranks of his amateur crew. Perhaps he enjoyed the jocularity of the thing, but was too intent on his enjoyment of his favorite pleasure and recreation to give any heed to the genuine and real alarm his little vessel was exciting. So he continued without apprehension to approach, hail and board the packets bound for the city, with a view of interchanging civilities, news and articles of luxury, and indulging in conviviality with passengers who had been a long time at sea.

It happened that one day Bossière, desecring a large packet which he recognized as a vessel formerly commanded by an old friend, shaped his yacht, and sailed swiftly toward her. Anchoring near the packet, and receiving no response to his hail, Bossière leaped into his small boat and, with four of his amateurs at the oars, rowed over to the packet. As he approached the packet he could perceive no movement on board to indicate any consciousness of his approach or any disposition to extend to him the hospitalities he expected to enjoy. Reaching the side of the packet, Bossière leaped from his boat, and, climbing up the ladder, jumped over the taff-rail on to the deck of the packet. In his impetuosity he did not discover, until too late, that he had leaped into a crowd of infuriated men, armed with marline spikes and every imaginable weapon which could be obtained from a merchant vessel, and who fell upon him with the utmost fury, knocking him down, breaking his ribs and fearfully bruising him, until he lay upon the deck apparently dead.

The men, the amateur pirates of Bossière's yacht, hearing the din and tumult on deck, immediately put back to the yacht, on reaching which they unfurled their canvas, and made, with all the sail they could carry, for the mouth of the river. Bossière, insensible and so terribly bruised, was taken into the cabin, where he was attended by some of the lady passengers and a few of the men, who proceeded to bathe his wounds, and sought to revive his vitality by pouring brandy down his throat. At last he revived, and, glancing around at the spectators, he overheard some of the young ladies remark: "What a handsome pirate he is! Poor fellow, how he has suffered for his crimes!"

As soon as he could gather strength enough to speak, Bossière asked for the captain. He discovered he was not his old friend, who had been superseded in command of the packet. "What do you mean by this cowardly and brutal treatment of a peaceful, unarmed citizen?" he asked. "You can't pass that chaff on me. We have heard of your doings around these parts. We set a trap, and caught the vilest d—d pirate that ever depredated on peaceful vessels and people."

"You are a liar, scoundrel and coward," replied the prostrate and half-dead old sailor. "I'll make you pay for this when you get to the city."

Bossière kept his word. He was kindly nursed by the passengers, his bones were set, and on reaching the city, the still incredulous captain sending for the police to deliver over to them the body of the bloodiest pirate ever captured, experienced a sudden and violent revulsion of feeling when the policeman exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon his prisoner: "Why, this ain't no pirate. This is Captain Bossière, a port warden and a quiet citizen!"

It was a long time before Bossière recovered from the injuries received in this adventure. His first task after regaining his strength was to hunt up the captain of the packet and to inflict upon him a severe caning, at the same time offering to respond to any invitation to any field or mode of combat to satisfy the just vengeance due for his inhospitable and cowardly treatment.

The challenge was declined. Bossière then employed Col. John R. Grymes to institute an action of damages for a large amount against the captain and owners of the ship upon whose decks he had been so inhospitably and brutally used. It was on the trial of this action that the foregoing facts were brought out.

But the most interesting incident connected with Captain Bossière was that which, many years ago, was quite familiar to many of our citizens. This was the fact that his vessel, the "Seraphine," was built for a special purpose, and a large sum of money was made up in New Orleans and in Charleston to carry out that object, and complete her in a style that would render her the fastest vessel in the world, the staunchest and most manageable.

Bossière was the chief agent of the parties engaged in this plot. To him was assigned the supervision of the building and equipment of the vessel. When launched in the great enterprise to which she had been dedicated, Bossière, with a picked crew, was to command her.

The object of the parties thus enlisted in the adventure in question was the rescue of the Emperor Napoleon from his rocky prison in the island of St. Helena. The plot was well laid. Several old French residents of New Orleans engaged warmly in it. Among these was Nicholas Girod, mayor of the city for several terms, the same who received Jackson on his entrance into the city in 1814, and of whose gallantry and efficiency Jackson bore eloquent testimony in his general orders. He was a sturdy, patriotic, and philanthropic old gentleman, and at his death made the handsome bequest to the city known as the Girod legacy.

Mr. Girod was an intense and devoted friend and admirer of the great Napoleon and a vigorous hater of the British. He never tired in his denunciation of the brutality of imprisoning so illustrious a man in that miserable island, and with other old Napoleonists was constantly engaged in devising plans for his escape, and never lost faith in his eventual safe transportation to New Orleans. As a proof of his confidence in this expectation he had erected what was then regarded the finest building in the city, at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres streets, which he intended to donate to the Emperor as his future residence in this city. There are strong reasons to believe that the plan of Napoleon's rescue was deliberately and carefully drawn up in communication with the confidential friends and staff officers of Napoleon, who accompanied him into his exile. Girod was deep in this plot and pledged the largest portion of his fortune to secure its success.

It was in co-operation with him and other old Napoleonists in this city and Charleston that Bossière proceeded with great energy in constructing and equipping his clipper. When completed she proved to be a beauty, a model of a fast sailing and strong clipper of about 200 tons. The crew, too, had already been engaged and thoroughly drilled. They were picked sailors and fighters, men of the most desperate character. Bossière had been provided with the most accurate maps of the harbor and plans of the fortifications, with the stations and armaments of the various ships of war guarding the island, and with the regulations of the military force and garrison.

Bossière's whole soul was in this enterprise. He was a Frenchman by descent. His father was an officer in the army of Count Rochambeau, which co-operated with Washington's army in the siege of Yorktown, and led the French force which, with a column of Americans under Col. Alexander Hamilton, escalated the principal fort defending the position of Lord Cornwallis. Bossière's mother, too, was of French descent, from the island of San Domingo.

He thought and dreamed of nothing but the glory of scaling the precipitous heights of St. Helena, with his cutlass between his teeth, his trusty pistols in his belt, and, followed by his desperadoes, rushing upon the guard and breaking into Napoleon's chamber, securing his person, and bearing it to a chair, attached with a rope to block and tackle, and lowering him upon the deck of the "Seraphine," which, taking advantage of a dark night, had eluded the guardships and crept noiselessly into the position assigned in the carefully-drawn plan. When once deposited on the deck of the "Seraphine" he could trust to her heels, and defy pursuit

by the whole British navy. This was the plan which for months engaged the thoughts and faculties of Bossière, and was rehearsed by him every night before going to bed, and again before rising in the morning.

Alas! alas! alas! Man proposes, God disposes. Three days before that which had been fixed for the departure of the "Seraphine" the news reached America of the death of the great Napoleon on the fifth of May, 1821. Never was a man stricken with more poignant grief and disappointment than Bossière by this sorrowful intelligence.

That the plot which we have described was known to and authorized by Napoleon's staff at St. Helena was long afterwards acknowledged by Dr. Antomarchi and Marshal Bertrand, who visited the city some years after the death of their chief. Dr. Antomarchi testified his appreciation of the generous impulses and sentiments of the people of New Orleans by presenting a marble bust or cast of Napoleon after his death, which was long preserved in the old city hall. Marshal Bertrand, who visited the city in the forties, and was accompanied by young Ney, the Duc de Moskowa, was received with great éclat and with the most enthusiastic demonstrations by the old Napoleonists, often referred to the plot which had been concocted in New Orleans, and which he believed would have been successful; and repeated Napoleon's frequent expressions of his great desire to spend the remainder of his days in that great and free country, and among the noble republican people of the United States of America.

It was in the summer of 1842, in the midst of that calm and indolence which are wont to possess New Orleans, and when there always exists a susceptibility, rather a longing, indeed, for some event or intelligence of a startling and sensational character, that some one brought to the city an appalling and frightful story of the capture of the ship *Charles* in the Gulf by pirates, and the murder of her crew and passengers, and the plunder and rifling of her cabin and cargo. After this foul deed, the bloodthirsty pirates had tried to scuttle and sink the vessel, but, being loaded with slaves, this proved impracticable. She was found floating in the Gulf, evidently without direction or crew, and on boarding her the awful reality was demonstrated by unmistakable signs. There were distinct marks of the fray. The decks were stained with the blood of the unfortunate crew. Trunks were found broken open and emptied; old clothes were scattered around; bottles, which had evidently recently contained spirits, wine and beer, strewn the deck. Nothing of any value was left on the vessel; even her charts, chronometer, and all her portable furniture had been removed.

The intelligence was soon diffused through the whole city, and produced, of course a violent ferment, a wild excitement. The City Council met to consider the matter, and popular meetings were held. It was determined to organize a force of volunteers, to charter a steamer, and proceed immediately in pursuit of the daring freebooters. That gallant and judicious military commander, General Persifer F. Smith, was placed in command of the expedition, which was quickly under way down the river. It was a fine body of citizen soldiers—of gentlemen of heroic mould, who tore themselves from the embraces of anxious wives and timid mothers, and hastened to engage in the perilous cruise against the successors to the bloody buccaneers of the Gulf, who had perpetrated this great outrage and insult upon our peaceful community.

The steamer reaching the Gulf, proceeded to cruise through the sound, keeping a close watch of the islands and inlets, where it was suspected the pirates had taken refuge to conceal their spoils. Every vessel, every fishing smack, was overhauled and examined, and every person who could be found on the islands was closely inspected, cross-examined and required to account for his presence, and treated generally as suspicious and a probable confederate of the bloody pirates. The Dagoes who frequent these little sand islands for fishing were especially subjected to the most rigorous inquisition. Doubtless they had good grounds for apprehension that they had in some way or other become offenders against the legal authority, and seeing such an army of armed men, deemed it most prudent to submit to a thorough search, and to employ any chances of evasion and misinformation to get rid of their visitors. They favored

and encouraged the piratical rumors, and they designated certain places where the pirates might be found, and which they frequented. One particular island of the Chandeliers was marked out as a suspicious locality. There was an encampment on that island of unknown and suspicious persons. Let the expedition make for that island, surround and arrest the parties, and there was every prospect of the capture of the bloody villains who murdered the crew and plundered the ship "Charles." This story was confirmed by other accounts.

Accordingly, General Smith directed his steamer toward the suspicious locality. As he neared it a telescope betrayed the presence of a tent and of persons on the island. It was then dark. But the impatient valor of the heroic volunteers would not brook delay. It was urged to make a nocturnal attack. Arrangements were accordingly made therefor. And about 9 o'clock the several boats of the steamers were launched and all filled with gallant volunteers heavily armed. They made for the island silently and gloomily, General Smith in the bow of the foremost boat. Landing near the tent the men leaped on the beach and advanced in column of attack, General Smith in front. When within forty steps of the tent there was a cry of *qui va là ?*

The reply of General Smith was, "Surrender; lay down your arms," at the same time rushing towards the front of the tent. He was answered by a rifle shot, whistling near his head. But this did not arrest the General, who was some paces in advance of his men, when suddenly he stumbled over the tent ropes and fell prostrate. The person who had fired the gun then rushed to the fallen General and endeavored to slay him by cutting him with a knife, inflicting several wounds on his person, not, however, of a very serious character. In the meantime, the General's force had reached the scene, and seeing their prostrate commander, discharged a volley of musketry at his assailant, and then rushed into the tent. The enemy had fled, and was pursued to a lagoon, where he was captured by Captain George Washington Reeder, a famous little light comedian and excellent newspaper reporter of his day. The prisoner proved to be badly wounded, and, alas ! alas ! instead of a pirate, a most respectable Creole gentleman of New Orleans, Mr. Lucie, who, with his brother and son, a little boy, had pitched their tent upon this desolate island to enjoy a little fishing and other marine pleasures. The brother and son were found in the tent asleep. Mr. Lucie had heard of the piratical rumors, and of course, assailed in the manner he had been at night by armed men, took General Smith and his party for the blood-thirsty, plundering ruffians, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Hence his manly resistance and the lamentable result. His wound was mortal, and he died that night, to the heart-rending grief of his little son and brother, and the bitter chagrin and sorrow of his unfortunate slayers.

This tragical result brought all parties to their senses. They began now to see that they had permitted a senseless panic to confuse their faculties and mislead their judgments. Further reflection created a doubt as to the whole story, which had begot their expedition, and led them on so desperate a wild chase. From credulity they rushed to the other extreme of thorough skepticism of the whole story about the ship "Charles." Accordingly, General Smith directed the captain of the steamer to take the expedition back to New Orleans as rapidly as possible. The dead body of Mr. Lucie and his mourning relatives, and all his effects were put aboard, and the steamer directed her course to the city. It was a melancholy trip ; all the valorous enthusiasm of our gallant volunteers had evaporated ; their hopes of being received by their friends and families in the city, as conquering heroes returning from the war, had given way to a profound despondency and disgust. Arriving safely in the city at night, General Smith disbanded his command, and each man slunk home with more of the feeling of defeat and dismay than that of pride and triumph.

A few days afterward, the roll of the expeditionary party disappeared, and it was always very difficult ever afterward to discover who were the members of it, though, when it started, they were all well-known citizens.

This modesty was due to two events.

The next day after the return of the expedition, capias was issued by the Criminal Court of

New Orleans for the arrest, on a charge of murder, of General P. S. Smith and George Washington Reeder, the two actors in the affair, who could not disguise their connection with it. It required a very thorough investigation before these gentlemen could release themselves from this annoying involvement. The second fact, which stripped this expedition of all the glory and renown which it was expected to achieve, was the intelligence which came from the North, of the safe arrival of the crew and passengers of the ship "Charles," who, finding the vessel in a sinking condition as they imagined, concluded to abandon her, and hailing a passing vessel, bound for New York, took passage on her, taking good care to remove all their baggage and all the portable effects. The mysterious blood stains on the deck were caused by the butchering of some chickens or the emptying the contents of claret bottles.

In fact, it was shown that there had never been so senseless a panic as that created in New Orleans by the mysterious abandonment of the ship "Charles."

It proved a good lesson. We have never since heard of any piratical exploits or deeds in the Gulf. That ancient disturbance of our slumbers has never visited our couches.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FILIBUSTERS.

THE SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS FROM NEW ORLEANS AGAINST CUBA—THE EXPLOITS OF THE FILIBUSTERS—DEATH OF LOPEZ AND CRITTENDEN—THE NEW ORLEANS CUBAN RIOT.

It was from New Orleans that the various filibustering expeditions which invaded the possessions of Spain and other South American states sailed. This filibustering spirit may be said to be the legitimate sequence of Lafitte's expeditions against the Spanish main, for Lafitte was in reality more filibuster than pirate.

From early in the thirties, the filibustering spirit was all-powerful in New Orleans. Hundreds of men went from the city to take part in the Texan War of Independence, and to engage in the various expeditions into Mexico. Later William Walker, the "blue-eyed man of destiny," who had been editor of a New Orleans paper, organized the expedition to Central America, which was composed mainly of Louisianians and Mississippians. The success of this filibustering exploit was so great, Walker being dictator and in absolute control of Nicaragua for some years that it incited a number of other expeditions of like nature.

But the most popular of all the filibustering movements from New Orleans was that which sought to free Cuba from the dominion of Spain.

In 1849 the first Cuban Junta was established in New York. It was composed of Gen. Narcisso Lopez, president; Juan Manuel Macias, José Maria Sanchez, Yznaga, Cirilo Villaverde and Ambrosio Gonzales. The military commission of Cuba at once took the matter in hand, and the sentence of death by the garrote was duly passed upon its members.

A season of inactivity, for utter want of means, then ensued until the early part of 1850, until at a levee of President Zachary Taylor, Gen. Gonzales, who had throughout represented the Cubans in Washington, was asked by a lady to be introduced to her friend, Gen. John Henderson, ex-Senator from Mississippi and a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, a friend of Cuba. After a short conversation he was encouraged by Gen. Henderson, if ever he thought of moving in behalf of Cuba, to come to New Orleans and see him. Some days after some young gentlemen from Kentucky, hearing in Washington of Gen. Gonzales being a representative of Cuba, called on him. They had served as officers in the Mexican war. They were Col. Theodore O'Hara, editor of the *Louisville Democrat*, author of the "Bivouac of the Dead," commander of Fort McRae, in Pensacola, and inspector-general to Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh; in the civil war; Col. Pickett, afterward consul and acting minister to Mexico, and Major Hawkins. They asserted their ability and willingness to raise at their own expense and bring down to New Orleans a regiment of Kentuckians, as fine material as could be found anywhere, if the authority were given them.

Coming to New Orleans, the Cubans found a large number of persons very enthusiastic over the proposed expedition to Cuba, and had no difficulty in raising the men and money they wanted.

With the money collected, about \$40,000, the little steamer *Creole*, that had been plying between New Orleans and Mobile, was purchased, repaired, coaled, officered, manned and provisioned, arms and uniforms were procured, and the bark *Georgina* was chartered as a transport.

Authority was given to Col. Bunch and Lieut.-Col. Smith, son of Justice C. Pinkney Smith, of Mississippi, to raise in that State a skeleton regiment. At this juncture, Col. Robert Wheat, who had served in the Mexican war, presented himself, begging to be allowed to go. He was told that there was no transportation for him, but he removed the objection by offering to procure it if he was only given the authority to form also a skeleton regiment of Louisianians. This being done, he obtained money from young gentlemen friends of his, to charter the brig *Susar Loud*, provision her, etc., all for the mere privilege of going.

Such were the men who went to Cuba—men of family, position and means.

There were about 500 men, 200 and odd Kentuckians, the remainder of Louisianians and Mississippians. Some of the arms were sent out in a vessel, a portion only being taken on the "Creole" in cases and opened at sea, and most of the men in the other. The vessels were ordered to meet at a certain point, and the "Creole" steamed away from New Orleans with the rest of the men, without arms. At the very point marked out the vessels were found, and the little fleet proceeded to the islands of Mugeris and Contoy, on Mexican territory, on the northeast coast of Yucatan; the same islands where Cortez stopped before his descent upon Vera Cruz.

There the party landed, armed and perfected its organization, and drilled. About forty-two of the men refused to go any further, and General Lopez told them they might return in the vessels to New Orleans, as he wanted no unwilling spirits. They tarried there after the departure of the expedition, and the fishing-smacks of Pancho Marti, the fishmonger of Havana, owner of the Tacon Theatre, gave information of their being there. Spanish war-vessels promptly appeared and carried them off to Cuba. These were the well-remembered "Contoy Prisoners" whom the Spaniards wanted to hang for having deserted the filibusters who were sent to Spain, and whom the U. S. Minister, Mr. Barringer, of North Carolina, had so much difficulty in rescuing from a sad fate. As they came off the harbor of Havana, in charge of two Spanish men-of-war, they fell in with the United States sloop-of-war "Albany," Commander Randolph, who demanded them, and, being refused, prepared for action against superior force, when Captain Tatnall, coming up from Key West in the "Saranac," overruled him and consented, to avoid complication, to their being carried off. The "Creole," in the meantime giving a wide berth to the coast of Cuba, made a circuit toward Florida, and suddenly made for Cardenas, the point of destination.

Having no pilot, the party was taken, unfortunately, to a wharf in Cardenas, where the water was shoal, and the "Creole" grounded a few yards from it. The moon had gone down and it was utterly dark, so that nothing could be seen. It was then that Fassoux, a native of South Carolina, who was mate of the "Creole," jumped overboard with a plank with rope attached, climbed the wharf and thus secured communication with the vessel. The plank was rested on a gunnel and unsteady. Fassoux, wet to the skin, sat on the wharf and steadied it. The delay in the landing was so great the alarm was given, and the Spaniards had time to prepare for defense. Fciled in the expectation of surprising the place, the filibusters were constrained to take it by force. Lieut.-Col. Pickett, with sixty Kentuckians, was sent to the railroad depot to take possession and hold it.

A detachment was sent to the skirts of the town to cut off communication with the country, and Gen. Lopez and the rest of the expedition moved in solid columns toward the barracks, which were built of stone, with the windows grated, a species of fortress.

On approaching them a line of Spanish soldiers formed, and as Gen. Lopez answered "Cuba" to their challenge, a volley was fired, which wounded Colonels Wheat, O'Hara, and many others. The Spaniards then retreated into the building and fired upon the filibusters through the grated windows. After a time means were devised to batter down the gate. The gate soon succumbed, and the Cuban troops rushed in and the Spaniards evacuated by a rear door.

Many of the Spanish troops in the garrison deserted to Lopez, threw off their uniforms, put on the blouses of the Cubans and came over with Lopez to the United States. They returned with him to Cuba in 1851, and perished by his side there.

The "Creole" having taken these men on board, steamed away to the eastern portion of the island where they expected assistance from the natives. When a short distance from Cardenas, the "Creole" stopped to give burial to one of the officers who had died of his wound in the night. Just then the Spanish man-of-war, "Pizarro," came in sight. Then ensued one of the most remarkable naval chases ever witnessed, but the "Creole" succeeded in reaching Key West, and disembarking her men there just as the "Pizarro" came up with her.

This ended the first filibustering expedition to Cuba. It encouraged rather than disheartened these who had participated in it, and every arrangement was made for another one.

In the meanwhile, Gen. Lopez came to New Orleans, and stood a trial for the part he had taken in this movement. The trial, which was a prolonged one, and aroused the deepest interest throughout the country, resulted in a mistrial—eleven for acquittal to one for conviction.

All the arrangements were now perfected for organizing another filibustering party.

General Lopez had agreed with General Ambrosio Gonzales to start in the fall an expedition from New Orleans and land on the southeastern coast of Cuba, while Gonzales, with a force of men from Georgia and Florida would land on the northeastern coast, and form a junction with him. The standard being raised, General Quitman, of Mississippi, was to come to their support with men from the west and southwest. Here commenced the series of errors, which, link by link, led to the final disaster. It is to be believed that they were brought about, to a great extent, by the consummate artfulness of the wily Concha, Captain-General of Cuba. Joaquin Agüero and the Arteagas rose *prematurely* in Puerto Principe, on the fourth of July, 1851. The plea for precipitating the movement was that as soon as it was inaugurated in Cuba the United States government *would interfere* with assistance from this country. This rising was followed by that of Armenteros, in the province of Trinidad. A great meeting was held in New Orleans on July 23, in Lafayette square, to express sympathy for the Cubans.

Says the New Orleans *Delta* :

"But one feeling, one voice, one hope prevails among all classes, that of success in the glorious struggle. Were it practicable one tithe of our fighting population would rush to the aid of the patriots. The wealthy planters of the South are among the most eager friends of Cuba. Our sugar planters, whose interests, it has been falsely alleged, would be jeopardized by the independence of Cuba, are too sensible to be deceived by such arguments, or too patriotic to be restrained by them.

On the 26th another enthusiastic meeting was held at Bank's Arcade.

Misled by false news from Cuba, General Lopez, without waiting for the other parties to organize, hurriedly left New Orleans in the steamer "Pampero."

Col. Pragay, distinguished in the Hungarian war, was his chief of staff; Major Rugendorf a Hungarian, commanded the engineers. There was a company composed exclusively of Cubans and Spaniards, including the soldiers who deserted General Lopez at Cardenas, all under command of Felipe Gotay, a gallant and commanding son of Porto Rico, who had joined the filibusters at Cardenas the previous year. Its lieutenant was Miguel Lopez, the sergeant of the Spanish garrison at Cardenas, who had also come with his men in 1850. There was a company commanded by Oberto, a Cuban, and a gallant and experienced soldier, who had been an officer in the Spanish army. The rest of the command were Americans, mostly from New Orleans and Mississippi, young men of good standing and habits. They were commanded by Col. Crittenden, a nephew of the Attorney-General of the United States, a graduate of the Military Academy, and by Col. Donovan, of Georgia, with Major J. A. Kelly and Cpts. Saunders, Brigham, Stewart, Ellis, Victor Kerr and others.

The "Pampero," having left New Orleans, proceeded to Key West. Near there she remained for several days for the purpose of evading the vigilance of the Spanish ships. Having learned from the Key West wreckers that the inhabitants of the District of Vuelta Abajo (nearly opposite Key West) were up in arms, Gen. Lopez determined to avail himself of the information and make his landing among them. Steering from Bahia Honda, his purpose was to land at a small port called Mariel. When about eighteen leagues from Havana the machinery of the "Pampero" got out of order, the consequence of which was that she floated for two hours along the current of the Gulf Stream, approaching all the while toward that city. Before the accident was repaired she was carried full in view of the Morro Castle, and even in sight of the soldiers on the water battery. Getting up steam again, she bore away for Bahia Honda, intercepting on the way a coasting vessel, from which Gen. Lopez obtained two pilots.

Gen. Lopez landed and left Crittenden with his battalion of 120 men on the coast to guard the baggage and ammunition while he proceeded inland. Crittenden was attacked and repulsed the Spaniards, but was worsted in the next onset, when his men were dispersed, and he and fifty more took to the boats to escape. He was met by the steamer "Habanero" and captured and taken to Havana.

Here after a short imprisonment Crittenden and his entire party were all shot in the back, on the slope of the Castle of Atares, at the bottom of the Bay of Havana. They were sentenced by a drum-head court-martial, on board the frigate "Esperanza." Havana correspondents of American newspapers North and South reported their bodies to have been mutilated and thrown pêle-mêle into a ditch.

Gen. Lopez, after leaving Crittenden on the coast, proceeded inland with his 300 and odd men to a village called Las Pozas, where he was attacked by a Spanish column of 800 or 1,000 men, which he defeated, killing Cols. Justez, Nadal, etc., but losing most of his staff and officers. He then retreated to Cafetal de Trias, formerly belonging to his wife's family, where he was attacked by Major-Gen. Enna, second in command of the island of Cuba, with a very large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The small band left him received the attack at an avenue of mango trees, and then took a position by a stone fence. Their fire was so murderous and the loss inflicted upon the enemy so great that Gen. Enna, his troops being demoralized, was himself compelled to head a charge with a few men. He fell, mortally wounded, and Gen. Lopez is said to have exclaimed: "Oh! for fifty horses, and there would not be one of them left!" Then came a fearful hurricane, which added to his difficulties. The successor of Gen. Enna adopted the policy of surrounding the patriots and starving them out. Probably 4,000 men, in separate columns, confronted in every direction the 100 and odd remaining. Gen. Lopez's horse was killed for food, and the General then asked his men to seek their safety and leave him to his fate. Finally he left them, accompanied by one faithful friend. Wounded in the shoulder, faint and exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, he wandered about until at last he was pursued with bloodhounds and captured by some sixteen Catalans. He surrendered, exclaiming: "Kill me, but pardon my men!" When captured he had scarcely the strength to stand erect. He was taken to Bahia Honda and kept there until the garrison could be reinforced by drawing men to that place.

On the 31st he was taken in the "Pizarro" to Havana and the order of his execution issued. When he arrived there he was so weak that he could scarcely sit up. On the day of his execution a large military force was drawn up and all the cannons of the fort fully manned and directed to the place for execution. When the general was taken from the steamer and placed on shore, to the surprise of his guards, he stood up erect and marched to the place of execution with a bold and manly port. His demeanor evinced the utmost coolness, manliness and dignity.

Just before his death he made a short address, in which he stated that his intentions looked to the advancement and happiness of the people of Cuba; that the imputation of plunder and piracy was a calumny; that he had meditated no greater crime than that of seeking to secure a free institution for that people, and he was willing to meet his fate. Before, however, he had concluded, he was forced into the garrote, and his last words, which were uttered in a loud tone, were: "Adios, Cuba Querida"—"Adieu, dear Cuba."

When the news of the shooting of Crittenden reached New Orleans it produced the wildest excitement. A meeting called to denounce the outrage wound up in a serious riot, and the mob, marching through the principal streets, attacked all the dagoes (Spaniards) that could be found, and wrecked whatever property it could lay its hands on, the principal victims being the keepers of several cigar stores.

The shooting of Crittenden and Lopez had the effect of destroying all filibustering enthusiasm, and with their death died, for a time at least, the idea of freeing Cuba by means of a military expedition from New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXI.—FLATBOATING DAYS.

FLATBOATS AND KEELBOATS—THE LONG VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER—THE SCUFFLES BETWEEN THE FLATBOATMEN AND THE GENS D'ARMES.

The river commerce of the older days, before steamboats were invented, and when all the produce of the Mississippi Valley came to New Orleans in flatboats, was much more picturesque than it is to-day, and just as profitable. There were several varieties of boats in use then, the flatboat, just what it is now, being the favorite.

The barge was of the size of an Atlantic schooner, with a raised and outlandish looking deck. It had sails, masts and rigging not unlike a sea vessel, and carried from fifty to one hundred tons. It required twenty-five or thirty hands to work it up stream. On the lower courses of the Mississippi, when the wind did not serve, and the waters were high, it was worked up stream by the operation that is called "warping," a most laborious, slow and difficult work of ascent, and in which six or eight miles a day was good progress. It consisted in having two galleons, the one in advance of the other, carrying out a warp of some hundred yards in length, making it fast to a tree, and then drawing the barge up to that tree by a warp. When that warp was coiled, the galleon in advance had another laid, and so on alternately. From ninety to one hundred days was a tolerable passage from New Orleans to Cincinnati. In this way the intercourse between Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville and St. Louis, for the more important purposes of commerce, was kept up with New Orleans. One need only read the journal of a barge on such an ascent to comprehend the full value of the intervention of steamboats.

The keel boat was of a long, slender and elegant form, and generally carried from fifteen to thirty tons. Its advantage lay in its small draft of water and the lightness of its construction. It is still used on the Ohio and Upper Mississippi in low stages of water, and on all the boatable streams where steamboats do not yet run. Its propelling power is by oars, sails, setting poles, the cordelle, and when the waters are high, and the boats run on the margin of the bushes, bushwhacking, or pulling up by the bushes. Before the invention of steamboats, these boats were used in the proportion of six to one at the present time.

The ferryboat was a scowboat, and when used as a boat of descent for families, had a roof or covering. These were sometimes, in the vernacular phrase, called "sleds." The Alleghany, or Mackinaw skiff, was a covered skiff, carrying from six to ten tons, and much used on the Alleghany, the Illinois, and the rivers of the Upper Mississippi and Missouri. Pirogues were sometimes hollowed from one very large tree, or from the trunks of two trees, united and fitted with a plank rim. They carried from one to three tons. They were common skiffs, canoes and dugouts for the convenience of crossing the rivers; and a select company of a few travelers often descended in them to New Orleans. Hunters and Indians, and sometimes passengers, made long journeys of ascent of the rivers in them. Besides these were a number of anomalous water crafts, that can hardly be reduced to any class, used as boats of passage or descent; such as flatboats worked by a wheel, which was driven by cattle, that they were conveying to the New Orleans market.

There were horse-boats of various constructions, used for the most part as ferryboats, but sometimes as boats of ascent. Two keel-boats were connected by a platform. A pen held the horses, which by circular movement propelled the wheels. United States troops frequently ascended the river by boats, propelled by tread-wheels; and more than once a boat moved rapidly up stream by wheels, after the steamboat construction, propelled by a man turning a crank.

But the boats of passage and conveyance that were most in fashion were keel-boats and flats. The flatboats were called in the vernacular phrase, "Kentucky flats" or "broad horns." They were simply an oblong ark, with a roof slightly curved to shed rain. They were generally about fifteen feet wide, and from fifty to eighty, and sometimes an hundred feet in length. The timbers of the bottom were massive beams, and they were intended to be of great strength, and carry a burden of from two to four hundred barrels. Great numbers of cattle, hogs and horses, were conveyed to market in them. Family boats of this description, fitted up for the descent of families to the lower country, were fitted with a stove, comfortable apartment, beds and arrangements for commodious habitation, and in them, ladies, servants, cattle, horses, sheep, dogs and poultry, all floating on the same bottom, and on the roof, the looms, plows, spinning-wheels, and domestic implements of the family, were carried down the river to New Orleans.

Along the river front, about where St. Mary's market now stands, moored to posts in the levee, were hundreds of these rude craft, lying side by side, so that one could walk almost a mile on their curved decks without going ashore. In their capacious hulls they held cargoes of Western products from Kentucky and other river States, and they were manned by a class of men who were fearless in danger, and as thoughtless of the morrow as any of the pioneers who threaded the forests of the West. Strong, courageous and full of vitality, they sought to get out of their fare what there was in it, and so, when their journey was ended, and the boats tied up in New Orleans, they made the upper section of the city quite as lively as some frontier towns of the present day.

On the front street, where the flatboats lay, was a row of saloons where they congregated, and in the rear of these, in the furthest end of the room, were the faro and roulette tables. Gambling was then not prohibited or licensed, and there was no attempt to conceal it. In fact, from the sidewalk one could hear the roulette roller calling out: "Twenty-eight on the red," "Eagle bird by chance." Up-stairs were boarding-houses for the accommodation of this floating population. Away back on Girod street, near where the cemetery now is, there was a collection of buildings which, from the low situation, was known as "The Swamp." This was a great rendezvous for the flatboatmen, and here they reigned supreme, the city police never caring to invade those precincts. The double-acting Colt or Tranter were then unknown, but it seems the flint-lock pistol of the date was equally efficacious in putting out the light of an antagonist, and desperate affrays here were not uncommon.

The men usually stayed here until they had spent or gambled the result of their trip away, and then left for home by land. The captains or owners of the flatboats were of the more provident sort, but the hired men seldom cared to save their money. When the leathern purse was growing light, three of them would club together and purchase a horse, and prepare to start on their long journey through the woods. After securing transportation across Lake Pontchartrain, one would mount the horse and ride for two hours, leaving the rest trudging on behind. When his time had expired, the mounted man would dismount, tie the animal to a tree, and start ahead on foot. When the one whose turn it was to ride second came along to where the horse was tied, he would take him and push along for his two hours, leaving him for the third man. Thus the journeys were made in this "whip-saw" fashion, as it was called. Through Mississippi and Tennessee the trail used by these hardy fellows is known even to-day, and tales of some of the wildest of these men are still told along the route.

Probably no one was better known either on the river or on the trail homewards than Bill Sedley, one of the curious characters of these times. Standing six feet two inches in his russet brogans, with shoulders of a Hercules, he was reported to be the most skillful man with a sweep and the quickest man in a fight of anybody visiting that select neighborhood, known as "The Swamp." "His heart was a big as an apple bar'l," they used to say; but when "he was agen yer," look out! There was one occasion when he was evidently "agen" somebody, for even until to-day one can sometimes hear on the river about "the Sedley fight of '22."

Old Mother Colby, a dame of about 50 winters and 200 pounds, kept a boarding-house and caravansary in "The Swamp," known as the "Sure Enuf Hotel," the lower floor of which was occupied as a saloon, with a gambling-room just behind. The old woman was a great favorite with the boys, and she was considerably ahead of the world by their patronage. She rented the saloon to two Mexican brothers by the name of Contreras, one of whom dealt faro, whilst the other attended the bar.

Whether it was from the defeat at cards, received from one brother, or the "fire juice" received from the other cannot be definitely stated, but the fact remained that Bill Sedley walked out of the bar-room one afternoon as savage an individual as could be found in "The Swamp." "I be danged," said he, "whether I know if it's the whiskey or I seed it right, but I am a yellow bantam pullet but I thought I saw Rafe Contreras deal a keerd from his sleeve."

The boys standing around said nothing, and drinks were called for again. Whatever may have been Sedley's doubts before, this additional "cocktail, stiff, you bet," which he ordered, settled them, and with a loud cry, "I'm a child of the snapping-turtle, and raised with the painters," he walked in the back-room where Rafe Contreras was about starting from the table to go to dinner. Some high words followed, and a pistol shot was heard.

The crowd rushed into the street, and immediately Juan Contreras, who attended bar, closed and barred the door, shutting on the inside Bill Sedley, his brother and himself.

The crowd gathered close to the door on the outside to listen. Aleck Masters, a short, thick-set Kentuckian, suggested that somebody give him a lift on the back fence, as he wanted to get inside to see fair play. But nobody paid any attention to him, as just then the report of a pistol, followed by another, was heard. A crash of glasses in the bar followed, and above everything then, "I'm a child of the snapping turtle, I am." Tables were being thrown around the room, chairs broken, and a pandemonium of sound followed.

In a few minutes the excited listeners heard some one taking down the bar to the front door, and soon it was thrown open.

"Gentlemen, walk in; it's free drinks to-day. The American eagle has lit on the Alleghanies."

There stood Bill Sedley covered with blood, but smiling. His left hand hung powerless at his side and a ruby stream ran down from a wound near the temple. His shirt was cut in several places, with a bloody spot to each cut.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the proprietor of this here place has gone on a journey, and left me in charge. Help yourselves, and drink hearty."

Behind an overturned table was Juan Contreras, knife in hand, in death agonies, and in the back room Rafe was lying on the fatal faro table, a bowie-knife wound in his left breast telling the tale.

Sedley was hurried over the lake, and he was soon on the trail, bound for Kentucky, and though he never returned, it is said he lived to a good old age.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE GREEN CLOTH.

SPORTING MEN OF "AULD LANG SYNE"—HIGH-TONED GAMBLING—SALOONS AND THE FORTUNES MADE AND LOST IN THEM.

Until about the year 1827 or 1828, no extensive gambling houses had been opened to the public in New Orleans, and any gambling whatever before that period was on a small scale and very private. At the time designated by the above dates, the first two establishments were opened by John Davis, Sr., the impresario of the old Opera House, on Orleans street, and the first impresario in the United States. One of these gaming resorts was at the corner of Orleans and Bourbon streets, and the other on Bayou St. John. The latter place was intended more especially for Saturday night and Sunday games, which were favorite days at that period for such indulgences, and dinner was always provided for the Sunday players. The Orleans street branch was for daily or nightly operations. At this place large crowds congregated, the games being faro, roulette, and vingt-et-un, and the betting heavy. At these public games, however, the elite and notabilities of that day did not as a rule participate to any great extent. For these, especial and private rooms were set apart in which brag and ecartè were played almost exclusively. Large, very large sums, were won or lost in these private rooms, and the gamblers were business and professional men, who kept regular memorandum books, in which were entered their daily gains or losses.

As a confirmation of these facts, years after the occurrence, one of the players at this resort, in an unguarded moment, related that he lost in one year upwards of thirty thousand dollars at ecartè; that this loss was covered by his winning at brag, which had exceeded fifty thousand. It was well known that Colonel Ghrymes, the most distinguished lawyer and advocate at the New Orleans bar, not excepting Edward Livingston, notwithstanding his large professional income, never accumulated; but on the contrary was frequently in an open impecunious condition, although living in no extravagant style. This abnormal condition in so remarkable a man, was only accounted for by his contemporaries upon the hypothesis of heavy losses at Davis's, while the rapid accumulation of a large fortune by another by no means brilliant professional man of the same period, within a career of less than ten years, and while keeping up an expensive style of living, was attributed to his enormous gains. This success was probably achieved by the same shrewd and machiavellian methods, which, added to the powerful backing of a patriarchal family, finally and in the face of bitterest opposition, won him the political success he had long vainly struggled for.

Davis was very successful, made money fast, and no one envied his success and good fortune, for with the money thus acquired he was enabled to cater to the musical taste and to the attractions of our city by introducing the opera.

True, he only brought out at first such operas as "La Dame Blanche," "Le Cheval de Bronze," "L'Eclair," "Lucie," "La Favorite," "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," and other light gems; but he was at the same time laying the foundation and creating the resources which were thereafter to enable his brilliant son, John Davis, Jr., or "Toto" Davis as he was familiarly called, to bring out in our city, and in advance of any and all impresarios in America, the chef d'œuvres of the great masters—such operas as "Robert," the "Huguenots," "Moïse," "La Juive," "Don Giovanni," "Le Prophète," "Trovatore," in short, the entire *repertoire* up to his times. This John, or "Toto" Davis, was one of the most talented and accomplished men ever in Louisiana. Apart from a thorough classical education, acquired in one of the royal colleges of France, he had also gone through a complete course of musical studies, an artistic

training which was of great service to him in the selection and formation of his opera companies in Europe.

Davis's success in his gambling-room ventures soon prompted others to follow in his footsteps, and by 1832 not less than fourteen large gambling establishments had sprung into existence. To effect this, however, legislative sanction was required, and an appeal having been made to the Legislature, an act was passed by that body authorizing the opening and running of gambling houses in New Orleans upon payment by each to the State of an annual license of \$7,500. Under the enabling clause of this law the fourteen houses above referred to went into operation. These were owned and managed by the following named parties: Hicks and Hewlett opened at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres street; Duval, on Chartres, between Conti and Bienville; St. Cyr, on Chartres, between St. Louis and Conti; Toussaint, on Chartres, between St. Louis and Conti; Charton, on Canal, between Camp and St. Charles; Elkin, on Canal, near St. Charles, and Pradat, also on Canal, corner of Camp, in the building at present occupied by Moses as a photograph gallery. The remaining seven were distributed between the two old municipalities, the First and Second.

These houses were public in the full sense of the term, open to all by day and by night, as similar houses have been under more recent administrations; and they were resorted to by all classes, but more especially by strangers from all parts of the world, who flocked to New Orleans at that period, as if to an El Dorado, in quest of wealth which they supposed could be grasped without effort, and which only required the pains of picking up. Those were lively times, not unlike those of San Francisco in 1849 and 1850, and all these gamblers and gambling-houses did what is so forcibly expressed by the term, a "land office" business; but in 1836 all these institutions, like many others of a more legitimate character, came to grief. Their end was an act passed, accelerated by the repeal of the Act of 1832, at the instigation and upon the motion of Mr. Larrimore, Representative of the parish of St. Tammany. As a matter of course, they ceased to keep open houses, in compliance with the legislative mandate, but they continued their operations in a clandestine manner. Out of the whole number of individuals engaged in the gambling business as far back as 1828, and of those who owned and operated a house under the Act of 1832, there still lives in our midst one old man, the only survivor of the thousands who witnessed and participated in those exciting times. This is old St. Cyr, aged eighty-six years, but with all those years, still possessed of health, vigor and memory. This same octogenarian was also a member of Plauche's celebrated battalion, which distinguished itself at the battle of the 8th of January, and won the applause and commendation of General Jackson.

After the suppression of the houses under the law of 1836, and in consequence of the great panic which ensued, and the consequent scarcity of money, the business did not flourish as it had in the years described, and continued to languish until 1846. With the breaking out of the Mexican war, which brought thousands of soldiers and officers to our city, then the base of operations and supplies, and the great California mining fever, which concentrated tens of thousands of emigrants for the land of gold in our midst, another bright era dawned upon the sporting element. Under the stimulating effects of two so powerful agencies as an immense and reckless transient population, all of them by nature and temperament bold speculators, ready to stake anything or everything on the throw of the dice, and the plethora of money produced by such causes it will not be wondered at that the gambling furor again broke out in New Orleans. Gambling houses were now opened in all directions, all over the city, near the St. Mary's Market, near the steamship landings, near the hotels, the boarding and lodging houses, wherever returning soldiers or emigrants quartered or congregated. At that time certain houses were licensed by city ordinance, such as carried on the games of "rondeau" and "loto;" and all through the night, from "dusky eve to early morn," in every frequented thoroughfare, could be heard the deep and sonorous voice of the game keeper as he called time and game at rondeau. None of these establishments, nor of those which had preceded them, assumed any



pretensions to luxury or elegance. It was not until the fifties, that elegantly-furnished houses, where sumptuous dinners and suppers were supplied to visitors and patrons, were introduced in New Orleans and the new departure was first brought to perfection by a trio comprising three notable men.

McGrath, Sherwood and Perritt were men of marked individual character, with strong distinctive personal points, and all of them self-made men. In all their dealings and in all their intercourse in New Orleans or elsewhere—and these were not confined to sporting business and sporting circles, but extended in many directions and embraced many sections of legitimate trade—those three men ever enjoyed a name and reputation for fair play, for strict honesty and integrity in all transactions of whatever nature. Price McGrath, one of the partners, upon the breaking out of the war between the States, closed up his establishment and went North, but finally settled down in Kentucky, established a stock farm, and turning his attention to racing and blooded stock, became one of the most successful turfmen of latter days, and the owner of many winners, among them the famous Tom Bowling. McGrath died some years ago on his farm in his native State, Kentucky.

Henry Perritt, one of the trio, in his pride and devotion to his adopted State, and for the South, at his own expense organized, equipped, and sent to the battlefields of Virginia one of the finest military commands which set out from New Orleans in 1861, known as the "Perritt Guards."

The firm of McGrath & Company had established itself at No. 4 Carondelet street, afterward the domicile of the "Boston Club," which they had purchased and fitted up at a cost of nearly seventy thousand dollars. This establishment was patronized and visited by leading men not only of this State and city, but by prominent men of the West and North, and especially was it the headquarters of all Southern and Western turfmen. All the pools on the races of the period, and particularly those on the races of the grand Old Metairie, were sold at McGrath's; and on these occasions the house, thronged with merchants, planters, lawyers, looked more like a club, or an exchange, than a gambling-house. It would be superfluous, with such patronage and so much popularity, to speak of its success. It coined money, and no one begrudged this well-deserved success.

James Sherwood was born in North Carolina, of a poor but respectable family, and enjoyed few opportunities of early education; but gifted with lively mental qualities, those of imagination, imitation and observation, he contrived most successfully in after life to overcome the disadvantages and deficiencies of his youth. In his composition, egotism and selfishness found no lodging place. He had drifted unconsciously into this line of life, though born with tastes, inclinations and abilities, which in the sphere for which nature had fitted him, would have placed him on the highest pinnacle. Had Sherwood gone upon the stage and devoted himself to the study of comedy, he must have ranked with George Holland, the Placides, Chippendale, and Owens. As a *raconteur* he had few equals, and columns could be filled in reproducing the amusing stories and anecdotes with which he kept his friends or listeners in a perpetual state of merriment. So great was his enjoyment of social pleasures that he often invited friends and acquaintances to his palatial parlors with the express understanding that no game should be played, entertaining them with a sumptuous feast, at which the wit was as sparkling as the wine.

It was in the beginning of the late war, and during the early stages of that conflict, that he fairly exhibited the shining qualities of his loyal and generous nature. Ill health and a delicate constitution not permitting him to undergo the fatigues and hardships of camp and military life, he more than compensated for this exemption by aiding several organizations of New Orleans, supplying them with money, clothing and equipments. Nor did his good and loyal deeds stop there, for he contributed generously to the families of those who remained at home.

At the same period that the popular house of Sherwood & McGrath flourished, there were several other large and elegantly appointed gaming houses which attempted to compete with it

for popularity. One of these was owned and conducted by Lauraine and Cassidy. They, no doubt, were very popular, and secured some share of success, as they had made their establishment very attractive by profuse liberality in their entertainments. Their supper service was of massive embossed silver, and formed a feature of the house. At this establishment it was that a prominent Greek merchant, the representative of a large Greek commercial firm having branches in all the large commercial cities of Europe and America, lost very large sums, which embarrassed his firm and led to his recall from the city. The loss at one night's play was reported at the time to have been eighty thousand dollars. This establishment, like that of McGrath, closed its doors in 1861.

One of the partners, Charles Cassidy, who went to New York, where he died, was a facile and entertaining writer, particularly on racing and turf matters. For awhile he was correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times*, reporting to that valuable sporting journal the spring and fall races at New Orleans, under the *nom de plume* of "Larkin."

Augustus Lauraine, his partner, also left New Orleans in 1861, and, after swinging all around the country, finally settled in the flourishing city of Dallas, Texas. There, however, he fell from grace in the estimation of his brother professionals in New Orleans on account of certain infractions of their rules. It must be understood that among these sporting men there exists a code as rigid and exacting as any enforced on any exchange and stock board. A debt between one and another is a sacred obligation—one which is never proscribed and never sued upon. If loss and misfortune befall any of them, they are ever ready to assist the unfortunate and contribute to his support. They never oppress with lawsuits, but at the same time they do require and exact by their code that if one retrieves his fortunes he shall come up like a man and take up his old obligations. This, it is claimed, Lauraine has not done, and that he has failed in gratitude, especially to one, a veteran of the fraternity in this city, the man and brother who had started and staked him in his first ventures in New Orleans.

A number of other establishments existed, among them that kept by Sam Levy and "Count" Lorenzo Lewis, called count, on account of his urbane and polite manners and faultless dressing. Then Montiro, game and plucky little Montiro, who was located on Canal street, near Eyrich's. He followed our boys to Virginia, opened a house in Richmond, where he received, fed, and succored many a sick and wounded New Orleans soldier. Who of the old ones will forget the episode of Montiro's wounding and checking the boldest and most daring burglar ever in New Orleans, the notorious Charles Alexander Gordon?

There was also a quaint establishment at the corner of Toulouse and Chartres streets, kept by a Frenchman, with the Roman name of Curtius, called by courtesy a club, which is worthy of description on account of those who frequented the place, and were considered "habitués," or members. It was a hightoned place. There was no initiation fee, but every player paid fifty cents an hour. This entitled him to refreshments free of cost, and also to a solid, substantial and well cooked dinner, with claret ad libitum. The games played were Boston, poker, and chess. There was a limit to the betting at poker, not more than \$100 being allowed as a bet on one single hand. It was not public, and a formal introduction by an old member and indorsement of character were required before admission.

There were also, in olden times, a class of traveling gamblers, who journeyed up and down our western rivers, among whom there were characters worthy of a pen picture.

It was during the winter of 1850, that New Orleans was honored by the visit of a trio of titled and peripatetic gamblers, who might with more propriety, be called adventurers and impostors. Their names were the Duke de Calabritto, an Italian, and the Counts de Biennerle and de Frienge, both Hungarians, hailing from Pesth, who fleeced the whole town, especially the *jeunesse dorée*, very thoroughly.

CHAPTER XXIII.—EXECUTIONS.

WHY HANGINGS ARE PRIVATE IN NEW ORLEANS—HORRORS OF THE EARLY PUBLIC HANGINGS—MUMFORD'S FATE.

In former years all or nearly all executions were public; but the last one was that of Delisle and Adams, the former a Creole and the latter a Frenchman, who were convicted of murdering a woman in what is now known as the Third district. They saw the woman secrete a bag containing what they thought was specie, and they killed her to obtain possession of it, when, to their consternation, the bag was found to contain pecans. The circumstances surrounding their execution were so horrible that a riot was imminent. It is said that they appeared—to the eyes of the multitude assembled in the neutral ground on Orleans street—on the small gallery extending across the alley or court between the two buildings, the male and female departments, which form the Parish Prison.

Delisle was violent and demonstrative, whilst Adams was subdued and quiet, and wished to precipitate matters. The ropes were adjusted around their necks, Delisle expostulating loudly all the time. The weather was dark and gloomy, a sombre cloud overspread the face of the blue sky, angry flashes of lightning lit up the scene with short lurid darts of flame, followed by the dull, rolling noise of thunder in the distance.

The trap fell, and at the same instant a blinding flash of lightning, almost instantaneously followed by a loud clap of thunder, almost frightened the people into spasms. The rain poured down in torrents, drenching all. Many fled the terrible scene, rendered doubly terrible by the ominous appearance of the heavens. When the fear, which was only momentary with most of those present, had somewhat subsided, the ropes were seen dangling and swaying loosely in the wind, for there was nothing at the lower end.

On the flagging beneath the gallows two forms were seen lying on the pavement; they were the bodies of Delisle and Adams. The former started to crawl away on hands and feet, and the latter lay moaning with pain. His arm was broken. Pity for the two men became predominant in the hearts of the multitude; but the law was inexorable, and its servants were compelled to perform their horrible duty. The two men were picked up and conducted back to their former positions on the scaffold, despite the torrents of rain which fell; and in defiance of what seemed to the terror-stricken people to be an intervention of Providence, they were hung.

The police force at that time was under the command of Steve O'Leary, and he with a detail of fully two hundred men had great difficulty in quieting the mob during the confusion which ensued.

This execution was viewed with so much abhorrence and indignation throughout the city, that the Legislature at its next session passed a law prohibiting public executions.

Up to this time hangman's or execution day was a gala day; for the morbid curiosity so common to human nature then had an opportunity for gratification, and there were but few persons who remained at home.

Many persons are yet living in this city who remember when the condemned criminals were conducted under strong military escort to the Place d'Armes, or Congo square, the corner of Orleans and Rampart street, or the neutral ground in front of the Parish Prison. In 1843, or thereabouts, a man was executed somewhere in the vicinity of Dryades and Felicity streets, then known as Gormley's Pond. His crime was the attempted assassination of Recorder Baldwin.

A number of instances where condemned criminals sought to cheat the hangman by suicide, can be cited. One was the case of a German who had murdered a child, and who sought to cut

his throat with a piece of tin-plate or spoon ; but the most notable and successful attempt was that of a man named Costello. He and a man named Pat Kennedy, both convicted of murder, were doomed to die on the same day. Kennedy had been respited on a previous occasion, although fully prepared then to meet his doom. When Costello was sentenced his execution was fixed for the same day. Several days previous to that fixed for the execution, the clothes which were to be worn by the condemned men were brought to them. In the cuff of Costello's shirt was concealed a small package of strychnine.

On the morning of the execution Costello said to Kennedy: "Are you going to let that howling crowd see you dance on nothing?"

Kennedy did not answer ; whereupon Costello tore open the wristband of his shirt and produced a package containing the poison. Facing Kennedy he said : "Here you can have half of this ; there is enough for two."

Kennedy asked him what he was going to do, when Costello opened his mouth and dropped the contents of the package on his tongue and swallowed it. Kennedy gave the alarm, but too late, for half an hour afterwards Costello was in convulsions and beyond the reach of human skill or science. Kennedy died quietly, confident that his sins had been forgiven.

During what is now called Know-Nothing times, Antoine Cambre, who was under sentence of death, suicided by poison in the condemned cell. He had been convicted of murder, having wantonly shot and killed a lamplighter, who was in the act of extinguishing a lamp one morning in the Third district.

On June the 16th, 1858, the first private execution under the law of the Legislature took place in the criminal yard of the Parish Prison, and James Nolan, a young man of 22 years, was launched into eternity from the same trap-door, which up to the present day has performed its ghastly offices, and which has ever since been brought into requisition.

On March the 8th, 1869, a triple execution took place and Joseph Lindsey, Peter Smith and Henry Haus paid the penalty for the crime of murder at one and the same time. Lindsey was a young boarding-house runner, who killed a mate in a difficulty on shipboard, Henry Haus a German, who killed a fellow-prisoner in the lock-up, and Peter Smith, a backsliding minister of the gospel, who murdered his mistress and threw her body into a well.

On July 29, 1859, James Mullen expiated the crime of murder on the gallows. For weeks previously Mullen used his coffin to sleep in. He passed his time in decorating this, his last home ; and on the day of execution had it ornamented with fringe, metallic crosses and other trimmings.

On May 7, 1862, W. B. Mumford was executed in front of the United States Mint on Esplanade street, charged with tearing down the Federal flag from that building. The trap door was built out in front of the middle of the landing at the head of the double flight of stairs leading up on each side. A strong military escort, both cavalry and infantry, was present, and kept the large crowd back from the fence. Mumford died, apparently without a struggle. The next execution was also a public one, and was carried into effect on the levee between the Reading and Vicksburg Cotton Presses. The victim in this case was a soldier named Francis T. Scott, who foully murdered Major Pullen, of the 28th Maine Regiment. Father Duffo ministered to his spiritual wants, and was with him at the last moment. Scott was shot to death.

In the spring of 1866 a negro named Polydor was hung for rape in the Parish Prison.

In 1870 a Malay named Bazar was on the scaffold, the rope was around his neck, the black cap had been drawn down over his eyes. The executioner stood in cell No. 9 arrayed in his black domino, with his face covered by the sombre-hued mask. The nervous fingers of the hangman had already grasped the handle of the keen-edged axe, the arm was uplifted and about to fall, when a commutation of sentence stayed proceedings, and Bazar's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

Another case where a reprieve was granted at the last moment, almost, was that of six Confederate soldiers: Abraham McLane, Daniel Doyle, Edward C. Smith, Patrick Kane, George L. Williams and William Stanley. They had been captured at Fort Jackson by the Federal troops and paroled, and afterward endeavored to organize a company of Confederates in the city, called the Monroe Life Guard, armed and equipped to force their way through the lines. They were sentenced to be shot on the 4th of June, 1862, by Gen. Butler, but their sentence was commuted to imprisonment on Ship Island.

Pedro Alriel and Vincent Bayonne died cursing the persons who had assembled to witness their execution. They were Spaniards, and proudly proclaimed their nationality ere the fatal door fell from under them. They were executed for murder on the 13th of May, 1871.

Six years elapsed ere the trap door was once more swung on its hinges, and on the 15th of June, 1877. George Norris, Adrien Eveque and Joaquin Florenza, a Chinese or Malay, were executed for murder at one and the same time. The few executions since the date given do not possess any special dramatic interest.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE CARNIVAL—MARDI GRAS.

HOW IT IS CELEBRATED IN NEW ORLEANS—THE PROCESSIONS AND PARADES OF FORMER DAYS—ORGANIZATION OF THE CARNIVAL SECRET SOCIETIES.

'Tis known—at least it should be—that throughout
 All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
 For, some say, ere Shrove-Tuesday comes about,
 The people take their fill of recreation,
 With fiddling, revels, feasting, fun and *masking*,
 And other things * * * *

—Byron's *Beppo*.

One of the most graphic papers of the celebrated Parisian critic and newspaper writer, Jules Janin, is an article published many years ago, entitled "Le Carnaval." Combining wit, erudition, philosophy and social ethics, the sketch, graced with all the fascinations of this inimitable *feuilletoniste's* style, would be as truthful and readable now as it was when, some forty years ago, it presented a dazzling kaleidoscope of the Mardi Gras celebration in Paris, at the height of that city's splendor and gayety, in Louis Philippe's time.

Those were the days, too, of the prosperity of Louisiana, when her wealthy planters and merchants, descendants of the adventurous Frenchmen who colonized the delta of the Mississippi, looked to the motherland for their fashions, their amusements and their literature; and sent scores of their sons to Paris to complete their education. These young Creoles returned home with Parisian ideas and tastes so engrained in them that it was natural they should seek to transplant to New Orleans the theatrical, operatic, terpsichorean and other amusements of the great metropolis on the Seine.

It was in 1827, sometime before the elder Davis opened the old Orleans Theatre Ball-room, that a number of young Creole gentlemen, some of them just returned from finishing a Parisian education, organized the first grand street procession of masqueraders in New Orleans. One more splendid still, and still larger in numbers, took place on the Mardi Gras of 1837; and another, still more brilliant, in 1839.

The French side of the *Bee*, of Tuesday, 13th February, 1839, had a very gay and witty article on the day's celebration, written by one of its assistant editors, Hans Boussuge, a talented young Frenchman, a new-comer from Paris, who died a year or two after, of yellow fever. This article concludes thus:

"The persons who are to take part in the mascarade are requested to meet at the Theatre d'Orleans, at 3½ o'clock P. M., at the latest.

ORDER OF MARCH.

From the Theatre d'Orleans, Royal street, St. Charles, Julia, Camp, Chartres, Conde, Esplanade, Royal."

We very well remember the appearance of this long and brilliant cavalcade as it passed up St. Charles street, near Lafayette square, one of the most conspicuous figures being an immense chicken cock, six feet high, who rode in a vehicle and whose stentorian crow, as he flapped his big wings, elicited cheers of admiration and applause from the crowds on the sidewalks. A distinguished physician, then quite a young man, it was understood, bore this admirably rendered disguise.

A grand mask and fancy dress ball in the old St. Louis Hotel Ball-room, and one in the Salle d'Orleans (next to the theatre) wound up the famous Mardi Gras of 1839.

From 1840 to 1845, several of these brilliant day displays took place. They were in the hands of gentlemen representing all the respectable element of the city's heterogeneous population, and were conducted in the same thorough style, and with the same taste and liberal expenditure that have made the later displays of the Mistick Krewe, the Twelfth Night Revelers, and the Knights of Momus memorable gala nights in the history of New Orleans.

The lapse of years and changes of fortune brought many changes, also, in the social characteristics of New Orleans; and the day celebration of Mardi Gras lapsed into oblivion. The last, most brilliant and most successful of all, delighted and amused the town, after several years' quiescence and neglect, on the Mardi Gras of 1852.

A number of New Orleans' first young men determined to get up a procession, on the occasion alluded to, that would equal in numbers, in order, variety, elegance and piquancy of costumes, any that the chronicles of Mardi Gras in this country could record. The announcement of this intention, through the press, excited universal curiosity; and when the memorable day came, New Orleans boasted of an accession to her population, in the shape of visitors from the North, West and South, that has not been surpassed since.

The procession traversed the leading streets of the city, which were positively jammed with admiring throngs, and at night the old Orleans Theatre was the center of attraction for all that the Crescent City held of beauty and fashion. The maskers of the day there received their friends; and that bewildering ball was long remembered as the gem of many such jewels clustering in the diadem of the Queen of the South.

In these days, however, the celebration of Mardi Gras was confined mainly to a number of maskers who walked or rode around the streets. It was a great day with the boys, also, who, clothed in old dominoes and masks, with a stout hickory club in their hands and a bag of flour by their sides, would march around the streets, looking for an available victim on whom they could throw their flour, and whom, if they resisted, they would punish with their shillelagns. Some of the wilder boys, conceived, however, the idea of substituting lime for flour, and as this on more than one occasion came very near producing blindness, the police had to step in and arrest the boys. This surveillance was kept up for several years, until both the flour and the lime disappeared. The flour throwing was evidently a relic of the Roman habit of throwing little confetti made of paste or plaster at maskers.

But, although for many years Mardi Gras was celebrated by the appearance of many maskers on the streets, there was no attempt at a general procession or celebration such as we have to-day.

Mobile first inaugurated the idea of presenting scenes on floats moving around the streets, the Cowbells of that city having had a parade as early as 1831. The first entertainment of this kind in New Orleans was given in 1857. The affair had been well worked up, and there was so much secrecy about it that not even the wives of those who were engaged in it knew aught of it. All that the public was aware of was that an organization, known as the Mistick Krewe, would appear on the streets at night, representing various tableaux. The consequence was that the streets were crowded with people, who welcomed this display with shouts of applause. Its complete success was assured, and as a consequence the Mistick Krewe has not since ceased to parade on Mardi Gras except when war or pestilence forbade.

The following is a description of first appearance of the Mistick Krewe procession on our streets, from a paper of that date:

This Krewe, concerning whose identity and purposes there had been such tortures of curiosity and speculation, made their *début* before the public in a very unique and attractive manner. They went through the streets at nine o'clock with torchlights, in a guise as much resembling a deputation from the lower regions as the mind could possibly conceive. The masks displayed every fantastic idea of the fearful and horrible, their effect being, however, softened down by the richness and beauty of the costumes, and the evident decorum of the devils inside.

After going through the principal streets, and calling upon Mayor Waterman for the purpose, we suppose, of obtaining a license to "raise the supernatural" in the Gaiety Theatre, they proceeded to that elegant establishment in order to entertain the hosts of guests they had summoned.

The interior of the theatre was decorated with a profusion of hanging wreaths and festoons of flowers. In a short time after the doors were thrown open, all the space inside, apart from the floor and stage, was jammed with an audience composed of the *élite* of Louisiana and the adjacent States—none being in mask but the Krewe.

In due time the Mistick Krewe appeared on the stage in the full glare of the lights. If we may so speak, they were beautiful in their ugliness—charming in their repulsiveness. There were upwards of a hundred of them, and no two alike, whilst all were grotesque to the last degree. They represented the different characters with which religion, mythology and poesy have peopled the Infernal Regions, and which Milton has aggregated in his "Paradise Lost."

Four tableaux were given. The first represented Tartarus, the second, the Expulsion, the third, the Conference of Satan and Beelzebub, and the fourth, and last, the Pandemonium.

At the conclusion of the tableaux, the barriers were removed, and the brilliant audience crowded upon the dancing floor. The Mistick Krewe having disbanded, dispersed among the crowd and joined in the dance in a manner which showed them to be very gentlemanly and agreeable devils.

Since then the other processions have followed in this order :

1858—MYTHOLOGY.

First came Comus leading the Krewe; following him came Momus; then Taurus, in a car attended by the Four Seasons; Flora, Goddess of Flowers, in a car wreathed with flowers and drawn by butterflies, attended by a Pomona and Vertumnus; Ceres in a car drawn by oxen, and followed by Pan and Faunus; Bacchus in a leopard-drawn car, and after him his intoxicated preceptor, Silenus, scarce able to retain his seat on his donkey. After them followed all the principal mythological characters.

1859—THE ENGLISH HOLIDAYS.

Comus selected this year for representation the four great English festivals: Twelfth Night, attended by the Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason; May-Day, with its attendants, Jack-in-Green and Robin Hood, and his merry archers of Sherwood forest; Midsummer Eve, with Titania and her fairy attendants, Pease-Blossom, Mustard-Seed and Moth, and Christmas, well represented by the various dishes and drinks of a Christmas dinner—Plum Pudding, Mince-Pie, the Wassail-Bowl, Ale, Port and Champagne.

1860—THE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

With his graphic pen, Comus sketched rapidly the history of America from its discovery to the Missouri compromise

1861—SCENES FROM LIFE.

The procession this year was in five sections, Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age, while Death followed in the rear.

Then came the war, and Comus for a brief period ceased to please the people with his pageants. During the four years of that struggle—1862-5, Mardi Gras was without any celebration whatever here. With peace, however, Comus again appeared, and in 1866 renewed his parades.

1866—THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

The Past was represented by strife, destruction, want, grief and terror; the Present by Washington, surrounded by industry, commerce, science, agriculture, history and art, while

peace and plenty attended the Future. Behind these came Comus, attended by his followers in the form of animals.

1867—THE FEAST OF EPICURUS.

The procession this year was simply a personification of the various dishes, wines, etc., that go to make up a grand dinner.

The Heralds of Appetite—sherry, absinthe and bitters, with their special aids, oysters, and Johannisberger—led the van. The Lords of the Ladle followed with the soups, and the Knights of the Shell—shrimp, crab and crayfish. Then came the Rulers of the Roast, attended by macaroni à l'Italienne, canard greeque, paté des oiseaux, snipe, sausage, etc. Lettuce followed in the company of the salad fork and castor, and behind them artichoke, asparagus and cauliflower. Ice cream and strawberries attended by the Court Ushers—macaroon and meringue—came next, and the various fruits—pineapple, orange, melon and grapes; then came the Triflers—nuts and confections; and last of all the Peacemakers—coffee and segars.

1868—LALLA ROOKH.

This procession was led by a cavalcade of horsemen, bearing aloft the blazing insignia of Oriental royalty, armed with the flying javelin, the vengeful scimitar and twanging bow.

1869—THE FIVE SENSES.

Each sense was represented by an antique statue. Phœbus represented sight, Ceres taste, Flora smell, and Venus touch. These emblematic representations gave the Krewe an opportunity of representing in a fantastic and amusing manner the various species of animals, insects, fruits and flowers of the earth. The tableaux corresponded, in number and character, with the senses.

1870—THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

The procession this year contained sixteen floats, each giving a picture from the history of our State. The first car contained Louisiana with her attendants—Pelican, Justice and Union, and old Father Mischebe as her companion. The other floats represented the following scenes: De Soto and his followers in America, De Soto's march from Florida to Louisiana; the Discovery of the Mississippi; the French priests preaching the gospel to the Indians; La Salle, Tonti and Hennepin; Iberville and the French settlers; Bienville and his followers; the priests in Louisiana; the Spanish Governors of Louisiana; the cession of Louisiana to the United States; the heroes of January 8, 1815; Lafitte, the pirate; Gen. Villeré, and the Louisiana Creoles, who fought under Jackson.

1871—SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEEN.

It was a pity that so few persons had read this exquisite poem of Edmund Spenser, because very few of the lookers-on could fully appreciate the procession, although they all knew it was beautiful.

1872—HOMER'S TALE OF TROY.

A Doric temple was in the lead, in which was placed the bust of Homer. Helen and Paris followed in their chariot; then came the Court of Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, Menelaus, etc., and last the Trojans, headed by Priam, surrounded by Cassandra, Helenus and Hector.

Scenes from the Odyssey were also given, and from Homer's comic poem, the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice."

1873—THE MISSING LINKS.

Comus appeared in a chariot drawn by Shetland ponies. Following him came the Krewe, representing the gradual development of man from the original zoöphyte, to which Darwin traces our ancestry, to his present condition.

1874—COMUS' GREETING TO THE NATIONS.

The five great divisions of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, were here represented, together with the various countries they contain. The last tableau, the Arctic world, represented the Polar Queen seated on an immense iceberg, with a large white bear lying at her feet.

In consequence of the political troubles in which Louisiana was just then involved, Comus gave no parade in 1875.

1876—BIBLICAL HISTORY.

The five thousand years of Biblical history as illustrated by Comus has always been confessed to be the finest and most elegant show of the kind ever given here by any of our carnival organizations. The materials and dresses used were much finer than ever before seen, and the floats were the grandest in design placed on our streets.

1877—THE ARYAN RACE.

The development of the great Aryan race, to which all of us, English, German and Irish, belong, its civilization, fashions and future, was the subject of Comus's procession this year. Comus's chariot formed the figure of an immense swan, garlanded with flowers, in which he sat, wine-glass in hand, surrounded by his followers. Then followed twenty-three pictures of our progress toward perfection : the feast of Isis in ancient Egypt ; a tragic scene in the ancient theatre of Dionysius at Athens ; a picture of Rome in its warlike and republican days ; another of Rome under the empire—a feast worthy of Lucullus ; the Dark Ages standing in the midst of a ruined and broken temple ; the baptism of King Clovis ; Charlemagne mounted on his throne, holding the globe of empire in his hands ; the Crusaders en route to the Holy Land ; a court of justice in the Middle Ages, wherein two knights are settling a disputed point with sword and battle-ax ; a picture of domestic life, a hunting party and a dinner party of the Middle Ages, with all quaint costumes of that epoch ; a gondola party at Venice ; a fashionable call in the fifteenth century ; the tournament ; the Renaissance ; a church scene in the sixteenth century, the era of mighty muffs and ruffs ; a scene in the garden of Versailles during Louis Quatorze's reign ; a soirée of the last century and a view of Boston Common at the time of the Revolutionary War. Our present century was represented by two floats, a promenade in the early half of the century, when mutton-leg trousers and crinolines were fashionable, and a party of ladies of to-day who have just come out of the *modiste's* arrayed in all the finery of long trains, high bonnets, etc. In the last tableau Comus glanced forward a century and gave his view of what would be the styles of 1976. The statue of Minerva stands as patroness in the centre, around whom the weaker sex are congregated in Bloomer costumes, carrying on all the trades and professions now usurped by man, while the men, in hoops and skirts, are nursing the children or attending to household duties.

1878—THE METAMORPHOSES OF OVID.

This year Comus selected the Metamorphoses of Ovid, which were represented in the form of statues on twenty-one floats. There was no procession in 1879.

1880—THE ROMANCE OF MEXICO.

A number of scenes were given from the history and customs of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico—the Aztecs. Unfortunately, in the procession, several of the handsomest floats caught fire and were destroyed. Among the finest tableaux were the following : The Administration of Justice in Mexico ; the sacrifice of human victims to the god, Qualtzoacoatl ; the floating gardens of the lake Tezcuco ; an ancient Aztec marriage ; the meeting of Cortez and Montezuma ; the defeat of the Spaniards on the Noche Triste ; and finally a scene of the present day in the plaza of the city of Mexico.

1881—THE MYTHS OF NORDLAND.

From the story of Sigurd, the Viking, Comus gave pictures of the ancient history, mythology and tradition of the Norwegians. The handsomest tableaux were the Workshop of the Dwarfs; Elfland; the voyage of the Nibelungs; the Norwegian Hell; and Ragnaroc or the end of the world.

1882—THE WORLD'S WORSHIPS.

The floats represented various scenes from different worships, the worship of the Sun, of the sacred bull, Moses receiving the laws, the Druids, the Vestal Virgins bringing the religious worship down to the Mormons of to-day.

There was no procession in 1883.

1884—IRELAND.

Comus told the legendary history of Ireland beginning with the invasion of Partholan, 2855 years before Christ, and coming down to the great council of Irish chiefs held just before the battle of the Boyne.

In 1870 another organization, styling themselves The Twelfth Night Revelers, sprang into existence and paraded our streets on Twelfth Night (January 6). They continued this for several years, but in 1877 the club which gave this entertainment disbanded, and these parades ceased.

1871—MOTHER GOOSE'S TEA PARTY.

Mother Goose led off, drawn by Humpty Dumpty. Behind her came the great Giant Fa-fi-fo-fum, with Jack, the celebrated slayer of giants and ogres. Little Bo-Peep, Jack Frost and Mr. and Mrs. Spratt, occupied the next float; then came Jack and Jill, Jack Horner and Daffy Down Dilly; Little Boy Blue escorted Miss Red Riding Hood; the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and Saddle My Cock and Saddle My Hen. Behind these come various other friends of the children: Beauty and the Beast, Tom Tucker and Johnny Grace, Tom the Piper's Son, Robin Hood and his Merry Men, Richard and Robin, Cinderella and her Fairy Godmother, the Cow that Jumped over the Moon, King Cole, Mother Hubbard, her Dog and Puss in Boots, the entire Heart Family—King, Queen and Knave—Pease-Porridge Hot, the Lion and Unicorn, Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, and last of all, famous Old Santa Claus.

1872—ENGLISH HUMOR.

The Lord of Misrule's next picture was of English humor, representing pictures from the works of the leading English humorists. The Wife of Bath and the Clerke of Oxforde, represented Chaucer; Sir John Falstaff, Shakespeare; the Alchemist and Boabdil, Ben Jonson; Hudibras, Samuel Butler; Captain Macheath and Polly and Lucy, John Gay; Gulliver in Lilliput, Jonathan Swift; Tristram Shandy, Lawrence Sterne; Moses at the Fair, Oliver Goldsmith; Dominie Sampson and Dandy Dinmont, Walter Scott; Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane, Washington Irving; the Two Wellers, Silas Wegg, Captain Cuttle and Mr. Bumble, Charles Dickens; and the Heathen Chinees, Bret Harte.

1873—THE BIRDS OF AUDUBON.

Taking the work of our celebrated Louisiana naturalist as a basis, the Lord of Misrule proceeded to give a thorough review of the ornithological kingdom. The grouping of the birds was excellent, and nearly every float contained a picture that was at once instructive, beautiful and laughable. There was a barn-yard meeting, over which Sir Chanticleer presided, and where, of course, his trusty hens and the duck and goose were present; the Woodpecker's Workshop, where the partridge, woodpecker, and others were busy at work with saw, hammer and chisel; the Birds of War, the eagle of France, and his double-headed brother of Russia; the Bird Club, mostly birds of a sporting character, snipe, woodcock and grouse; the Mocking Bird Choir, composed of all the song birds, presided over by the gifted singer of the South; the

birth of Tomtit; the Grand Turk-ey, represented as a pasha, swelled with pride and rage; the Crows in Council; the Bird Ball, where are congregated the peacock, pheasant, and all the ornamental birds; closing with the Pelican, emblematic of Louisiana.

1874—DOLLY AND HER TOYS.

The Lorā of Misrule again came forth with a show to amuse and delight the children as well as their grown-up friends, who were only too delighted to be recalled to the happy days of infancy. This time he gave a picture of Dolly with all the treasures of her nursery. The doll was seated before a table covered with a small tea-set. Her escort was a body of wooden soldiers, just such as come out of Christmas boxes. Behind her came her cabinet, also of carved wood, and looking supernaturally wise, but rather stiff for all that. The ark followed, filled with angular birds and beasts. Then came a parlor, and a kitchen, and a stable scene; a children's band rattling drums, bugles, whistles and other devices for making a din. The stage was represented by Punch and Judy. The Christmas feast followed with Santa Claus driving a sleigh filled to its very brim with the choicest toys and candies. The last two floats were occupied by "citizens," among whom could be distinguished Messrs. Jumping Jack, Jack-in-the-Box, Hobby Horse and others.

1876—THE MARCH OF AGES.

The Revellers turned out with the greatest number ever presented in any parade in this city. Float No. 1 told of the Birth of Time. Then came the Age of Fire, with Vulcan, Vesta and the Cyclops; the Age of Water, with Neptune; the Nebulæ the first Birth of Light, then the Sun, Moon and Stars. Chaos followed, and behind him Creation. The Primeval Age was then represented, with man in his first stage. The Age of Stone followed, and then the Golden Age, where, under the protection of Cybele, all the beasts lay down together, and war and trouble were unknown. The Dark Ages came next, then the Biblical Age, the Bronze Age, that of Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, the Silver Age, that of Solomon, the Iron Age, over which the sword of the Roman Republic rules. Then the Age of Chivalry, with St. George fighting the dragon, and the Knights of the Round Table met at the Court of King Arthur; the Age of Adventure, when Columbus and his followers crossed the Atlantic in search of new worlds; the Present Age, represented by a man bowed down by incessant study, and an enormous Krupp gun. The Future Age, if the Lord of Misrule is to be believed, will be the triumph of woman, for here is a gallant army of Amazons congregated around their Queen, Pallas Athene, and promising her the aid and support of their strong right arms. Last of all comes Eternity—deep, mysterious Eternity—a broken column, with Saturn (Time) asleep, the hour-glass empty, the dial of time broken, and the sun obscured by dark clouds.

In 1872 a number of gentlemen in this city organized the Knights of Momus, celebrating the event with a procession, which appeared on the streets on the last day of the year.

1872—THE TALISMAN.

Momus selected for its first procession Scott's beautiful story of the Talisman, the scene of which is laid in Palestine during the Crusades. All of the leading crusaders, Richard Cœur de Lion, Philip of France, Leopold of Austria, and others, were present, as were likewise their Saracen enemies, led by the great Saladin.

1873—THE COMING RACE.

The second theme selected by Momus was The Coming Race. The procession took place, as the former one had done, on the last day of the year. It was a curious picture, such as one might well imagine after a too hearty meal of mince pie, Welsh rarebit or something very indigestible. Led by the great naturalists, Darwin, Cuvier, Humboldt and others, came their curious army—dogs with tortoise-shell heads, men with heads like lobsters' claws—everything absurd, ridiculous and impossible.

In neither 1874 nor 1875 did Momus arrive. It had been determined to change the time for the Momus procession so as to bring it nearer to Mardi Gras. This was done to make the carnival as attractive as possible, and present all the displays near together during the gay season. It was determined, therefore, that Momus in future should turn out during the week before Mardi Gras. When that day came around, however, the political complications just then affecting us were so unpleasant that Comus declined to parade, and Momus followed the example of his illustrious brother.

1876—LOUISIANA AND HER PRODUCTIONS.

In 1876, however, Momus came with his display, far exceeding anything he had hitherto attempted, a picture of our own beloved State.

Louisiana led off, a gorgeously attired lady, with Bienville as her protector, and surrounded by Union, Confidence, Justice and our Pelican. Spring was heralded by Flora, behind whom followed Magnolia, Acacia and all the flowers of our clime. Ceres led the van of Summer, with King Carrot, Corn, Lettuce, Cauliflower, Tomato, Cucumber, Garlic, Turnip and others. A kitchen scene followed, wherein the Irish and Sweet Potato were wrangling in a pot, the Squash courting the Egg plant, and the other denizens of the kitchen—Leek, Beet and Onion—were attending to various culinary duties.

Pomona followed as Autumn, with a court of Grapes, Strawberries, Melons, Pineapples and other fruits.

Irene led the last division, Winter, and behind her followed the Royal Agricultural Family of Louisiana—Princess Rice, Queen Sugar on a throne of hogsheads, and King Cotton on a dais of cotton bales. The procession occupied nineteen floats,

1877—DEMONOLOGY.

The fourth representation of Momus occurred on Thursday, February 8. The subject chosen was one which would have delighted good King James of Scotland and England—a history of the demons, witches and monsters of the lower world—behind which was conveyed a deep, political satire, for the faces worn by those demons were fac-similes of those of the leading Radical politicians just then engaged in oppressing Louisiana. Verdelet and Leonard (Babcock and Boss Shepherd), two inferior imps, led the procession; then came the Department of State, with Adramelech (Fish) at its head; the chariot of Mars, with Baal, Camer and Chamos (Sherman, Sheridan and Grant); the Department of Justice, Lucifer in a landaulet (Williams); and so on through the entire book of demonology, Blaine, Packard, Kellogg and all the leading Radicals of the country being represented by some favorite of the demon world. There were the Dukes of Debauch, the Knights of the Black League, with Sabnack (Packard) driving the dragon, whose face was that of a cornfield darkey; the Counts of the Returning Board, with the well recognized faces of Tom Anderson, Wells & Co., the whole winding up with the Ship of State going down in a sea of fire.

1878.—SCENES FROM THE REALMS OF FANCY.

From the realms of Hades, Momus leaped to the heights of fantasy, giving us one of the prettiest pictures ever seen here. The floats were sixteen in number. Momus, himself led off in a grand coral chariot, resting on the clouds. Queen Mab followed him in her chariot, drawn by four butterflies. And then came various pictures from our fairy tales, such as the Prince awaking the Sleeping Beauty from her century-long sleep; the combat between Valentine and Orson; the Knight's combat with the Yellow Dwarf, etc.

In 1879, in consequence of the presence of yellow fever here during the previous summer, the great cost to which it had put our citizens and societies, and the large number of persons in mourning, it was resolved both by Comus and Momus to have no public celebration, but to leave Mardi Gras to Rex alone,

1880.—A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

Momus showed this year the most famous women the world has produced, among them Semiramis going to battle; Sappho flying with Phaon; Samson in the arbor of Delilah; Aspasia and Pericles; Judith before Holofernes; Cornelia and her jewels; Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus in her galley; Boadicea harranguing the Britons; Fair Rosamond and Eleanor; Queen Isabella, the Catholic; Mary Stuart going to execution; Queen Elizabeth and her Court; and Maria Theresa being crowned Queen of Hungary.

1881—POPULAR SUBJECTS.

Momus presented curious pictures from popular novels and stories. There were Robinson Crusoe on his desert island; Hans Christian Andersen's story of Little Totty; the marriage of Hoho of the Golden Belt; Baron Munchausen, William Tell, The Ancient Mariner, Paul and Virginia, Hiawatha, and many other creations of the poet and novelist.

1882—THE RAMAYANA.

The tableaux of Momus this year was highly Oriental, and taken from the great epic of Hindostan. Among other scenes were the Nuptials of Rama; the Council of the Gods; the Banishment of Rama; Rama invoking the Ocean; and the combat of Rama and Ravanna.

1883—THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

Momus appeared on Mardi-Gras night this year (Comus not parading), representing curious scenes from the rise and fall of the Moorish power in Spain.

1884—THE PASSIONS.

The various evil passions which escaped from Pandora's box were given, each represented by some celebrated historical personage, Jealousy, by Amertus, Xerxes' wife; Ambition by Alexander the Great, Licentiousness by Sardanapalus.

REX

made his first entry in our city in 1872. He came then attended by a body-guard of Arabs. This organization was started for the purpose of showing all the maskers in the city combined in a procession to pass before the Grand Duke Alexis, who was a guest of the city, and reviewed the procession at the City Hall. It was brought prominently before the public and became popular through a series of edicts emanating from Arabia, which were published almost daily in the public press. It was through the influence of Rex that Mardi Gras became a legal holiday in New Orleans, and business was suspended, so that all classes could join in the general festivities.

The next year he appeared in still grander style, and so on, each subsequent year. It was not until 1877, however, that he emulated his brothers, Comus and Momus, and presented us with a parade representing scenes and tableaux.

1877—THE MILITARY PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

In twenty-four floats, Rex represented the gradual development of military science from the prehistoric ages to the present day, briefly reviewing the various wars by which the world has been afflicted. The procession began with the warriors of the prehistoric age; then followed an Egyptian army marching to conquest: the Israelites and Philistines engaged in war; the Assyrians and Babylonians accoutred for conquest; Greece 500 years before Christ, and Rome at the Christian Era; the Ancient Britons preparing to resist the Romans; the Huns, Goths and Vandals; the Danes and Anglo-Saxons in their war vessels, preparing for a descent on the British coast: the Moslems invading Europe and Asia; the Crusaders about to march against them; the famous battering ram of the mediæval ages: the Spanish in Mexico: the Thirty Years' War; the conquest of India by the English; the War of Independence; the battle of Waterloo;

the Crimean war; the late war between the States, with the Confederate and Federal soldiers fraternizing; the Franco-Prussian war, and lastly, the Turco-Servian war—which was waging at the very time the procession was marching through our city.

1878—MYTHOLOGY.

Rex burlesqued this year, and he chose for his theme the Immortal Gods of Greece. The procession was a long and exhaustive one, containing no less than twenty-eight floats. Jupiter, Juno and Neptune led off in their appropriate chariots. Minerva was an ancient and wrinkled blue-stocking, surrounded by the arts and sciences. Apollo and the Muses had organized a brass band. Venus in her shell chariot was flirting outrageously, ogling every passer-by, behind her fan. Mars was mounted on a mighty cannon. Mercury, as a merchant, was liberally sampling cotton bales and watering his whiskey. Vulcan was busy making horseshoes. Then followed the Fates, Janus and the Months, Æolus and the Winds, the Vestal Virgins, Silenus, Bacchus gorgeously drunk, the Sirens, Circe, the Harpies, the Furies, Momus, Comus, Pomona, the Supreme Court of Hell, the Heroes of Homer's poems, Paris and Helen fleeing from the wrath of Menelaus in a steam yacht, the Trojan Horse, and lastly the Wheel of Fortune.

1879—HISTORY.

In twenty-six cars, Rex gave a burlesque history of the world.

1880—THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

Rex appeared this year as the King of Hamuth, surrounded by an army of Assyrians. The floats represented the four elements of Fire, Water, Earth and Air, and were of unusual brilliancy and color. All the fish of the sea and the birds of the air appeared, while Oxygen, Carbon, Zoroaster and Thunder, and other tableaux represented the various divisions and forms of fire.

1881—THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Rex this year appeared as Schahriah, the hero of the Arabian Nights, accompanied by the famous story-telling Scheherazade.

The tableaux were various scenes from that great collection of Oriental romances.

1882—THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Among the tableaux were Christmas, a Picnic, Surf Bathing, Hunting, the Circus, Fishing, Baseball, Dinner, the Opera, the Gaming Table, and all the other forms that pleasure can take.

1883—ATLANTIS.

The habits, customs and life of the lost continent of Atlantis were given by Rex. The tableaux were the Hanging Gardens of Atlantis; Nuptial Ceremonies of the Natives; the Courts of Justice; Theatrical Amusements; the Feast, etc.

1884—THE SEMITIC RACE.

Rex as Solomon in all his glory, renewed; the History of the Semitic Race; Nimrod, the Mighty Hunter; Asshur, Semiramis, Sardanapalus, Nebuchadnezzar, Moses, Samson, David, King of Israel and Mohammed.

KNIGHTS OF PROTEUS.

The Knights of Proteus, a new organization, appeared in 1882, the day before Mardi Gras, with a very handsome parade. A Dream of Egypt, showing the various Egyptian deities, Osiris, Isis, Thoth and Nilus; the Mourning of the Egyptians, an Egyptian Wedding, etc.

1883—THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Proteus produced various pictures from the history of France, Hesus, the god of the Druids Charlemagne, the Normans' Landing on the Coast of France, the Crusaders, Francis the First, Marie Antoinette and the guillotine, and Napoleon crowning Josephine Empress.

1884—THE ÆNEID.

This was decidedly the handsomest display of the year. Vergil's classic was magnificently illustrated, and tableaux of the Gates of Ivory, Palace of Picus, the Judgment of Rhadamanthus and others were among the best ever seen in New Orleans.

HOW THE PARADES ARE PREPARED.

The Carnival celebration in New Orleans has of late years surpassed, in extent and grandeur, all similar events occurring either in Europe or this country. Beside it the carnivals of the Corso of Rome and the canals of Venice are tame affairs, lacking the exquisite order and organization with which the Americans have endowed it. Though frequently described in letters and by the public press, it yet has to be seen to be appreciated, and few enjoy that privilege once without thereafter making an annual pilgrimage to the Crescent City during its festive season.

Few understand the admirable and thorough system of organization, through which alone such grand successes can be achieved—a system as complete in its little way as that of an army or an established government.

In fact, it does embrace a phantom government, ruled over by the mythical Rex, whose reign is absolute for twenty-four hours, during which his flag is alone permitted to fly; and whose edicts are as implicitly obeyed as were those of an Alexander or a Nero. The central power is contributed to and supported by several secret societies, each independent within itself, but all co-operating to a single end. Outside of Rex's court there are other and some older secret associations, such as the Mistick Krewe, the Twelfth Night Revelers, the Knights of Momus, etc. Each of these has its own distinct gala night devoted to its street procession and its tableau balls, to which the tickets are invariably complimentary.

The expense of one of these displays ranges in cost from \$12,000 to \$18,000, and sometimes higher. In one instance Rex's display cost \$28,000. Each association owns its twenty floats, its ladders and lights, housings for the draft-horses and disguises for the torch-bearers, but none of them have any known permanent meeting-place, which changes constantly and is kept sacredly secret.

Each association numbers from 150 to 200 men, generally club men, some of them grand-fathers. One hundred are generally selected to appear in the display, while the others are utilized in other duties which are much more onerous than is generally supposed. The preparation for a display occupies almost an entire year, and the torchlights of one hardly die out before work is on foot for its successor, all of which is conducted with the greatest secrecy.

The first step taken after Mardi Gras is a meeting for the election of a design committee for the ensuing year, over whom is elevated "the captain," with absolute power, experience having demonstrated imperial power and blind obedience to be the main essentials of the system.

Next the artist is summoned for consultation. Each member of the committee now proposes one or more subjects for treatment, the best half-dozen of which are delivered to the artist to reproduce in rough crayon sketches throughout. When completed, the committee meets again for consultation, and a final selection is made. This is always the most difficult problem encountered, and generally consumes an entire month, after which the work begins in earnest.

The artist at once commences the preparation of accurate water color sketches of each of the hundred characters, upon cardboards about the size of an imperial photograph. These are finished to the minutest detail and carefully colored for the use of the costume manufacturer, the material of which every part of the dress is to be made being inscribed upon it.

These completed to the satisfaction of the design committee—no easy task, by the by, and one requiring a couple of months for execution—the cast of characters is then made in harmony with the individual characteristics of the members, who from that time forward lose their identity and are designated only by numbers which are inscribed upon the separate character cards. These cards also bear upon their reverse the height, girth, weight, size of foot, head and hand, together with a record of the physical peculiarities of the individual who is to assume the indicated role.

This done, the artist at once commences upon a duplicate series of eighteen or twenty larger, and much more elaborate water color designs in which all the characters appear grouped in the respective emblematic tableaux they are to exhibit upon the floats in the street procession, together with the float, designs, decorations and accessories, each one being a little scene within itself.

When completed, one set of these—each figure duly numbered—is posted upon the walls of the club-room, or “The Den,” as it is generally called, for the members’ close scrutiny and study during the balance of the year.

The other set, together with the individual character cards, are then either taken or sent to Paris, where the costumes are manufactured and numbered to correspond. These preliminaries are generally consummated by July 1, and a short breathing spell ensues, during which time the local papier-maché maker is busy moulding the properties which are required to decorate the floats.

By December 1st the costumes generally arrive in New Orleans. They are at once removed to “The Den,” where they are ranged upon long tables, each costume being surmounted with its appropriate picture. Here, during a period of six or eight weeks, the members come in regular detail to be fitted with their dresses by a corps of tailors, armorers and milliners in constant attendance for that purpose.

This task completed to perfect satisfaction, each costume is placed in one of a hundred boxes, duly numbered with the cast number, which is locked up and laid aside in waiting for the eventful night. Meanwhile, the Float Committee, with the duplicate set of designs, has been engaged for weeks at some out-of-the-way place, generally the yard of a cotton press, building up, with the aid of carpenters, painters, carvers, gilders and papier-maché makers, the wonderful structures upon which the figures are to pose during the street procession. Another committee is at work preparing for the ball, which takes place at the Opera House, and is generally preceded by three tableaux, the last embracing all the characters, the large and elaborate designs for which have consumed most of the artist’s leisure time up to the holidays.

As the eventful day, or rather night, approaches nearer, everybody is at work—some preparing the lights for the procession, some engaging horses, others drilling the torch bearers, who are forced to discharge their duties with military precision; others arranging matters with the authorities, so that the streets will be in order and all obstructions removed—all this being accomplished with such thorough system and secrecy that not until the display is actually upon the street, are the public aware of either its subject or where it will first appear.

A few days prior to the great event the boxes containing the costumes and other properties are moved at dead of night to some building in the immediate vicinity of the yards where the floats have been prepared. The front of this building, generally a warehouse, is kept closed and the windows darkened. Temporary entrances are improvised by cutting through the wall into adjoining houses, so that it can be reached from two or three different streets by members of the association, who alone are in the secret.

The processions usually move about 9 o’clock at night, but as early as 2 p.m., upon the appointed day, the members commence straggling into the Den, all in full evening dress. This they remove and deposit in their numbered boxes in place of the costume in which they array themselves. About 7 o’clock in the evening, when all are dressed, the roll is called; the characters (all masked) take their places in line, and a final inspection takes place.

About this time a squad of police arrives upon the scene, and after clearing the street in front of the building, cordon all the cross streets for four or five squares. Into the left of this reserve space shortly file the torch-bearers under guidance of officers, who silently take up the places along the curbs for the entire distance. In a few moments the floats follow and drive in regular order up to the door of the warehouse. When the first arrives the hitherto sealed doors are thrown open, and a long bridge is run out over the sidewalk. As the captain calls the numbers each man steps out and takes his appointed place upon the floats, which are driven off expeditiously until all are in line. The bands are then marched to position, and everything is in order in a remarkably short space of time.

The proceedings, so far, have been conducted in utter darkness. The captain then rides rapidly along the lines, and, finding everything in order, gives an appointed signal. In a moment all the torches flash out into a blazing parallelogram of light, securely inclosing the procession, and guarded outside at regular intervals by the police, who have quietly taken up position.

The procession thus formed marches rapidly until it reaches the nearest prominent thoroughfare, when the bands strike up, the bombs explode, the rockets fly, and port fires of every color blaze brilliantly along the line, over which hangs a heavy cloud of smoke, reflecting the many-hued tints of a monstrous fantastically illuminated canopy, which lends an indescribable weirdness to the unnatural, yet artistic scene.

After traversing the route appointed, which is generally short and hemmed in by throngs of admiring and wonder-stricken people, the floats finally arrive at the stage-door of the Opera House, where they unload their living freight, and drive rapidly away in the darkness.

Meanwhile the boxes containing the clothing of the members have been taken by express wagons to the Opera House, and are all arranged in order in the dressing rooms.

The tableaux generally occupy the time up to 11 o'clock, after which the characters are permitted to mingle with the guests upon the dancing floor, under no restrictions save that of keeping their individuality unrevealed.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the captain's shrill whistle sounds, and from that moment they gradually disappear, until long before the next hour strikes every one has vanished and the members are mingling unnoticed among the guests, save where they are occasionally found explaining their absence for the day to unsuspecting wives or daughters, with the most unconscionable excuses, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—lies.

They have merely slipped into the dressing rooms, exchanged their costume for ordinary everyday dress, and long before the ball closes in the wee sma' hours the express wagons have carried the entire paraphernalia back to the den and packed it away securely. When the actor gets up in the morning it is all over, as fleeting and illusive as the dreams from which he wakes.

The Mardis Gras of the six coming years will fall on the following days :

1885....February 17.

1888....February 14.

1886....March 9.

1889.... March 5.

1887....February 24.

1890....February 18.

CHAPTER XXV.—ALL SAINTS' DAY.

DECORATING THE TOMBS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD BURIED IN THE NEW ORLEANS CEMETERIES—Mc DONOGH'S TOMB.

The day of All-Saints, Hallowmas or All Hallows has from very early times been celebrated as a festival by the church. In pagan times, before the Christian era, the people of various nations, particularly those of the Celtic race, were accustomed to celebrate the 1st of May, when the earth was crowned with flowers, and the 1st of November, when the fall of the leaf heralded the death of nature. The church, wisely choosing rather to adopt and utilize these popular festivals than to destroy them, incorporated them into the calendar.

The death of the flowers and the approaching dissolution of nature as represented in the vegetable kingdom, naturally suggests to a poetical fancy the death of friends and loved ones, and so the 1st of November became a day when the dead were remembered and their tombs adorned with the floral offerings of the living.

The cemeteries of New Orleans are in many respects different from those of most other countries and cities. Built in a marsh the city has neither cellars for the houses of the living nor graves for the dead. For both, habitations must be built above the ground, and side by side with the city of the living is the city of the dead. In fact, the older cemeteries, such as the St. Louis, Girod, Lafayette and others which were once the outskirts of the town, are now in the heart of the populous parts of the city, and every consideration of public sanitation demands that they be closed against further interments.

The old cemeteries of New Orleans are rich in engraved annals which include nearly all the names identified with the founding and growth of the city. Inscriptions in the French, Spanish and English tongues show the successive nationalities that have dominated this ancient municipality, while the Latin epitaph marks the last resting-place of the priest or prelate, representing the Church which belonged to every age and to which all nationalities were as one, since people of all races were its children.

The weather is always bright, crisp and delightful. On All Saints' Day that is proverbial, and a rainy November 1st is almost unknown.

By act of Congress the entire North has adopted one of the most poetic and tender traditions of this French city. This flower town, on the first day of November, has from time immemorial closed all her places of toil or trade and gone forth by thousands and hundreds of thousands with baskets of flowers to decorate the graves of its dead. There are flowers in the yards in New Orleans in November, flowers in the fields, on the walls and in the hedges, wild and tame; flowers of all colors and all kinds. And on this particular day it is as if all these flowers, gathered in the arms of a hundred thousand pretty children, had set out to decorate the graves of the cherished dead. Nearly every street in New Orleans is a living, moving mass of fragrant flowers and beautiful children. And all this is sincere. No idle sentimentality about it; but each one who bears flowers has some memory of cherished kindred to hold sacred and beautify with flowers, as has been the custom here for generations out of mind.

A vast, flat field, with trees here and there, some stately and venerable oaks with moss sweeping almost to the ground; a field of tombs, with lanes and avenues, a painful monotony of rounded sepulchres that constantly reminded one of the white covered wagons in a great camp, for the dead are buried above ground here, laid in tiers inside these great white wagon covers that dot the vast level field of green grass and mossy oaks and orange trees. The floral offerings are mostly immortelles wrought into anchors, harps, crosses and crowns, and other emblematical figures. A very pretty design represents a sickle embracing a sheaf of wheat which it has cut

down. Of fresh flowers, white chrysanthemums are used in great numbers, and with beautiful effect. The large trumpet flowers of the white dotura are also seen in numbers.

A singularly pretty sight as you enter this home of the dead is that of a heavily laden orange tree growing close up to and over one of these white and monotonous tombs. The apples of gold in the fervidly green foliage, and there, this gold and green, this life against death, this green and gold dashed against the cold, white tomb, making a marked and a remarkable picture.

At each of the many gates of the very many graveyards of New Orleans on All Saints' Day sits a silent nun or sister of charity in her snowy habit of purity, with little orphans at her side. These are her flowers; their fathers, mothers, are up the avenue, further on, resting with the dead. A little plate sits by, and each person as he enters the cemetery drops something into it.

In Metairie Cemetery, which marks where the famous old Metairie race-course once was, the Army of Northern Virginia has a tomb surmounted by a column bearing a statue of Stonewall Jackson, and the Washington Artillery monument is crowned by a statue of their old commander, Col. J. B. Walton.

Just as the gate is entered the new tomb of the Army of Tennessee is seen. It is a Gothic vault covered with a green, grassy mound. Inside are receptacles for 48 bodies. The whole is of solid masonry finished in marble. It is to be surmounted by an equestrian statue in bronze of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, the statue to be executed by Alexander Doyle, the sculptor. The following is the epitaph inside the vault:

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,

A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tenn., on the 6th day of April, 1862.
A man tried in many high offices and critical enterprises
And found faithful in all;

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience,
And even that life, on a woful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived,
But in his death his greatness stands confessed

In a people's tears.

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime;

No country e'er had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender, no principle a purer victim
Than the dead soldier.

His fame, consigned to the keeping of that time which
Happily is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.

In honor now, our Great Captain rests:

A bereaved people mourn him;

Three commonwealths proudly claim him;

And History shall cherish him among those choice spirits who,
Holding their conscience unmixed with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves,
Their people and their God!

His Statue surmounts this structure,

Erected by the Ass'n Army of Tenn., La. Div., C. S. A.,
To his Memory and in Honor of their Brave Comrades who fell with Him,
And in the Cause he fought for.

On a block of stone near the entrance is to stand in marble an orderly sergeant "calling the roll," executed by Doyle. Inside the vault, marble tablets bear the names of the battles of the association.

The entrance of the vault is surmounted by a trophy of arms and flags, such as appears on the badges of the association. It was designed by Perelli, the New Orleans sculptor.

The Firemen's Cemetery at Metairie Ridge is full of interest. It has a number of fine tombs belonging to various fire companies. They were splendidly decorated and were the centres of great attraction for visitors.

On the main aisle is the column that commemorates John T. Monroe, the war Mayor of the city.

Maunsel White, the merchant, soldier and patriot, sleeps there. He lives in the hearts of many and is immortalized among epicures by the celebrated pepper sauce he invented, which to-day is found on many a dinner table.

Irad Ferry, the heroic fireman, who lost his life in saving that of a child, is celebrated by a splendid marble column. He died January 4, 1837, while rescuing a little one from a burning building.

The Bakers' society tomb is also in that cemetery.

In Greenwood, the societies of the Swiss, of the Typographers, inaugurated in 1855, and of the Association of Alsace and Lorraine, in 1874, are conspicuous; but the beautiful and artistic monument dedicated to the Confederate dead, under which sleep near five hundred soldiers of the lost cause, and over which a marble sentinel ever keeps watch, is one of the finest tombs in the country.

Among the noted characters whose tombs were noticed were Mayor A. D. Crossman, who died in 1857, and D. S. Woodruff, ex-foreman, and Wm. McLeod, foreman of Mississippi Fire Company No. 2, who lost their lives at a fire on Natchez street, March 17, 1854, while in the line of duty.

Dan C. Byerly, a gallant soldier and journalist, who fell in one of the heated political conflicts which grew out of the bitterness of the days of reconstruction, peacefully sleeps there.

In the Old St. Louis No. 1. the oldest of the cemeteries, are seen almost in juxtaposition the tombs of Benedices Van Pradelles, an officer of the Revolution with Lafayette, who died in 1808, and of Paul Morphy, the world's greatest chess player, who died in June 1884.

In this cemetery many of the oldest tombs are so dilapidated that they cannot be identified and some are missing altogether.

Among the noticeable monuments are those of benovolent societies, such as the Portuguese, erected in 1848; the Italian, in 1857; the Orleans Artillery, the French Mutual and the Catalan Volunteers. These tombs are large and handsome structures of substantial masonry, faced with marble and decorated with statuary and carving.

In St. Louis No. 2, the various historic stratifications appear in strong contrast, but closely associated. The fine tomb of Gen. J. B. Plauche, the friend of Gen. Jackson, the Commander of the Orleans Battalion in the war of 1812-14, and one of the defenders of New Orleans in the famous victory over the British, tells of the early history of the city. The veteran was subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

Dominique You, one of Lafitte's pirates, another defender of New Orleans in that same memorable battle, sleeps in a plain brick tomb not far off. The tablet bears no date, but discloses the words: "The New Bayard, the intrepid warrior and patriot." His was a history full of romance and strange adventure.

Alexander Milne, the philanthropist, born in Scotland, but long a resident of this city, sleeps under a massive granite pillar. He died at the age of 94 in 1838, and left a large fortune to endow the Milne Asylum for orphan boys in New Orleans.

Francis Xavier Martin, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and author of a history of Louisiana, is represented by a granite column. He graced the Supreme bench as early as 1815.

Pierre Soulé, Senator of the United States, jurist, diplomat and orator, sleeps there. A native of France, he attained the highest distinction in Louisiana, and he rests in the bosom of his adopted country.

On all hands are the tombs of men who were identified with the history of the city from the earliest times to the present, and to mention their names would be to fill a volume. A relic of the days of reconstruction is the tomb of Oscar J. Dunn, colored, Lieut.-Governor of the State under Warmoth.

Of Society tombs those of the Iberian Society erected in 1848; the Spanish Cazadores erected in 1836, are most distinguished.

St. Louis, No. 3, at Bayou Bridge, contains many interesting tombs. Those of the Menorquina Society, established in 1859; the Young Men's Benevolent in 1866; the Slavonian in 1876, are noticeable.

Col. Charles D. Dreux, one of the first Southerners to give his life for his country, sleeps there. He fell at Bethel, Va., July 5, 1861.

A tomb, bearing an inscription which tells that James Gallier, architect, and his wife, Marie, were lost at sea, Oct. 31, 1866, when the steamship Evening Star foundered with all on board, in a hurricane off the coast of Florida, brings up a thrill of sympathetic horror as the dreadful event is recalled.

Girod Cemetery is old and dilapidated. It does not bear the marks of constant attention seen elsewhere, but it had many visitors, and its tombs are interesting. Prominent is the monument to Col. W. W. S. Bliss, a son-in-law of Gen. Taylor, and chief of staff of the army commanded by him in the Mexican war. He survived all its battles and died peacefully. The monument was built by his friends of West Point.

The monument of the Marine Association and the splendid temple of the New Lusitanos are also prominent. Many colored societies have large and well constructed receptacles for the dead, but an item of more than ordinary interest is recorded on a marble tablet of a slave, an old family servant. It reads as follows: "Mammy, aged 84, a faithful servant. She lived and died a Christian." Nothing could be more simple, nothing more touching. It was a gleam of light from the days of slavery, showing that the ties of a common humanity were not destroyed by that institution.

Lafayette Cemetery contains many fine and historic tombs.

Henry W. Allen, the war Governor of Louisiana, sleeps here beneath a lofty column. Gen. John B. Hood and Gen. Harry T. Hays, distinguished figures on the Southern side in the civil war, are there also, besides many lesser officers and soldiers.

S. J. Peters, who died in 1855, rests there.

Lafayette No. 2 is a new cemetery; but prominent among its monuments are those of the French Society of Jefferson, built in 1872, and that of the Butchers' Association, built in 1868. The last-named is very large, containing room for eighty corpses. It was much visited by ladies.

The Valence Street Cemetery, better known as the City Cemetery of Jefferson City, is situated at the far end of Valence street. The associated tombs of the cemetery are: St. Joseph's sepulchre of the male and female associations of the Sixth District; Jefferson Lodge No. 191, F. and A. M.; Pioneer Steam Fire Company No. 1, erected in 1869, and Odd Fellows' Rest of Helvetia No. 44. Both white and colored use this cemetery as a burial place for their dead.

St. Vincent No. 1 is comparatively a new cemetery, and it is one of the most beautifully arranged in the city. On entering the main gate are seen on both sides of the centre avenue handsome and well-kept tombs, showing that those who sleep within their portals are well remembered. The sepulchre of the Society of the Holy Family, and that of Altarverein der St. Heinrichs Kirch are situated in this cemetery.

There are four cemeteries in Algiers—St. Bartholomew, St. Mary, Olivier, and the Firemen's Charitable Association of the Fifth District. All Saints' Day is always observed over in Algiers, and flowers and wreaths are profusely strewn over the graves of the dear departed.

St. Bartholomew Cemetery occupies the square bounded by De Armas, Verret, Lapeyrouse and Franklin streets, and is the oldest cemetery in Algiers, having been established in 1849. St. Mary's, on the opposite side of De Armas street, was opened recently as a receptacle, on account of the overcrowded condition of St. Bartholomew Cemetery.

At the corner of Market and Verret streets is situated the Olivier Cemetery, established and used by the wealthy and numerous family of that name and their descendants. It covers nearly a square of ground, surrounded by a high plank fence, which is always kept in excellent repair and well whitewashed. On the grounds there has been a house built by Mr. Olivier and his brother, in which reside the keepers of the cemetery. A small chapel adjoins, the altar of which is always festooned with flowers, and on either side are the portraits of members of the family.

The Firemen's burying ground is on Webster avenue. It was purchased but a few years ago, and as yet contains only a few tombs.

In the rear of the town of Goulsboro, which was formerly called McDonoghville, in a field near the Morgan Railroad track, is an empty sarcophagus, in which once rested the remains of the philanthropist John McDonogh. It is built of marble, and is about four feet high, ten feet long and six feet wide, and is in a good state of preservation, although brown with age. The remains were removed to Baltimore some years since, and his tomb in that city is said to be annually decorated by the school children in grateful remembrance for the benefits derived from the wealth he bequeathed for educational purposes. The inscriptions on the tomb proclaim the character of the man.

On the east front appears the following :

Sacred to the Memory of
of
JOHN McDONOGH,
Born in Baltimore, State of Maryland,
December the 29th, 1779 ;
Died in the Town of McDonogh, State of Louisiana,
October the 26th, 1850.

"Written by Himself."

"Here lies the body of John McDonogh, of the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, one of the United States of America ; the son of John and Elizabeth McDonogh, of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, also one of the United States of America ; awaiting, in firm and full faith, the resurrection and the coming of his glorious Lord, Redeemer, and Master to judge the world.

Insription on north side :

RULES FOR MY GUIDANCE IN LIFE, 1804.

- "Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.
- "Time is gold, throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.
- "Do unto all men as you would be done by.
- "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
- "Never bid another do what you can do yourself.
- "Never covet what is not your own.
- "Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.
- "Never give out that which does not first come in.
- "Never spend but to produce.
- "Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.
- "Study in your course of life to do the greatest possible amount of good."—McDONOGH.

Inscription on south side :

(Continued.)

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.

"Labor then to the last moment of your existence.

"Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content ; but first of all, remember, that the chief and great study of our life should be to tend, by all the means in our power, to the honor and glory of our Divine Creator.—JOHN McDONOGH.

"NEW ORLEANS, March 2nd, 1804."

"The conclusion at which I have arrived, is that without temperance there is no health ; that without virtue, no order ; without religion, no happiness ; and that the sum of our being is, to live wisely, soberly and righteously "

There are other graves in the field where once did rest the remains of McDonogh. Some are old and dilapidated, and some well kept.

In Gretna there is the Cemetery of William Tell Hook and Ladder Company. This cemetery was first made a resting place for the dead in 1858, and each year the graves are decorated with care.

The Bisbee graveyard, as it was once known, is the oldest in Gretna, and was named out of respect to the memory of Judge D. W. F. Bisbee, who is buried there. It has recently been purchased by the Catholics, and called after St. Joseph.

The National Cemetery at Chalmette is in charge of the Quartermaster's Department.

This beautiful resting-place of the dead, is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, a little over one mile below the Jackson Barracks. The ground was donated by the city in 1865, and was laid out by Captain Chas. Barnard.

There are 12,192 graves—6,913 of these are classed as "Known," and 5,279 are marked as "Unknown."

The following named States—twenty-three in number—have contributed their quota to swell the grand aggregate : Maine, 631, New Hampshire, 120, Vermont, 294, Massachusetts, 446, Rhode Island, 69, Connecticut, 223, New York, 626, New Jersey, 8, Pennsylvania, 41, Maryland, 24, Ohio, 108, Indiana, 265, Illinois, 293, Iowa, 149, Michigan, 226, Wisconsin, 240, Minnesota, 14, Kentucky, 22, Tennessee, 14, Missouri, 151, Kansas, 3, Louisiana, 330, and Texas, 19.

The Regular Army, 396, Navy, 233, Quartermaster's Department, 64, Commissioned Officers, 67, U. S. Army, 1,670, colored, miscellaneous known, 167.

The beautiful custom of decorating the Soldiers' Graves, takes place annually on the 30th day of May.

The monument in the cemetery was donated by Joseph A. Merves Post, No. 1, G. A. R., being turned over to the cemetery authorities in 1883.

CHAPTER XXVI.—ST. JOHN'S EVE—VOUDOUISM.

THE VOUDOU MEETING ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.—THE QUEEN OF THE VOUDOUS, AND THEIR QUEER RELIGIOUS DANCES.

St. John's eve is specially devoted to the worship of the Voudous. It is on that night that they congregate at some secret meeting-place on Lake Pontchartrain—changed from time to time—and hold their religious dances and impious ceremonies of worshipping the prince of evil, for, in their theology, the devil is God, and it is to him they pray. Voudouism is rapidly dying out, even among the negroes of Louisiana, but, for all that, a negro is frightened to death if he is "hoodooed," and with reason. The secret magic of the Voudous was nothing more than an acquaintance with a number of subtle vegetable poisons, which they brought with them from Africa, and which caused their victims to fade gradually away, and die of exhaustion.

Every St. John's eve thousands of persons visit the lake ends in the hope of coming upon the Voudous, but few succeed in finding them.

On St. John's eve, last year, the night was dark, and on the eastern sky hung a black cloud, from which now and then burst flashes of lightning, which lit up the road, the bayou and the surrounding swamp with a lurid glow, in fit introduction to what was to follow. The scene on the lake coast from Spanish Fort to Milneburg, was one which cannot easily be forgotten. All along the shore, at intervals scarcely more than 300 yards, groups of men and women could be seen standing around blazing pine-knot fires, their dark copper-colored faces weirdly gilded by the red flames and their black forms thus illuminated appearing gigantic and supernatural against the opaque background of the lake and sky on one side and the mystical darkness just tinged with starlight of the seemingly limitless swamps on the other. Some of the men were stripped to the waist, and all were gesticulating with animation, or seemed to be in waiting for something. Along the road at various intervals were negresses standing by small tables where gombo and coffee were dispensed.

Between Spanish Fort and Milneburg, the shore was crowded with negroes, who seemed to be enjoying themselves laughing, talking and romping like children, but the music which came from the shanty where a dance had evidently been started, sounded like that of an ordinary negro ball.

As soon as the purlieus of Milneburg were left, the way down the Lake shore toward the now brilliant bonfires was difficult, for in the darkness one had to pick his steps. Between the Lake on the one side and the swamp on the other there was a belt of land not more than fifty feet across, and in some places this was diminished by more than half, by the encroachment of Pontchartrain's waves. There was no roadway, but simply a devious by-path which wended around stumps and mud holes in a most irregular manner.

After some ten minutes' walk there came to the ear the faintest sound as of a drum beaten rhythmically, and on listening a chorus of voices could be heard.

Behind the hundreds of small watchfires along the shore twinkled like stars in the distance, and where they were built upon little points of land they were reflected in the water so brightly the duplication added a peculiar weirdness to the scene.

Pursuing the same path was a party of Creole negroes, the men carrying musical instruments and the women laden with coffeepots and tin buckets of gombo. They were not inclined to talk, and when asked where the Voudou dance was to take place answered that they knew nothing about it.

Passing around a little willow copse that grew almost in the lake there opened to the view a scene Doré would have delighted to paint. The belt of land here was about 100 feet in width,

and in the middle of this little plot was burning a huge fire. Grouped around it were some thirty or forty negroes, the rising and falling of the firelight giving a grotesqueness to their figures that was as curious as it was entertaining. Their shadows stretched out over the rushes and reeds of the swamp, and their faces brought out in effect looked wild enough to satisfy any lover of the wild and mysterious.

Built half over the swamps and half on the land stood a small hut or, to give it all its pretensions, a house of two rooms. It was like most of the fishermen's cabins seen along the Lake, but rather more roomy.

Through the open window there came quite a flood of light, and a song was heard chanted, it seemed by some eight or ten voices.

It was about three-quarters of a mile below Milneburg, and the place was appropriately selected, for certainly no more dismal and dreary spot could have been found. Citywards the swamp, with its funereal cypress, stretched in gloomy perspective, while in front, lapping the rushes and stumps, the ripples in the Lake came in, the water appearing almost black from the vegetable matter held in suspension.

Near the fire were two or three tables laden with gombo and dishes of rice, while on the embers hissed pots of coffee.

When the group near them was approached they gave evidence of uneasiness at the appearance of the party, there being no white persons present.

A few words in Creole patois made the negroes feel more at ease, and when a cup of coffee was purchased they ceased to look suspiciously on the new arrivals.

The music in the house began with renewed vigor at this time, and there was by general consent a movement thither. It was nearly midnight.

The wide gallery on the front was soon thronged, and it was noticed but few were allowed to enter the large room which formed the eastern side of the building. The door was closed, and a stout young negress guarded it on the inside.

A few words from Chief Bachemin in Creole proved an *open sesame*, and the door was opened just wide enough to permit the party to enter one at a time. With their entrance the music ceased and all eyes were turned upon the new comers.

A bright mulatto man came forward and, in good English, said that if the gentlemen desired to remain they would have to obey the orders that had been given. It would spoil the charm if they did not take off their coats.

Accordingly the coats were removed.

Seated on the floor with their legs crossed beneath them were about twenty-five negro men and women, the men in their shirt sleeves, and the women with their heads adorned with the traditional head handkerchief or *tignon*.

In the centre of the floor there was spread a small tablecloth, at the corners of which two tallow candles were placed, being held in position by a bed of their own grease.

As a centre-piece, on the cloth, there was a shallow Indian basket filled with weeds, or, as they call them, *herbes*. Around the basket were diminutive piles of white beans and corn, and just outside of these a number of small bones, whether human or not could not be told. Some curiously wrought bunches of feathers were the next ornamentations near the edge of the cloth, and outside of all several saucers with small cakes in them.

The only person enjoying the aristocratic privilege of a chair was a bright *café au lait* woman of about forty-eight, who sat in one corner of the room looking on the scene before her with an air of dignity. She said but little, but beside her two old and wrinkled negresses whispered to her continually. She was of extremely handsome figure, and her features showed that she was not of the class known in old times as field hands. She was evidently raised about the plantation house. She was neatly attired in a blue calico dotted with white, and on her head a brilliant *tignon* was gracefully tied.

On inquiry it was learned that her name was Malvina Latour, and that she was the queen.

As soon as the visitors had squatted down in their places against the wall an old negro man, whose wool was white with years, began scraping on a two-stringed sort of a fiddle. The instrument had a long neck, and its body was not more than three inches in diameter, being covered with brightly mottled snake skin. This was the signal to two young mulattoes beside him, who commenced to beat with their thumbs on little drums made of gourds and covered with sheepskin.

These tam-tams gave forth a short, hollow note of peculiar sound, and were fit accompaniments of the primitive fiddle. As if to inspire those present with the earnestness of the occasion, the old darkey rolled his eyes around the room and then, stamping his foot three times, exclaimed: "*A présent commencez !*"

Rising and stepping out toward the middle of the floor a tall and sinewy negro called the attention of all to him. He looked a Hercules, and his face was anything but attractive.

Nervous with restrained emotion, he commenced at first in a low voice, which gradually became louder and louder, a song, one stanza of which ran as follows :

Mallé couri dan désert,
Mallé marché dan savane,
Mallé marché su piquan doré,
Mallé oir ça ya di moin !

Sangé moin dan l'abitation ci la la ?
Mo gagnain southien la Louisiane,
Mallé oir ça ya di moin !

Which can be translated as follows :

I will wander into the desert,
I will march through the prairie,
I will walk upon the golden thorn—
Who is there who can stop me ?

To change me from this plantation ?
I have the support of Louisiana—
Who is there who can resist me ?

As he sang he seemed to grow in stature and his eyes began to roll in a sort of wild frenzy. There was ferocity in every word, boldness and defiance in every gesture.

Keeping time to his song the tam-tams and fiddle gave a weird and savagely monotonous accompaniment that it was easy to believe was not unlike the savage music of Africa.

When it became time for all to join in the refrain he waved his arms, and then from every throat went up :

" Mallé oir ça ya di moin ! "

He had hardly ended the fourth stanza before two women, uttering a loud cry, joined their leader on the floor, and these three began a march around the room. As the song progressed, an emaciated young negro stepped out, and, amid the shouts of all, fell in behind the others.

The last addition to the wild dancers was most affected of all, and in a sort of delirium he picked up two of the candles and marched on with them in his hand. When he arrived opposite the queen she gave him something to drink out of a bottle. After swallowing some he retained a mouthful which, with a peculiar blowing sound, he spurted in a mist from his lips, holding the candle so as to catch the vapor. As it was alcohol it blazed up, and this attempt at necromancy was hailed with a shout.

Then commenced the regular Voudou dance with all its twistings and contortions. Two of the women fell exhausted to the floor in a frenzy and frothing at the mouth, and the emaciated young man was carried out of the room unconscious.

CHAPTER XXVII.—ROWING IN LOUISIANA.

ITS INCEPTION AND HISTORY—THE OLD CLUBS AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM—FAMOUS REGATTAS OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.

The first rowing club of New Orleans was organized nearly half a century ago. It was composed of many of the best young men of the time, but few of whom are left by the ravager Death. The late Mr. Joseph Walton was elected president, and a boat-house was erected on the New Basin, about the spot where the Magnolia Bridge now stands. The first boat, the "Wave" by name, was presented to the club by Mr. J. B. Walton, who brought her from New York, and in honor of her the club received the name of the Wave Boat-Club. This boat was one of the then fashionable, sharp, deep, gunwale-rigged gigs, and had been winner of a number of races in the waters about New York. What a contrast there is between the racing gig of that time and the needle-like "shell" of the present!

The boats were generally six-oared, and rowed long ash oars, nowadays classed as "sweeps." Built of white pine or cedar they were usually about 40 feet in length, from 48 to 54 inches beam and of a model somewhat resembling a plank set edgewise with a weather-board laid flat on top of it. Their depth was generally about 20 inches, and their sides flared out from the keel to gunwale; and, consequently, they drew almost as much water as a steamboat. They were very crank—the result of the flaring sides—and when the crews were getting in the greatest care had to be observed to keep them on an even keel. The thwarts were made of oak, and they together with the entire inside of the boat were scraped after its completion to save weight, the looks being the last consideration. The oars, too, were scraped, that they might respond to the effort of the oarsmen by bending almost double, and they were pulled with a jerk at the end of the stroke, commonly called the "fisherman's dig."

THE FIRST CLUB'S COURSE.

The Wave Club had, from their boat-house to the lake, a splendid course of almost straight water, nearly five miles in length, which was always smooth and to be depended upon. The club owned, besides the "Wave," a number of soft-cushioned, comfortable ladies' barges; and rowing parties and parties for a row and a dinner, at the then flourishing restaurant at the old Spanish Fort, were the order of the day. Indeed, the members of this club seem to have devoted themselves to this sort of sport, as we have no record of their ever having rowed a race.

It was not for want of competitors that the Wave Club never rowed a race, for within a year after its formation a second, and shortly after a third rowing club appeared on the waters of our city.

The Lady of Lyons Club was the second organization of the kind, and was formed in 1836. They scorned the quiet waters of the canal, and chose the mighty bosom of the Father of Waters for their practice ground. Their boat-house was situated a few hundred yards above the point on the Algiers side of the river. They had numerous boats, which were named after the characters in the famous play from which the club took its cognomen.

The formation of the Algerine Club followed that of the Lady of Lyons but a few months. In the course of the next few years four clubs made their appearance on the whilom untroubled waters. The Knickerbocker, the Locofoco, and the Edwin Forrest were successively organized, and a short time after, the Washington Club joined the now large fleet of boats, which were seen each evening on the placid surface of the river.

The first race of which we have been able to find any record is reported April 8, 1839. The race was rowed by professionals, for a stake of \$1,000, and the course rowed was from opposite the Second Municipality, up stream about two miles and return. The contestants were the Mobile boat "Celeste" and the Orleans boat "Thos. M. Hamblin." An immense crowd turned out to see the race. The day was all that could be wished for, and the river was as smooth as glass. A capital start was had, both boats getting away at the word, on an even keel and with a steady stroke, and the race up to the turning stake was most exciting. The "Hamblin" took a slight lead at the start, but failed to open water, and the "Celeste," calling up a spurt, gradually gained on her, and at the mile and a half showed her nose in front, and led her to the stake by about three-quarters of a length. Getting away from the stake the "Celeste" had a decided lead, but, the "Hamblin's" crew responding to the call for a jump, she failed to hold her advantage, and the "Hamblin" passed her with a rush, winning the race by about a clear length. New Orleans was, of course, jubilant over the success, and the Mobilians departed vowing vengeance.

The second event of which we have record was a regatta at Madisonville on the Tchefuncta River, August 11th, 1839. The extant reports of the regatta are decidedly meagre, but from what we can gather from the accounts of the oldest inhabitants, we should judge it was rather an interesting affair. The boats "Pauline," "Gen. Damas" and "Thos. Hamblin" started, but the "Hamblin" fouled the "Damas" almost at the start, and while a war of words was passing between these boats, the "Pauline" rowed quietly over the coarse, winning the race with ease. A general row was the unfortunate result of the day's unsatisfactory sport, in which the coxswain of the "Hamblin" received a severe mauling.

The following year, 1840, boating matters seem to have taken a more brilliant start than at any time previously. Early in the season, while the river was still running high and full of driftwood, a regatta was held on it opposite Gretna. The day—April 26th—was lovely, and the crowd in attendance was the largest ever seen on the banks of the river. The prize was a handsome solid silver cup in the design of a boat supported on rests. There were four entries—the boat "St. Nicholas" of the Knickerbocker Club, "Gen. Jackson" of the Locofoco Club, the "Gladiator" of the Edwin Forrest Club, and the "Algerine" of the Algiers Club. The Knickerbockers were prime favorites previous to the start, and a large amount of money was staked upon them. The start, which was a poor one, was made at half past four, and, after a most exciting race, the "Algerine" came home winners in 23 minutes, and carried off the handsome prize. The distance of the race has not been handed down, but it must have been about two miles.

This affair was followed on the 17th of May by a grand regatta at the Prairie Cottage, the terminus of the projected Nashville Railroad, situated on the shore of the Lake, about thirteen miles from the City. The prize was a magnificent silver goblet of a beautiful design. There were four entries: the boat "Gladiator," Edwin Forrest Club; boat "Algerine," Algerine Club; boat "Water Witch," Lady of Lyons Club; and the boat "Maid of Orleans," Knickerbocker Club—all of which put in an appearance at the stake-boat for a start. The sky was overcast, but the Lake was in a most splendid condition. An immense crowd went over from the city by special train. The boats had an excellent send-off, but the "Maid of Orleans" had the misfortune to break a thwart almost at the start, and in consequence lost much ground. The "Gladiator" took the lead, closely pressed by "Witch," who was leading the "Algerine" by a scant half length. The pace was hot, but there was no material change in the position of the boats up to the turning stake, from which point to the finish the race was most exciting.

The boats were almost abreast, and rowing a spurring stroke. It seemed for a time as if they must all cross the line together; but within a few hundred yards of the finish the splendid crew of the "Water Witch" let out their reserve link and drew away from their opponents, crossing the score winners by two lengths, amid the vociferous cheers of their friends on shore. After turning the stake the Knickerbockers broke another thwart and lost an oar, and conse-

quently brought up the rear, much to the disgust of the betting men, with whom they were the favorites previous to the start. This day's racing may be considered as the most successful event of this epoch.

The name of the Lady of Lyons has been handed down to us as that of the crack club of this period, and their boats, boat-house, etc., are cited as being the finest in the city, if not in the South.

On the Sunday following another regatta took place at the Prairie Cottage, which, though not as great a success as the first one, drew a larger crowd to Lake shore. The Edwin Forrest, Knickerbocker, Algerine and Locofoco Clubs participated, the inducement being a silver tea-bowl. There was a heavy sea on at the time of the start, and the boats found great difficulty in maneuvering. A fair start sent the boats out through the rollers, among which they were at times almost lost to view. The "Algerine" was the first to reach the stake, situated dead to windward, but on the way home she was overhauled by the "Gladiator," of the Forrest Club, which came in winner by some lengths, in an almost swamped condition. The winners were received on shore with hearty cheers from the spectators, and the affair was highly enjoyed by all except the men in the boats.

THE REGATTA AT WILLOW GROVE.

The next event was a regatta, open to all amateurs, which took place on Sunday, June 31, 1840, opposite the Willow Grove Hotel, Algiers. The prize was an elegant liquor stand and salver, and the race was to be rowed in one and a half mile heats, best two in three. This called forth the "Water Witch," of the Lady of Lyons Club, the "Jackson," of the Locofoco Club, the "Fairy" and the "Maid of Orleans," of the Knickerbockers, and resulted in an uninteresting victory for the "Water Witch."

This was the last regatta for some time. The older and more staunch organizations continued to row in the river, and though a good-natured spurt between some of their different boats was of an almost nightly occurrence, they did not measure oars in a *bona fide* race for the space of nearly two years.

The year 1841 seems to have been barren of anything in the way of aquatic sport, but the papers of the following spring contain a notice of a regatta at Gretna for a silver prize. The distance rowed was five miles and the entries were confined to four-oared boats. But the result of the race is unknown. This was the sole event of that year and it was followed, in the spring of 1843, May 16th, by a regatta, of the particulars of which we are but little better informed. The Algerine and the Lady of Lyons Clubs, as well as several other clubs, entered, and it is recorded that the Lady of Lyons was victorious, carrying off the prize, a silk flag, upon which the Algerines had set their hearts. This, too, was the only affair of its season, and, indeed, the last race rowed by clubs in Louisiana for many years.

The few clubs that survived the dearth of interest had been drawn together by association till they all had their houses within a stone's throw of each other, on the batture of Algiers; and the majestic river, on whose bosom they had entrusted their frail craft with implicit confidence turned traitor at last, and by a single effort swept them from the gaze of men.

The Mississippi, in the spring of 1844, began to rise early and rapidly, and for more than a month rushed by the city brimful, threatening devastation on all sides. About the first of May the waters began to decrease, having exhausted their supply, and in the course of a few weeks safety seemed insured, when, on the afternoon of the 30th of May, the bank above the point at Algiers caved in, carrying with it a number of small shanties and sheds, and some cotton. Below this spot stood, besides the boat-houses, a large salt and produce warehouse and a tavern, but no one for a moment supposed that these buildings situated some distance from the water were in danger. The evil was thought to be past, but that evening, at about half-past nine, while most of the residents of Algiers were at church, the alarm was sounded that the whole point was going down into the river. In an instant the church was deserted;

all flocked to the river just in time to see the roof of the old warehouse whirled away by the angry, seething flood, into the darkness of the stormy night. When the morning broke, not a vestige of the boat-houses, or the other buildings near them remained, and on the spot where they had stood, the lead found nine fathoms of water. Nothing in any of the buildings was saved, except a canary in its cage, which was rescued from the Algerine boat-house by Mr. Clark, one of the club. In the Lady of Lyons boat-house was a perfectly-new race-boat, tho "Claude Melnotte," just from the builder, and a number of prizes, etc., all of which were irretrievably lost. So the great Father of Waters struck the death-blow to the rowing interests of our city, and no attempt was made to resuscitate the clubs, or to replace the lost boats, etc., and after being successfully practiced for nearly ten years, rowing for pleasure became a thing of the past; about our shores.

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF INACTION.

The period of inaction in rowing matters lasted for more than eighteen years, during which yachting took the place of the more athletic water sport. Many fine races were sailed on the adjacent waters of our city, by the large fleet of graceful yachts then in existence, but of rowing there was none.

In 1859 the long dormant spirit of rowing was awakened, and a few gentlemen athletically disposed, joined their efforts and funds for the formation of a club. The result was the appearance on Lake Pontchartrain of a four-oared barge, from the hands of that veteran builder, John Mahony, manned by members of the Monona Boat Club. Their roll was not very long, but, nevertheless, they erected a small but neat boat-house on the railroad wharf, just beyond the lighthouse, so arranged that the boats could be hoisted and lowered through a well-hole in the floor. For some time they held absolute sway over the waters of the lake, but in the winter of 1859-60 their example was followed and another club was organized, strangely called the Pioneer Club because it was formed *last*. This club also located their headquarters at the lake end, and, as may be supposed, was the sworn rival of the other club from its inception. Both clubs turned out several boats, and it was but a short time ere the savage debate as to the respective merits of the clubs, encouraged by nightly brushes between their different boats made a race as indispensable as it was inevitable. A challenge was finally made and accepted, and the 30th of August was the date fixed for the race. The crews were selected with great care, and went into training on the old fashioned principles of rare beef and stale bread. The Pioneers ordered a boat from Pittsburg, and John Mahony was intrusted with the building of a gig for the Mononas, which trust he discharged in a most creditable manner.

Excitement in the city ran high, and the betting was exceedingly active, but the clubs were considered so well matched that neither could be called the favorite. They came to the judge's boat in splendid form, except that the boat of the Pioneers was slightly logged amidships, both rowing out-riggers of a rather nondescript model, and not at all similar to each other.

The Monona's boat, the "Delta," was the first on the course, her crew dressed in the club colors, white shirts and red caps,

Their opponents appeared shortly afterward dressed in blue jackets and white caps.

The course was from the pier head to a stake boat off the pickets at Bayou St. John, about 1½ miles and return, making in all about two and two-third miles.

The "Delta" won the race by from eighteen to twenty lengths in 22 minutes 45 seconds, the "Pioneer" making 23:30. This was the only race rowed during this period.

Both clubs lay upon their oars for the rest of the season, looking forward to a meeting in the summer of '61; but the war came in the spring, and the oar was deserted for the musket, and instead of the friendly contest of boats the members of the clubs hurried away to face the enemy on the battlefields of Virginia. No one cast a thought on the boathouses or boats—they were left to whomsoever might take possession. The great struggle engrossed the attention of

all, and again the rowing interests of Louisiana disappeared under force of circumstances. When the war was over, other things than boating had to be thought of—for the pocket was empty and the storeroom bare. And then, too, many of the old members had fallen in battle. All minds turned to rebuilding their ruined fortunes, and rowing was never mentioned, even if thought of.

So it remained until the spring of 1869, when, one April day, a little white yawl was launched on the old Bayou St. John, in which was the nucleus of a new era. Within a few days following her advent a rowing club was suggested, and the project was so eagerly pursued that in the first days of May a meeting of about seventy of the best young men in the city resolved itself into the now flourishing St. John Rowing Club.

The inauguration of the St. John Club, the formation of the Pelican Club, and subsequently of the Orleans, Riversides and Howard Clubs, brings us down to the celebrated regatta of Sept. 14th, 1874, which occurred at Carrollton at the same minute that the bloody conflict was going on between the police and citizens on the levee, and which resulted in nought but disputes and recriminations among the participants, and was followed almost immediately by the dissolution of the Louisiana State Rowing Association, under whose auspices it was given.



EADS' JETTIES
Looking Seaward

ALF. MURCENT

CHAPTER XXVIII.—STEAMBOAT RACES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

FAST TIME ON THE MISSISSIPPI—THE BEST RECORD TO ST. LOUIS AND CINCINNATI—
THE FAMOUS CONTESTS BETWEEN THE "LEE" AND "NATCHEZ."

"Back in the thirties," is often referred to by old boatmen as the period when steamboat races, either with each other or against time, were most exciting. There being no parallel lines of railroad, passengers depended on steamboats for rapid transit, and the boat that could make the quickest time in her particular trade was the most popular with the traveling public. Racing on the rivers was so common an occurrence as to attract the attention of only those who happened to be on board the contesting boats, except when one or both lowered the record of previous performances. The runs against time were usually to test a boat's capacity for speed, and by this means improvements were suggested from time to time by which greater speed was continually being obtained, until the building of a railroad rendered great speed unnecessary.

The quickest time ever made from New Orleans to Cincinnati was 5 days and 18 hours, in 1843, by the "Duke of Orleans." The "Diana" made a quick trip 2 years later, but no farther effort to make fast time was made by any steamboat till the "Charles Morgan," in June, 1877, left New Orleans 24 hours later than the "Robert Mitchell," passed the latter at Hawesville, and made the time to Cincinnati in 6 days and 11 hours, having made 42 landings and lost $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours in getting through the canal at Louisville. In April of the same year the "Thompson Dean" made the run in 6 days and 19 hours, having lost 14 hours in the canal and 17 hours at way landings. The "R. R. Springer," in 1881, came through from New Orleans to Cincinnati in 5 days, 12 hours and 45 minutes' running time, which was the quickest made since the trip of the "Duke of Orleans." Her best time was made while in the Mississippi river. From the time she reached the mouth of the Ohio until she arrived at Cincinnati her speed decreased. She consumed 22 hours and 5 minutes more time from New Orleans to Cairo than did the "R. E. Lee" in 1870. In March, 1881, the "Will S. Hays" made the run in 6 days, 17 hours and 10 minutes from port to port, having made 51 landings to discharge nearly 3,000 packages, and met with several unusual detentions.

To illustrate further the idea which initiates this article, that speed has been steadily increasing where speed was an object, it may be mentioned, that in 1817 the "Enterprise" made the trip from New Orleans to Louisville in 25 days, 2 hours and 4 minutes, and the "Washington" in 25 days. Two years later the "Shelly" made it in 20 days, 4 hours and 20 minutes. In 1828 the "Paragon" went up in 18 days and 10 hours. Within the next five or six years the advancement in speed was more rapid, as the "Tecumseh," in 1834, was only 8 days and 4 hours from port to port. Three years later the "Sultana" made the run in 5 days and 15 hours, and the "Express" in 6 days and 15 hours. In 1842 the "Ed. Shippen" was claimed to have covered the distance in 5 days and 14 hours, which time was not beaten till 1849, when the "Sultana" cut it down to 5 days and 12 hours, and this was again cut down by the "Bos-tona," in 1851, to 5 days and 8 hours, and further reduced by the "Belle Key," the next year to 4 days and 20 hours, and by the "Reindeer" in 1853 to 4 days, 19 hours and 45 minutes, the "Eclipse" to 4 days, 9 hours and 31 minutes, and the "A. L. Shotwell" to 4 days, 9 hours and 19 minutes. In 1858 the steamer "Diana" received from the post-office department of the United States a prize of \$500 in gold, which had been offered to the first boat that would make the run from New Orleans to Louisville inside of six days. Her time was 5 days, 23 hours and 15 minutes.

Steamboat racing did not end with the decade of the thirties. On the contrary, many

exciting races have since been engaged in when boats pointed in the same direction happened to leave port at the same time. The prevalent notion has been, and still is, that on these occasions awful explosions of boilers, by which the river was strewn with killed and mangled, were of frequent occurrence. Such calamities may have occurred, but if they did no record of the fact exists. To generate steam rapidly it was common practice while racing to feed the furnace under the boilers with pine-knots and tar, but the popular notion that on such occasions the captain would not hesitate to give the command, "Throw in another nigger!" is a fallacy. That explosions did not occur when racing is accounted for by the fact that on such occasions the engineer was more than usually watchful and careful. With the progress of enlightenment steamboat racing has almost entirely ceased.

Among the races of former years there was none more exciting than that between the "Baltic" and "Diana" from New Orleans to Louisville, some time in the fifties—perhaps about 1854. During that period a number of handsome steamers were engaged in the trade from Louisville to New Orleans, which would arrive fully laden, take enough freight for ballast and all the passengers that wanted to go, and hurry back to Louisville for another cargo. They kept out of the way of each other as much as possible by leaving Louisville on different days, but sometimes it would happen that two would leave New Orleans on the same day. The "Baltic" and "Diana" left New Orleans together, the "Baltic" slightly in the lead. Capt. Frank Carter commanded the "Baltic," and Capt. E. T. Sturgeon the "Diana." Neither of the boats had ever exhibited remarkable speed, and, while this was what might be called a slow race, it was the longest race that ever was contested, and very exciting to the passengers and crews. The distance is 1,382 miles, and there was not an hour of the time occupied by the trip that the two boats were not in sight or hearing of each other. An artist who was on board the "Baltic" at the time as a passenger, immortalized the event by transferring to canvas a night scene, in which were depicted the two imposing steamers in the foreground with the furnace fires burning so brightly that they cast a red light on the surrounding water. One bank of the broad Mississippi is shown, and the sky is partially clouded, but the moon is peeping between the clouds showing the huge columns of black smoke that issue from the chimneys and stretch away far behind. The "Baltic" is only a short distance ahead of the "Diana." So near together are they that passengers and crews would chaff each other as one boat would momentarily gain on the other. Chromo imitations of the picture were afterward made and met with a rapid sale.

The "Baltic" won the race, more by reason of mismanagement on board the "Diana" than because she was the faster of the two.

To further illustrate the speed gained by steamboats as the years rolled by, it may be noted that in 1844 the quickest trip from New Orleans to Cairo recorded up to that time was made by the "J. M. White," in 3 days, 6 hours and 44 minutes; in 1852 by the "Reindeer," in 3 days, 12 hours and 45 minutes; in 1853 by the "Eclipse," in 3 days, 4 hours and 4 minutes, and by the "A. L. Shotwell," in 3 days, 3 hours and 40 minutes. This time was not shortened till 1870, when the "R. E. Lee" (her second run) "set the pegs" at 3 days, 1 hour and 1 minute, which remains the quickest time to this day. The distance is 1,013 miles.

From New Orleans to Natchez—distance, 272 miles—the quickest time made in 1814 was 5 days and 10 hours, by the "Comet"; in 1815 the "Enterprise" occupied 4 days, 11 hours and 20 minutes in making the same trip, and this was cut down two years later to 3 days and 20 hours, by the "Shelby." Two years later still the "Paragon" made it in 12 hours less time and set the pegs for the next nine years, when, in 1828, the "Tecumseh" consumed only 3 days, 1 hour and 20 minutes. This time was first beaten in 1834, when the "Tuscarora" made the trip in 1 day and 21 hours, and it was cut down four years later by the "Natchez" to 1 day and 17 hours. In 1840 the "Edward Shippen" reduced the time to 1 day and 8 hours. In 1844 days were no longer needed in stating the time necessary for the trip, as the "Sultana" made it in 19 hours and 45 minutes, which was not beaten till 1853, when the new "Natchez" again shortened it to 17 hours and 30 minutes. The "Princess" made the same time in 1856.

In their great race from New Orleans to St. Louis in 1870 the "Natchez" and "Robert E. Lee" both set the pegs at 16 hours, 36 minutes and 47 seconds.

No steamboat race ever excited so much interest throughout the civilized world as that which took place between the "Robert E. Lee" and "Natchez" in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis. On the 24th of that month Capt. T. P. Leathers telegraphed Capt. Perry Tharp of this city, that the "Natchez" had arrived at St. Louis, having overcome the distance from New Orleans, 1,278 miles, in 3 days, 21 hours and 58 minutes. From the time that she was built at Cincinnati much rivalry in regard to speed had been exhibited between her and the "Robert E. Lee," which was built at New Albany during the war, and was towed across the river to the Kentucky side to have her name painted on the wheel-houses, a measure of safety that was deemed prudent at that exciting time. Capt. John W. Cannon commanded the "Lee," and Capt. Thomas P. Leathers, owner of the present "Natchez" and her half-dozen or more predecessors of the same name, commanded the "Natchez" of that time. Both were experienced steamboatmen, but, as the sequel proved, Capt. Cannon was the better strategist. While each boat had its special corps of friends, the name of the "Robert E. Lee" was the most honored and most popular along the Mississippi river.

Before the return of the "Natchez" to New Orleans, Capt. Cannon had determined that the "Lee" should beat the record of her rival, the fastest that had ever been made over the course. He stripped the "Lee" for the race; and removed all parts of her upper works that were calculated to catch the wind, removed all rigging and outfit that could be dispensed with to lighten her, as the river was low in some places; engaged the steamer "Frank Pargoud" to precede her a hundred miles up the river to supply coal; arranged with coalyards to have fuel-flats awaiting her in the middle of the river at given points to be taken in tow under way until the coal could be transferred to the deck of the "Lee," and then to be cut loose and float back. He refused all business of every kind, and would receive no passengers.

The "Natchez" returned to New Orleans and received a few hundred tons of freight and also a few passengers, and was advertised to leave again for St. Louis, June 30. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the "Robert E. Lee" backed out from the levee, and five minutes later the "Natchez" followed her, but without such elaborate preparation for a race as has been made on the "Lee," Capt. Leathers feeling confident that he could pass the latter within the first 100 miles.

A steamer had preceded the racing boats up the river many miles to witness all that could be seen of the great race that was to be. The telegraph informed the people along both banks of the river and the world at large of the coming great struggle for supremacy in point of speed, and the world looked on with as much interest as it would had it been an event local to every part of it. Wherever there was human habitation the people collected on the bank of the mighty river to observe the passage of the two steamers. The "Lee" gained slightly every hundred miles as the race progressed, which gain at Natchez, three hundred miles from the starting point, amounted to ten minutes, attributable more to landings that had been made by the "Natchez" for fuel than anything else. The people of the whole city of Natchez viewed the race. At the bend at Vicksburg, although the two steamers were ten miles apart by the course of the river, the smoke of each was plainly discernible from the other. Thousands of people were congregated on the bluffs. At Helena and other points it seemed that the population for miles back from the river had turned out to witness the greatest race of this or any other age.

At Memphis ten thousand people looked at the passing steamers, neither of which landed, the "Natchez" by this time having adopted the "Lee's" method of receiving fuel. At every point where there was a telegraph instrument the hour and the minute of the passing steamers were ticked to all points of America that could be reached, and newspapers throughout the country displayed bulletins denoting the progress of the boats.

The time of passing Memphis, Vicksburg and Cairo was cabled to Europe. When Cairo was

reached the race was virtually ended, but the "Lee" proceeded to St. Louis, arriving there in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes from the time she left New Orleans, beating by thirty-three minutes the previous time of the "Natchez." The latter steamer had grounded and run into a fog between Memphis and Cairo, which detained her more than six hours.

When the "Lee" arrived at St. Louis, thirty thousand people crowded the wharf, the windows and the housetops to receive her. No similar event had ever created so much excitement. Capt. Cannon was tendered a banquet by the business men of the city, and was generally lionized while he remained there. It was estimated that more than \$1,000,000 had been wagered on the race by the friends of the two steamers. Many of the bets were drawn, on the ground that the "Lee" had been assisted the first one hundred miles by the power of the "Frank Pargoud" added to her own; and men of the coolest judgment have ever since regarded the "Natchez" as the faster boat, but out-generaled by the commander of the other.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HORSE RACING.

THE OLD RACE-COURSES—SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIFTIES—THE FAMOUS CONTESTS OF LEXINGTON AND LECOMPTE, AND THE RACE AGAINST TIME.

The old Metairie race-course, which now figures in the Metairie Cemetery, was thirty years ago the most famous course in the United States. The rules governing it were generally accepted throughout the Union, and were adopted by all the other Southern courses in circuits.

The brightest episodes of the history of the turf in New Orleans occurred before 1855, previous to which there were five courses, upon all of which the music of flying feet was regularly heard with each succeeding year. There was the Eclipse Course at Carrollton, which has not been used since 1845; the Metairie, famed as the scene of Lexington's great victory; the Bingaman Course, over in Algiers; the Louisiana Course, on the Hopkins plantation, about twelve miles below the city; and the Union Course, now the Louisiana Jockey Club Course, and the only one now in existence as a course.

Each year, just previous to the spring and fall meetings, people from all parts of the South and West flocked to New Orleans to participate in the excitements of the races and the gayeties and festivities which were incident thereto. In those days the rotunda on the ground floor of the old St. Charles Hotel was the general rendezvous where gentlemen met to discuss the merits of the different horses and to make their bets—pool-selling not having been invented.

Among the throng who nightly gathered there were Colonel Wm. Johnson, the Napoleon of the turf; Colonel A. L. Bingaman, Colonel Jeff. Wells, Dr. Merritt, Y. N. Oliver, Duncan F. Kenner, Captain W. J. Minor, the brothers Lecompte (Goldsby and Kirkman), Colonel McWhorter, Colonel Westmore, Jim Valentine, Dr. J. W. Weldon, John L. Cassidy, Alexander Porter, James Cage, H. P. McGrath, Captain T. G. Moore, old Dr. Burke, John G. Cox, Dick Ten Broeck, Bondy Poindexter, Scruggs, and a host of others, most of whom are lying under the green turf.

As may be imagined, there was a delightful babel in the rotunda every evening, and what with anecdotes, horse talk, bets and coruscations of wit—for some of the gentlemen named above were fine scholars and brilliant conversationalists—the hours wore pleasantly away.

In these good old ante-bellum days, when horse-racing was pursued purely as an amusement, and not as a means for accumulating fortunes, turfmen, unlike the proprietors of the equine heroes of to-day, took a personal interest in rearing blooded stock, and were thorough judges of horse-flesh and accomplished riders.

At one of the race meetings at the Metairie, a discussion arose as to the merits of some of the horses that participated in a race the previous day, and one of the owners of a beaten horse, Colonel Wells, remarked if he had ridden his horse he could have won the race. Duncan F. Kenner, who owned the winner, being somewhat nettled at this statement, proposed that they should enter the same horses for a sweepstake of \$1,000 each, two mile heats, *gentlemen riders*, Kenner stipulating that he would ride his horse if Colonel Wells would ride his. This proposition was eagerly accepted and the race was duly arranged; a third horse to be ridden by an English gentleman, Mr. Holland, being entered, making the stakes \$3,000.

The day fixed for the race arrived, and as each of the gentlemen had hosts of friends in the city, there was an immense and excited concourse present to witness the performance of their favorites. Betting ran high, and there was much chaffing and fun at the expense of the riders among the throng that swarmed upon the quarter stretch.

Old Dr. Burke, who always took the long chances on betting, observing the English gentleman, with a fine jockey suit of crimson jacket, white corduroys, patent leather, tasseled-top boots, etc., remarked in his quaint way and loud enough to be overheard by the gentleman him-

self: "I'll bet five dollars to a hundred that the fellow with the shiny boots falls off." The Englishman, with true British pluck, strode up to the Doctor and said, "I'll take that bet, sir," and offered to put up the money. The Doctor responded and handed his five over, saying: "You hold the stakes, sir."

A good send-off was had, and the three contestants dashed down the quarter stretch, each rider sitting his horse quite gallantly, until making the turn, when the Englishman's inside stirrup breaking, he fell from his horse, which galloped round without him. Dr. Burke, who was intently watching the race, drew a long breath, and, turning to the crowd, raised his spectacles until they rested on his wrinkled brow, and exclaimed, to the amusement of the bystanders: "*I knewed it!*" as if he had previously arranged the affair, and the result was a matter of course.

The heat was won by Colonel Wells, and both riders being pretty well used up, they retired to the weighing room, where they stretched themselves on benches to recuperate. Graves, the well-known trainer of Kenner's stable, and a famous rider in his day, upbraided Mr. Kenner for not riding with more skill, and said: "If you can't do better, I'll get up and ride myself."

Old Hark, trainer of Colonel Wells' stable, and who afterwards trained the celebrated Lecompte, congratulated his employer on his success, and remarked, in his patronizing way: "All you got to do, Colonel, is to hold your horse well together, and you wins this race, sure."

Wells, who was still puffing and blowing from the unwonted exertion, said, "Don't bother me, Hark; I wouldn't ride another heat for \$10,000." Kenner, who was pretty well exhausted himself, and who had not the remotest idea of riding another heat, thought this an excellent opportunity to try a little game of bluff, and springing nimbly up, he said, "I'm ready now for the next heat," thinking to get a walk-over.

After considerable diplomacy on both sides, it was agreed to postpone the race to some future day, and when it came off, it was finally won by Kenner's Richard of York—old jockeys riding.

LEXINGTON AND LECOMPTE.

The enthusiasm and excitement in race matters culminated during the celebrated contest between those giants of the turf, Lexington and Lecompte, both foaled in Kentucky, near that famous centre of the Blue Grass country, Lexington. Lecompte was brought South as soon as weaned, and raised on Colonel Jeff. Wells' plantation, on the Red River, while Lexington was raised by Dr. Warfield, near Lexington. Both were winners of colt stakes when two years old, Lexington running under the name of "Darley." In their subsequent encounters they made such fame for themselves that the friends of each looked forward eagerly to their meeting in the great Post Stake State race over the Metairie, for which they were both entered as representatives, respectively, of Kentucky and Mississippi, Highlander being entered for Alabama and Arrow for Louisiana.

The city was crowded with people who came from all sections to witness this great contest between the most noted thoroughbreds in America. Each horse had its host of friends and backers, and the night previous to the race the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel resembled a vast bee-hive. Betting ran up to enormous figures, and the whole town was perfectly ablaze with excitement. Even the newsboys made their little wagers, based on prospective sales, and livery stable-keepers and cabmen were in a seventh heaven of ecstasy.

The prices for cabs and carriages were enormous, and it is safe to assert that not a human being who could possibly help himself remained in town when the momentous Saturday arrived. The track was quite sloppy from recent rains, and hence slow time was anticipated.

Highlander having come here with immense reputation, \$10,000 having been paid for him by the Alabama party, expressly for this race, had the call in the betting, though no odds were offered.

Lexington was the second favorite, and there was considerable betting as between him and Highlander.

The race was four-mile heats, twelve subscribers, three for each State, \$5,000 p. p.—total, \$20,000; each horse to get \$1,000, if not distanced.

The drum tapped at a good start, Lexington taking the lead, never was headed, and finished winning easily by four lengths, with something to spare; Lecompte second, Highlander third, and Arrow distanced. Time, 8.08½. The result of this heat caused a perfect furore and considerable change in the betting, \$100 to \$60 being offered on Lexington against the field; Highlander's friends, however, still sanguine, believing that he had not been put to his mettle.

In the second heat, Highlander took the lead, and forced the running; Lexington close up. On the back stretch, in the second mile, Lecompte took the lead, and kept it throughout the third mile; Lexington second.

In the fourth mile, in the back stretch, the Kentucky champion went up and ran deadlocked with Lecompte, Highlander distanced well up in the home stretch, Lexington winning the heat and race by several lengths, amid tremendous cheering; time 8.04. The last mile was the fastest, being made in 1.49, which was excellent, considering the wretched condition of the track.

The varying chances of this race, the immense amount at stake, and the interest manifested by every one present—among whom, by the way, was ex-President Fillmore—rendered it one of the most remarkable in turf annals. The 1st of April, 1854, will not soon be forgotten by any of the vast concourse that assembled to witness the contest of the two illustrious sons of Boston.

The result of this race caused a vast deal of speculation as to the next meeting of Lexington and Lecompte, which was anticipated on the succeeding Saturday, the great four-mile day, a purse of \$2,000 having been advertised by the Metairie Jockey Club.

These anticipations were realized, and when Saturday, the 8th of April came, the two rivals and Rube appeared to contest the honors. Lexington was largely the favorite, and much money was bet on time, 7.32 being the lowest marked. The track was in tip-top condition. To the utter amazement of all and consternation of many, Colonel Wells' gallant steed won the heat with ease, taking the lead from the start and keeping it throughout, Lexington a good second. The time was unprecedented—7.26, being six seconds and a half better than Fashion's celebrated time when she ran with Boston.

In the second heat Lexington forced the running, taking the lead for two miles, but Lecompte passed him going into the third mile, which was made in 1.46. It may be noted just here that Lexington lost his stride going into the fourth mile, being checked up by his rider who thought the race was over. He immediately recovered, and closing the gap which had been opened on him, made a splendid struggle for the heat, which, however, Lecompte won by several lengths, thus scoring a victory over his great rival in 7.38½, making the two best consecutive heats on record, Fashion's being 7.32½ and 7.45, and George Martin's 7.33 and 7.43.

After the above extraordinary race, Mr. Ten Broeck, who had purchased Lexington immediately after the Post Stake, being much nettled, offered to run Lexington against Lecompte's 7.26 time for \$10,000, race to take place between the 1st and 15th of April, 1855, over the Metairie Course, he to have two chances; Arrow to be substituted should Lexington be out of fix.

This challenge was accepted by Colonel Calvin Green and Captain John Belcher, of Virginia. The race accordingly came off on the 2d of April, 1855, the track being in superb condition, and the greatest crowd present that ever assembled at the Metairie.

When Lexington appeared, with Gilpatrick on his back, he looked the very picture of a race horse, and Ben Pryor, his trainer, received and deserved many compliments for the horse's condition. The betting changed from \$100 to \$80, to two to one, in favor of Lexington.

The great antagonist against time took a running start from the draw-gates, and passed the stand under full headway, with the horse Joe Blackburn to urge him on. At the second mile Blackburn was withdrawn, and Arrow was shot after him, running two miles

when Blackburn took up the chase, but never got near enough for Lexington to hear him. As the magnificent horse sped onward, and it became apparent that he would win, the excitement was immense, and finally when he dashed under the string in the marvelous time of 7.19½, the welkin fairly rang again, and Lexington regarded the tumultuous throng with something of pardonable pride. The first mile was 1.47½, the second 1.52½, the third 1.51½, and the fourth 1.48½.

This exploit of Lexington's aroused the pride of the Red River party, who still thought Lecompte the better horse, and they proposed that the two horses should start in the club purse, \$1,000, with an inside stake of \$2,500, to come off on the following Saturday, April 14th, 1855, which was eagerly accepted by Mr. Ten Broeck.

The story of this race, which aroused more excitement than any of the previous contests, and which caused more bitter discussions and hard feelings than any turf event, is soon told.

Lexington was the favorite at odds of 100 to 90, which odds, however, were eagerly taken by Lecompte's backers. At the start Lexington had the track, and for two miles and three quarters they ran side by side, amid tremendous cheering. Coming down the stretch in the third mile, Lexington went to the front and passed the string in the lead. Lecompte gradually closed on him in the back stretch, but at the half-mile post Lexington drew away from him, opening a wide gap to the finish, and winning with great ease in 7.23¾.

Lecompte, after the heat, looked very much distressed, had cut his hocks and pasterns with his plates, and his owner, Colonel Wells, asked and received permission to withdraw him. The friends of the beaten horse asserted that he had been out of condition, and there were ugly rumors of poisoning, which, however, were never substantiated.

Mr. Ten Broeck subsequently bought Lecompte under the following circumstances:

Colonel Wells, after the defeat of Lecompte, was thoroughly impressed with the idea that his horse had been poisoned, and named a filly he had by Sovereign, out of Reel, the dam of Lecompte, "Poison," as an expression of that idea. After a race over Mr. Ten Broeck's course, in which Poison was the winner, Mr. Ten Broeck offered Colonel Wells \$15,000 for Poison and Lecompte, which offer was accepted, and the name of the filly was changed at once to Pryorress, in compliment to Ben Pryor, the trainer of Lexington. They were both taken to England, where Lecompte died shortly after his arrival.

Lexington subsequently went blind, and was sold to Mr. R. A. Alexander, of Kentucky, for \$15,000. His purchaser was twitted for buying a blind horse, but replied that he would sell one of Lexington's get for more money, and in the spring of 1864 he sold Norfolk to Mr. Winter, of California, for \$15,000.

The blind old monarch, whose royal blood courses in the veins of thousands of the best racehorses in America, and who numbers among his progeny such turf heroes as Tom Bowling, Monarchist, Harry Basset, Asteroid, Norfolk, Lightning, Preakness, Bayonet, Kentucky, Idlewild, Bettie Ward and Annie Bush, lived to over twenty years of age.

CHAPTER XXX.—ROD AND GUN.

SPORT IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE CITY—WHERE TO GO HUNTING AND FISHING—
HUNTING ALLIGATORS—DUCK SHOOTING—RED FISH AND GREEN TROUT.

Both hunting and fishing are favorite amusements in New Orleans. No city in the Union can offer such advantages as the Crescent City in this respect. Surrounded as it is on all sides by an uninhabited swamp, such game as ducks and snipe, and all varieties of fish, both fresh and salt water, are to be caught within the city limits.

A favorite sport is alligator hunting. There are not as many alligators in the suburbs of New Orleans as there were before the skins of the mighty saurians became commercial commodity, and hunters went to work to kill them as a profession; but there are still enough to furnish the sportsman with plenty of good game. You will have no difficulty in finding as many alligators as you want in the innumerable bayous and lakes just back of Algiers. The discovery will do you little good, however, unless you know exactly how to hunt the alligator. Hunt them by night in a pirogue—a boat hewn from a solid log—paddled by a skilled swamper. The boat glides noiselessly through the water. A torch throws a glare of light ahead and shows you the sparkling eye of the alligator. Fire straight at it, and if you are any marksman the game is bagged, and the "bull," after frothing the water, will roll with its white belly upward.

The scene is impressive, and will fix itself indelibly in your memory. A small canoe, propelled by the paddle of a brawny African, is gliding noiselessly through the water, stagnant and covered with a thick, green scum. The mournful decaying cypresses, fit emblems of death, dip their gray moss-threads in the water. All around is gloom and melancholy, desolation and darkness, but ahead upon the stygian waters flickers here and there a star. It is the eye of an alligator; and as you get nearer you discern the ugly head of the repulsive animal. Doré never drew anything more striking than this picture would be.

There is no game, however, more constant and more attractive than the duck. The Gulf coast and the shores of Lake Pontchartrain are his natural winter home. Here everything is offered him and in profusion, seaweed, insects, aquatic plants in such abundance, that the greedy bird often falls a victim to his gluttony.

When, last winter, one of the lagoons, deemed by the *jeunesse de la chasse* an especially good place for ducks, was found covered with several hundred of these dead bodies, a cry of indignation went up against the professional hunters, who were charged with having, Borgla-like, poisoned the ducks in order to spoil the sport of the amateur, until it was discovered that the ducks had actually choked themselves to death with seaweed—there was so much of it.

Of the ducks which frequent the waters of Louisiana, there is an endless variety: buff-heads, canvas-backs, harlequins, mallards or French, the largest, choicest and most hunted, pintails, teal—fishy and not often palatable—spoonbills, grey ducks, widgeons, wood ducks and perhaps a half a hundred more.

And you can hunt them in as many different ways. Many sportsmen have little hunting lodges of palmetto leaves and swamp grass scattered among some favorite lagoons, and looking so much like the surrounding marsh that even the most suspicious and knowing of the web-footed race would never detect them. To this cabin the hunter repairs over night, while the ducks are snoring way in the bulrushes, and here reclining comfortably upon a bed of straw he waits patiently until daylight offers him a good shot.

Decoys are generally used to attract the wary birds, and every good hunter has a bag of them. As soon as these wooden ducks are sent swimming in the water a flock of their brethren

of the air swoop down among them, gobbling and quacking; and just as they alight upon the water, and before they have time to discover the character of the decoys, fire is opened upon them with deadly effect.

Knowing Nimrods have their own boats, decoys, etc., and a paddler, in readiness upon their arrival. Frequently they take with them two live tame (puddle) ducks, which they put down in the water and tie by the leg to a bush nearby, which proves a decoy dangerous to the most wary of the veterans of the lagoons, who learn, towards the end of the season, how to distinguish between wooden ducks and live ducks. A good sportsman thus equipped on a fair day will get fifty to seventy-five shots.

On the prairies near Opelousas and Vermillionville, La., there are innumerable small ponds to be found, in which, during the winter months, are to be seen great numbers of ducks. No trees or cover of any kind to conceal the sportsman exists, and the hunter procures an old ox, trained for the purpose, and to stand fire. Getting on the off side of the ox—that is, placing the ox between the ducks and himself—the sportsman is enabled to get within gunshot of the game quite easily. He gives a loud whoop when the ducks take to wing, and then gives them both barrels; and should the ducks be teal or of the smaller varieties, he will get out of a large flock some twenty-five to fifty ducks.

Fire hunting is also very successful with the ducks. A lighted torch attracts them as a candle does the moths, and they are so dazzled and bewitched that they allow the hunters to approach within very close range of them.

Still another mode of catching the ducks—one much used of old in the Chandeleurs, and still occasionally employed there—is by means of nets, stretched at nightfall from bay to bay and point to point, directly in the course of the ducks' flight, and into which they plunge in their rapid flight to some favorite lagoon, and are caught.

Nearly every sportsman has his special hunting ground, but all Lower Louisiana is good—the best points being the Chandeleurs, and neighboring islands, the gulf coast of St. Bernard and Plaquemines, Lakes Pontchartrain and Catherine, and the various bayous and lagoons surrounding New Orleans on every side.

The snipe grounds are much the same, but the best snipe are killed at Barataria, the haunt of Lafitte, the pirate and patriot; the jack-snipe from that locality being deemed as much a delicacy as Baltimore terrapin and canvas back. Beside these, are the grey, red-breasted, red-back—which hover around a companion when shot, giving the hunter a splendid opportunity to open on them again with his reserve fire; the Creole snipe, sunderling, hulet and stone snipe, not to mention the grassets, papabottes and woodcock.

On the prairie, west of New Orleans, nearly all varieties of grouse, generally called Creole quails, in Louisiana, are to be found—the heather cock or pine grouse, very much like the Alpine anserhahn, a fine table bird with a slight pine flavor, which adds to its gamey taste, the ruffled grouse, and the prairie hen—but grouse hunting not being as exciting as hunting ducks, is far less popular.

Within one hundred miles from New Orleans, on any of the railroads, bear, turkey, squirrel, deer and quail can be found, and on application to any of the gun stores in the city the location will be given you, when to go, and all the information in regard to outfit, etc., etc.

FISHING.

Fishing is in equal favor, and during the season every train takes out large parties of fishermen. Along the line of the Mobile road there are many places where good sport can be had. One can pack up his little kit containing lunch, bait, rod and line the night before and, rising with the sun, can board the train and in two hours be on his fishing grounds, ready for work. There is much diversity among amateurs as to the respective merits of the several places on the Mobile road, and it is safe to put down that they are all good, if wind and weather be favorable. The first place that merits the reputation it has so long had is Chef Menteur, twenty

miles from the city, on the route to Mobile. The sportsmen, upon arrival there, can call upon any of the professional fishermen in the neighborhood—there are two or three living immediately at the station—and secure a boat and meals for \$1. A negro guide or paddler will charge about \$1.50 for a day's work, and this is all the expense. Trout and red fish abound at the mouth of the Chef, and bite well. Sheephead and croakers are also plentiful, and along the edges of the bayous there the perch bite almost as fast as the hook is dropped into the water. The accommodations are good, and the amateur will be well repaid for his visit. The next place is Miller's Bayou, twenty-seven miles from here, on the same road. Here Mrs. Miller, the widow of the famous professional hunter, keeps a lodge, where one can make his headquarters comfortably. A good boat, with meals, costs only \$1, and if the sportsman does not know how to paddle a pirogue or row a skiff, a guide can be had for \$1.50 per day, who will carry him to the best places. In Lake Catherine—only 200 yards from Mrs. Miller's house—redfish and sheephead are abundant. The next favorite place is Lookout Station, about thirty-seven miles from the city. At this spot are erected the fishing and hunting boxes of the wealthy private clubs, and a visitor must carry all his accommodations with him, as none can be had on the spot. One, perchance, might get a boat and guide there, but it is not at all certain, as the private clubs occupy most of the waters. A few miles this side of Lookout is another place that merits notice. It is the strait connecting Lake Pontchartrain with the sound called the Rigolets, which is thirty-one miles on the same road. Very good fishing is to be had here. There is no place to secure boats there, and the amateur must content himself with fishing off the bridge. One can secure meals at the station master's, just this side of the bridge, but they are not prepared for many guests. The Rigolets was once a famous place for hook and line, and, barring the lack of facilities, is still a fine locality for sport.

Beyond these places come Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, and Ocean Springs, well known to all as good grounds for fish, but too far distant for one to enjoy sport and return the same day.

Taking next the Jackson road, the seeker after a day's enjoyment, should get off at Pass Manchac bridge, where he can get a boat to carry him out into North Pass, which connects Lake Maurepas with Lake Pontchartrain, where magnificent trout, perch and sackalait and striped bass can be had. There are no accommodations there, and the party must carry their provisions with them. Near the above is Middle Bayou, which excels North Pass in the quantity of the finny tribes found there. It is four miles from North Pass bridge, and affords all the sports one could desire. After a day there, one catches the evening train, with a well filled basket. The only drawback is the lack of comfortable quarters.

In that direction, that is on the western shore of Lake Pontchartrain, is the Tangipahoa River, which can only be reached by sailboat from here; at least, that portion of it where the fishing is superb.

It is, to use an old fisherman's phrase, "the boss place around these diggings," for green trout. In low tides artificial baits work well here. The mouth of the river enters the lake about thirty-five miles north-northeast from the West End, and a party starting in a sailboat the evening before reaches the spot in time to make a good catch and get back the next afternoon. There are no accommodations there, so that everything will have to be taken on board before starting.

Coming nearer home we have Bayou Laurier, about four and a half miles to the westward of West End, where sheephead, trout, perch and sacalait can be found. Of late, however, fishermen have been in the habit of gill netting here, and the fish are not as abundant as they should be. One need not expect to find any quarters there. Next is Bayou Labarre, two and a half miles from West End, which is of the same character as Bayou Laurier, and then nearer is Bayou Tchoupitoulas, a sister stream to the others. A skiff or sailboat is taken to reach the above.

Across the river there is Harvey's Canal, to be reached by the ferry at the head of Louisi-

ana avenue, a well known resort of the largest perch. A boat and a man to pull one down the canal to Bayou Barataria costs \$2 50 a day. Below the city is the Ship Island Canal, twelve miles from the slaughter-house. It runs from a spot close to the river out into Lake Borgne, and at its mouth redfish, sheephead, trout and croakers abound.

Bait for all of our fish can readily be had. They consist of minnows and shrimp, and crab, if the two former are not at hand. All of them will take either of the above greedily.

The outfit can be as expensive as one likes. For \$2 55 a very handsome get-up can be had, consisting of jointed rod, hooks, sinkers, floats and fifty yards of excellent line. For seventy-five cents a cheaper outfit can be had, a Japan pole taking the place of the more costly jointed rod.

With these data before him, the seeker after a quiet day cannot go wrong.

The Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi river, the lakes and bayous, abound in fish of the greatest variety; and Louisiana produces not only the greatest abundance of delicious fish for home consumption, but she has also sufficient to establish a large export trade. Amongst the important varieties of fish found in the waters of Louisiana may be mentioned: Rockfish, grouper, black-fish, trout, maw-mouth, perch and chub, flying fish, yellowtail, bass, whiting, drum, young drum, croaker, sheephead, porgee, angelfish, Spanish mackerel, spring mackerel, pompano, mullet, salt water catfish, fresh water catfish, plaice and flounder, salt water eel and fresh water eel.

To give an idea of the mode of fishing, let us select representative specimens of the two varieties of fish, fresh and salt water, such as the red fish and green trout.

The redfish belongs to one of the divisions of the drum species. Of this species the common drumfish is the largest found in Southern waters, while the familiar little croaker is the smallest cousin of the family. The species is named from a singular noise made by all these fish, which is a weak croak in the diminutive croaker, while when uttered by the larger specimens it is precisely similar to a distant drum-beat.

Drumfish, redfish and croakers commence their strange drumming immediately after they are caught. They also often practice their music when swimming in schools, and sound it as a note of alarm when fleeing from larger fish. Certain mysterious noises, which, issuing from the sea, long puzzled and perplexed the inhabitants of the Louisiana coast, have finally and most plausibly been attributed to the croaking and drumming of immense schools of fish of this species.

The greatest size attained by the redfish is a matter of dispute. The largest probably ever seen near New Orleans, was a specimen captured in East Bay, a few miles from the South Pass lighthouse, in the latter part of April, 1876. The dimensions of this, as nearly as could be estimated after a close inspection, were, length over four and a half feet, breadth about one foot, and weight certainly over seventy-five pounds. This fish was captured by a veteran professional, who called it "a long ways the biggest red fish" he ever saw. Such of these fish as are caught out in deep water average a larger size than those captured in the numerous bayous and indentations of our coast. Usually a thirty pounder is considered a pretty fair specimen of the fish in any waters. A fish of that weight is generally a little more than three feet in length. When of this size, however, the meat is tough and coarse; hence favorite sizes of the fish are those varying from five to fifteen pounds in weight.

The colors of the redfish are at times very brilliant, and are always very variable, being affected by the same causes which change the hues of many other fish. These causes are generally considered to be presence of foreign matter in the water, variations in temperature and seasons, and various degrees of activity on the part of the fish. When the fish are at their best, and when their surroundings are particularly favorable, or the water clear, bottom hard or shelly, and feeding grounds good, the red on their backs and sides assumes a beautiful brilliancy, and the white becomes exceedingly bright. At times the coloring of the male is simply magnificent, and the crimson of the back merges into rich golden lines along the sides. Following the same rule as that set down in the creation of other fishes, the female is much

less prominently and distinctly marked than is the male. The fishes of both sexes have a jet black spot on each side near the tail, while occasional specimens have been caught with several of these spots on them in a line from the pectoral fins to the tail. Some of our amateur fishermen have decided this to be the fish from whose mouth the Apostles obtained pieces of money. It is stated that when these ancient fishermen picked up the fishes by the tails and shook the money from their mouths they left the noted black spot on the tail of each fish as a mark for succeeding generations of fishes to reverentially note and praise. We cannot vouch for the truth of the foregoing assertion, and do not wish to impose it on the skeptically inclined as a matter of fact without presenting with it sufficient corroborative evidence to make it worthy of general credence. After its capture the colors of the redfish rapidly fade. Hence those that have only seen them hanging up on hooks in the fish-stalls can form no idea of the beauty of these same specimens when first taken from their native element.

The habitat of this fish seems to be confined to southern latitudes. In all the bays and indentations of the Gulf and in the salt-water bayous near the sea they are to be found at nearly all seasons of the year in great abundance. Near most of the Gulf islands they are numerous, but shell reefs and shell banks, which abound in numerous places along and near the seaboard, are their favorite haunts, and to these places the professional fishermen usually resort to secure most of the redfish which are sold in our markets.

The capture of redfish is effected by various methods, according to the inclination or purpose of their captors. Some of the professionals have stock ownerships in immense seines, which are used in the shoal water near the coast islands or in the shallow land-locked bays. This seining business, though successful for a time, has almost succeeded in driving the redfish away from some of our bays which were formerly their favorite resorts. At one time the fishing near Grand Isle, Grand Terre and other coast islands was almost ruined by the frequent and persistent seining there carried on. Where other professionals follow the fishing business singly, or in small squads, they use long trot lines, which often contain several hundred hooks baited with small mullet. This is a much less destructive way of fishing than seining, while it is often made a source of greater profit to those who follow it.

The amateur fisherman is supposed to be actuated in the enjoyment of this recreation, as well as of all others similar to it, by his pure love for sport, while he is naturally not endowed with the bump of destructiveness. At all events, most of them who go fishing are in the habit of leaving enough fish in the water to breed from. Hence, with commendable abhorrence, he eschews the barbarous business of seine-dredging, or the dull routine of relieving self-impaired fish from the numberless hooks of a trot line. If he chooses to fish in open sea water, following the example of other successful anglers, he generally provides himself with about fifty fathoms of reliable hempen line, of about one-sixth of an inch in diameter. At the end of this is attached a light lead to throw and anchor, while above the lead are two or three hooks of a proper size, neatly baited with prawn, or sea shrimp, if obtainable. In the absence of prawn, pieces of crab or young mullet will answer very well for bait. In procuring these different baits a light cast-net is almost indispensable, as is, also, the presence of a party who is proficient in throwing it, which proficiency is only acquired after long and patient practice. A novice in the use of the castnet either catches himself at every attempt to throw or else batters his head most mercilessly with the net leads until he is compelled to desist and wait to learn by degrees. In throwing the line of fifty fathoms it is impossible to pay out its full length; but the part of the coil which remains in shore or on board, as the case may be, should be made snug and ready to pay away in case of emergency. This emergency arises when an extra heavy fish has struck; if a shark, which is often the case, three will be no need of assistance in paying out; but if a thirty-pound redfish strikes, a little paying out is often necessitated, as the pull is heavy and the pace hard. Thoroughly scientific fishermen sometimes add a short rod and a reel to this long-line tackle, but others well up in the art, and equally successful, deem these additions too cumbersome and altogether unnecessary.

In fishing in our deep salt-water bayous for redfish, the best tackle to use, according to anglers of considerable experience, consists of a tough, light and elastic rod of about eighteen feet in length, to which is fastened a slender, strong line about twenty feet long. The line is provided with a movable float, and at the end is a single hook, baited with any of the three baits previously mentioned. This tackle is good for either boat or shore fishing. It is used by some of the most successful anglers with telling effect, as many as twenty-five redfish having been caught with one line thus rigged in a few hours, while in the interval between bites numerous sheephead and sea trout were landed. In following the sport after this manner a novice would probably make poor headway, as much skill is required in handling the tackle, to prevent the breaking of either hook, line or rod. With this fishing apparatus, properly managed, twenty-five pound redfish are often safely landed. The average, however, of these fish that run in the salt bayous is not of more than ten or twelve pounds in weight. They are yet rather too small to brave the dangers of open water, and an incidental meeting with sharks and porpoises, which are the special enemies of their kind.

The pleasure of enjoying this sport is great, as is also that to be found in the capture of many other species of splendid salt-water fish. It cannot be styled an expensive recreation; for a week's, or even a month's cruise among the coast islands, could be enjoyed at such a cost as would be entailed in the renting of a four-ton lugger, the hire of a navigator and a cook, the purchase of a tent and camp equipage, with the necessary tackle and solid and liquid provisions. Altogether an unexpensive outfit for a cruise, yet all that is required, with the proper health and disposition to enjoy such an one. If an occasional run out in blue water is desirable, a larger boat would be safer, but for coasting an ordinary lugger is large enough. In a cruise of this kind the sport of fishing, which, at the start, may have been the primary object of the excursion, would soon come to be considered as only one of many pleasures afforded. Those who go once will always have cause to remember and to long for the perpetual sea breezes, the music of cool foamy billows, the soft radiance of moonlight, mingled with phosphorescent waves, and much more that there was to refresh and delight the senses; while the younger angler will never forget the gorgeous flash and glitter that rose struggling at the end of his line, while landing his first redfish.

Green trout is a misnomer for the splendid fish which is so called in New Orleans. Our famous "green trout" are not trout at all—in fact, they are in no wise connected with any of the genus *salmo* save in being members of the fish kind. In the ponds and streams of other Southern States it lives under the more appropriate cognomen of pond bass, and is esteemed properly as the finest fresh-water fish of the Southern States. It is found in abundance in the mill ponds, beaver ponds, and clear streams of the Gulf States, but attains its greatest size and beauty in the bayous and lakes of Lower Louisiana, from which waters specimens of the fish weighing over six pounds are sometimes taken.

Waters that are slightly brackish (though with not enough salt in them to prevent the growth of fresh-water grasses) seem to be best suited to our "green trout." In these waters where the lotus, or "grandevole," duckweed and water lily grow in profusion, these fish are found in the greatest abundance. Most of the bayous and streams tributary to Lake Pontchartrain are well stocked with them, as are also the network of bayous west of the city, which are entered by Harvey's and "the Company's" canal. Thus the habitat of this fish is easily accessible to the amateur fishermen of this city; though the same may not be said of the fish itself, as all of our reflective "Waltons" are not possessed with the skill and proficiency in angling requisite to the capture of this wily denizen of the waters.

In the clear waters of the currentless bayous, the green trout acquires its greatest beauty in coloring and markings. In common with a great many other species of fish, this has the chameleon-like power of modifying, even almost entirely changing, the hues of its skin. Whether this modification is effected by the fish's volition or by the surroundings, it is impossible to determine. However, in the fishing season proper, when the hues of the fish are nearer

perfection, they reach and retain their greatest vividness in bright clear water. When this same water is made turbid by a recent heavy rain-fall, or by an influx from the river, the fish rapidly loses its rich hues. Its back turns to a dull brown, the stripe becomes almost indistinct or entirely disappears, and the bright white of its belly takes a slight tinge of yellow. The markings, in fact, undergo as great a change as that noticed by the angler between a fish which is just landed flapping on the hook, and the same fish when dead a few hours afterward.

Angling for green trout is carried on in various ways, according to the tastes and ideas of the different followers of this fine sport. The fish is a ready biter at live baits, or baits made to counterfeit life on a line skillfully handled. They will rarely ever bite at a dead bait, and will scarcely ever rise to the cast of an unskillful angler, whatever bait he uses. In the bayous west of the city they are caught by 'Cadien fishermen in the following manner: The fisherman has a long rod, on the end of which is a short line baited with a little bit of red flannel and a small bunch of mallard or teal feathers tied on two or three small hooks. The fisherman sits in the bow of a pirogue; another man in the stern of the same boat slowly and noiselessly propels the craft with a paddle. The two having started out before sunrise, go slowly down a favorite bayou, which is partially covered with plats of duckweed or water-lily. The fisherman occasionally bobs his bait in the clear spaces among the water-grasses, while all along the bayou can be heard the snapping of the trout, goggle-eyes and perch as they capture their prey of minnows, dragon-flies or aquatic insects. Before the fisherman in the bow of the pirogue returns, numbers of snaps will also have been made at his "bob," which the fish apparently mistakes for some clumsy insect, and striking at it is taken in. In this manner an humble fisherman often captures several dozens of splendid green trout in a single morning. On a cloudy day the sport pursued in the manner noted may be carried on all day, but in bright, clear weather it only lasts for a few hours in the morning and may be enjoyed for an hour late in the evening. The following is the most sportsmanlike manner of capturing green trout.

The angler has a slender and supple rod about fifteen feet in length, with a line about one foot shorter, or of such a length that he can swing the bait back to his right hand without the necessity of reaching for it and frightening the fish by a useless movement. The line should be delicate and strong, and should have a small float on it, the hook baited with active live minnows, which are not always easily procured, but when obtained are the most killing baits. The angler, quietly walking *near* the edge of the bayou, stream or pond in which he may be fishing, throws as noiselessly and with as much dexterity as possible into the most likely places, and according to his skill (taking it for granted that fish are in the water) will be repaid. In this manner the skillful angler enjoys right royal sport, and takes into little account such petty annoyances as mosquitoes, deer ticks and red bugs when he surveys the accumulating trophies of a faithful rod.

In running streams an artificial minnow is often successfully used in this fishing. The little metallic fins of the minnow are set at angles like the blades of a propeller. The bait is thus turned by the current and appears to the untutored piscine eye as a natural minnow, frantically wriggling about, and is taken in on sight with unfortunate consequences. The most telling baits of this sort are made of silver, and may be used for a great length of time. Live minnows or counterfeit minnows are good bait for fishing at all seasons of the year except in cold weather.

Artificial dragon flies, butterflies and aquatic insects of various kinds are successfully used by many expert anglers during the season for fly fishing, but even in that season these counterfeits cannot always be safely relied on. There is probably more thorough enjoyment in successful green trout fishing than in any of the sports of field and flood that are enjoyed by amateurs in this part of the country. It comes at a time when most other sports of the kind are out of season, when the skies are brightest and the temperature most pleasant; when the foliage is green, flowers are first blooming, and before the mosquitoes fully wake up.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE FLORA.

THE PLANTS THAT THRIVE BEST—THE MEDICINAL HERBS MOST IN FAVOR, AND THE DISEASES THEY CURE—A FLOWER GARDEN—ROSES AND HYACINTHS—THE MYSTERY OF THE SWAMPS.

If we are to believe the early French naturalists who wrote on Louisiana, the country around New Orleans produced the greatest botanical wonders the world has ever known. It was in medicinal plants that it most luxuriated, and for every disease that prevails in Louisiana, a vegetable remedy was to be found close at hand.

Among the medicinal plants, MM. Bossu and Perrin du Lac, both bear testimony to the miraculous cures of the viperine, *racine à begnet*, goat's tongue, or fritter-root. The plant still flourishes in the forests around New Orleans, but has, somehow, lost its curative properties and no longer bids the sick man "take up his bed and walk," unless it be the constituent of the many panaceas, and patent medicines and bitters that now-a-day cure, so illogically, the most contradictory diseases.

Both of these gentlemen, "and they are all, all honorable men," give instances of the almost miraculous cures worked by this root. It was only necessary to drop a little of its juice upon a wound, and it closed up immediately, leaving scarcely a scar to recall its memory.

M. Du Lac narrates, in particular, how an Indian, wounded in a battle—knowing that if he halted he would fall a victim to the enemy's cruelty, kept on retreating despite his wounds, chewing, as he ran, this root, and occasionally putting some of it upon his many wounds. Thus he continued, running over sixty miles before he stopped, and when at last he halted, it was to find his wounds completely healed.

Not only was the poor savage protected against wounds, but he could even defy fire; in fact, seemed free from all the weaknesses of humanity.

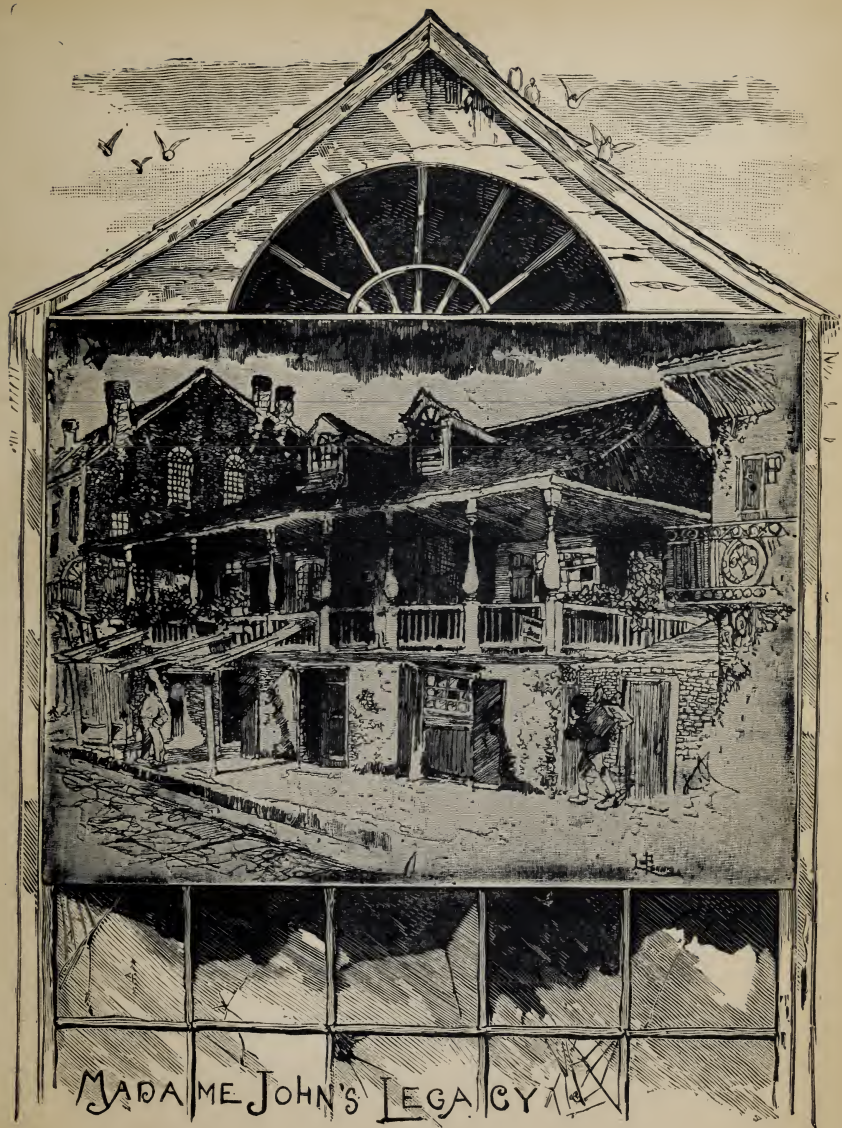
M. Du Lac and several others tell us of the virtues of the savoyanne root. The savoyanne had pretty much the same peculiarities as the fabled salamander—only a little more so. It was a safeguard and a cure for all burns, scalds, etc. Bathed in its juice, one could boldly put his arm into the fire, like Scævola, or walk around like Mesheck in the fiery furnace, without the least unpleasant result.

This was no "Grecian fable"; no second-handed story picked up by him; M. Du Lac had seen its wonders himself. He was invited to a council of the Indians. Proceedings were commenced with a friendly pipe all around. When this was completed, the Grand Sun, the great chief ordered enormous goblets of boiling bear's grease, on fire, brought in, which Plutonian liquid the savages swallowed with great gusto, rolling their eyes and winking knowingly, as if they mightily enjoyed this novel *pousse-café*. A course of red-hot coals followed, which they chewed up with apparent gusto, gazing all the while at the Frenchman to see if he was sufficiently astounded at them and their eccentric diet.

They had succeeded. The Frenchman was absolutely horrified and begged for an explanation. It was the Great Manitou, the savages insisted, that enabled them to be fire-eaters, and they proposed that he should at once adopt their faith and discard his former religion and breeches. This, however, he politely declined, with thanks.

This so-called Manitou he subsequently identified as a root, savoyanne, whose juice protected a man from any injury by fire.

He found also another plant of the same order which had the effect of solidifying water. This plant, M. Baudry des Lozières (First Voyage to Louisiana, page 175), also saw, so that there can be no question about its actual existence and power. M. des Lozières calls it a grass, and



says it was known to the Creoles here by the name of *semper virens*, or evergreen, and that a single drop of its juice, dropped into a cup of water, immediately froze it.

But greatest of all in the vegetable kingdom—as man is greatest in the world—was the man-plant (*homme-plante*). This plant was only once seen in Louisiana, or, for that matter, only once seen in the world. M. B. des Lozières, who gives the only account extant of it, did not see it himself, but got the story direct from Don Martin Novar, Governor of Louisiana.

Some Galician laborers were digging a ditch near the city, when suddenly one of them turned up with his spade something white. A closer glance at it showed him and his comrades that it was a corpse, the body of one who had evidently once been a beautiful girl. The laborers were quite horrified when a dozen more bodies of men, women and children were unearthed, all in a perfect state of preservation. Alarmed at this discovery of what they supposed to be the victims of Indian barbarity, the laborers ran off for help. What was their surprise when they returned to find visible and unmistakable signs of life in the bodies. They had been buried alive!

Restoratives were about being applied when one of the men, who had been more inquisitive than the others, announced that they were not bodies after all, but simply plants, and so it proved; and the Spaniards cannibalistically devoured these roots, with the exception of a few sent to New Orleans as curiosities, and declared them excellent.

"These strange plants," writes M. Baudry des Lozières (Second Voyage to Louisiana, vol. 2, pages 304 seq.), "bore some resemblance to an Irish potato or white truffle, but were much larger than the largest yam. They had the perfect shape and face of a human being, with the features of the face clearly marked, a neck, shoulders, and a well defined body. Some of the plants were small, others large; some had male, others female features. They seemed to form a regular colony or settlement, and quivered when touched, and even seemed to move away, as if they intended to defend themselves. They received at once the name of man-plant (*homme-plante*)."

Never since has the man-plant been seen; it is a mystery that will probably never be solved.

There are a hundred other plants of old Louisiana that might be mentioned, equally wonderful in their history and cures as these. The hair plant, the oil tree, the button tree, the wax tree, the fever bush, the absynthe, the water tree.

Where are all these wonders now? Where is the rattlesnake and frog potato, the angel's balm, the bite of the devil, the get-up-early-in-the-morning plant, the mouse's eye, the dog's tooth, the boiling root, and a hundred others that flourished in the forests around New Orleans once? All lost now, gone like the ten tribes of Israel.

NEW ORLEANS GARDENS.

So gradual has been the improvement in things horticultural around New Orleans, it is a little difficult to appreciate how great a change has been wrought within the past fifteen years. The planting of rare trees here, the development of beds there, has been going on steadily throughout the city during all this time, until now, when you look around, you discover that there has been developed more of a taste for the beautiful in nature than one would at first suppose. It is not to say that flowers were not always highly appreciated in New Orleans; but what forces itself upon the attention is that this taste has become more general, and more time and study have been devoted to the improvement of the flower garden than formerly.

In former days—and by former days some ten or twelve years ago is meant—a few clipped bushes, a bit of lawn, with angular flower-beds dotting it, here and there a few white and red roses, constituted what was called a pretty garden in the city. The varieties of roses seldom exceeded half a dozen, and some of these most mediocre, to which were added a Grand Duke jasmine, a mignonnette, trimmed *pitosporum* or *lygustrum nepalensis*. These constituted the contents of the average garden.

Now all this is changed, and in a short peregrination anywhere out of the central portion of town you can find delightful little gardens, overrunning with the choicest roses and verdant with choice palms, coleus, hibiscus abutilus, etc. The lawns, too, have come in for a share of the work of improvement, and are now artistically kept, with neat borders and velvety sward.

A number of green-houses have been erected to add their beauties to the floral display, and even the public squares, so long waste places for rank grass to thrive until it was knee deep, now have put on a more cheerful dress, with their beds of exotics and trimmed lawn.

Jackson square, ever attractive, has brightened its face with new and lovely roses and gorgeously colored plants, thanks to the commissioners. Lafayette square, keeping pace with the good work, is now a delicious place of rest and siesta. New trees have been planted in it, and beds of rich exotics attract the eye, while fountains and classic urns add to the picture.

Coliseum square, with its battalion of water oak trees, sweep of lawn, and pretty beds, has altered the appearance of the whole neighborhood, and is now one of the most pleasant spots in the city. Annunciation, Clay and Washington squares likewise show the good results from careful attention, until each and all of them have become a source of pride to those living in their localities.

Of late, Margaret place, at the junction of Camp and Prytania streets, has become an interesting place of resort, and, young as it is as a public spot, its garden already has attracted attention.

The Lake shores have been wonderfully transformed into gardens of beauty. Spanish Fort, with its park of oaks, beds of flowers, groves of umbrella china trees, ponds and grotto, is a surprising change from the shabby orange grove that once occupied this ground.

West End, with its long parterres on the revetment, its rockeries, puzzle labyrinth, leafy arcades and lily ponds is in marked contrast with the rough and wild picture the revetment levee once presented. Of private gardens there are many worthy of a long inspection. Prytania, St. Charles, Esplanade and numerous streets offer an afternoon's study to those delighting in floral beauty and artistic gardening.

The old and rigid style of angular precise beds has passed away, and even where the space is small there are gratifying attempts at landscape gardening that has added an attractiveness not known before.

It is possible to have flowers in the open air all the year round in New Orleans, for it is seldom too cold or too hot for something to blossom, and the gardens of city residences are nearly all large enough to have the variety necessary to accomplish this result.

In order to bridge over the interval, when more bare ground than plants is seen in the cold season, some things must be learned and some popular errors forgotten. It is a common belief that Louisiana winters are as severe upon plant life as in the North; that seed must not be planted till spring, and that though large plants and trees may survive the cold winds of winter, it would not be possible for such little things as the daisy or phlox to endure them.

Now as to the facts: Some of the plants in New Orleans' gardens are occasionally killed or injured by cold, but after all a very small proportion, and so little penetrating effect has the cold that there have been geraniums, and even more delicate plants saved by a covering of a few newspapers. That orange trees in the same garden were killed proves nothing, for it is easy to cover our small flowering plants, while to protect the orange tree would be a difficult matter. As to the time for planting seed, October and November might really be called spring months, that is to say, the influence of this climate during those months upon the germination of seeds and the growth of young plants of many kinds is equivalent to the real spring time further north. It is also provided by nature that such as should be planted shortly before the advent of cold weather are sufficiently hardy to withstand the coming winter, and few will be killed, though afforded no protection whatever. Reference is made to a number of annuals and perennials whose proper season for bloom in this climate is from the first of January to the end of April. So, under the impression that spring is the time for planting, many persons wait until

they see pansies, asters or others in bloom in a florist's hands, before they plant the seed, and being about three months behind the proper time they have very little success.

For asters, antirrhinum (snap-dragon), bellis perennis (daisy), browallia (amathist plant), candytuft, larkspur, lobelia, stocks, pansy, phlox, sweet alyssum, sweet William, verbena: Sow in shallow boxes or pans, in soil enriched with old manure and made light with the addition of sand; sow very thin (an ordinary paper of most of the above seed should be spread over a surface from two to four feet square); sift fine soil over the seed sufficient only to cover it from sight, then water with a fine rose spray often enough to keep the earth slightly moist; too much water is injurious. Place the boxes where they may have air, but shade from the direct rays of the sun and shield from heavy rains. If you are troubled with ants raise the boxes on stakes driven in the ground and rub chalk around the stakes or moisten them with coal oil frequently, and the ants will not climb up.

The young plants should make their appearance, according to kind, in from seven to twelve days, and if the weather is still warm they must be looked to every day. If they lack sufficient air or have been sown too thick they are liable to *damp off*—that is, the little plants become diseased at the surface of the ground, fall over and die; therefore, the moment the seed is well up it must be thinned out to prevent the plants from touching each other. When they have five or six leaves they may be transplanted to the border.

Mignonnette and flowering poppy are excellent additions to the above list, but as they do not stand the transplanting process well, the seed should be sown in the ground and thinned out, so as to allow only the proper number of plants to remain, or the seed may be grown in small pots in the same manner as described for others, and afterward turned from the pot to the ground without injury to the roots.

Chinese Primula (*Primula Smensis*) is also a favorite, but being a little more delicate in its early growth needs the protection of a frame until frosts are over.

If it is desired to keep a succession of annuals in bloom until late in the summer, you may sow marigolds, petunia, phlox, candytuft, and a number of others in January and February, and portulaca, balsams, lupins and vines of all kinds in March and April.

Thus it will be seen that with a little forethought, and some attention to the needs of plant life, you may always have something in bloom. The great beauty of New Orleans roses is attributable in part to the fact that they have sufficient cold to stop their buds and give them a much-needed rest, but during that short period the early annuals and flowering bulbs come into bloom, and many flowering shrubs lend their aid to bridge the interval. Meanwhile the stately camellia, for a time taking the place of the rose, is sought for, admired and courted, but quickly forgotten when the warm winds of February waft the first perfume of the queen of flowers.

The period between November 15 and January 15 is regarded as the *best* season of the year for rose-planting in the latitude of New Orleans, although planting may be continued through January, February and March with fair prospects of success. To obtain the best results, plant as early after the fifteenth of November as possible. Roses planted after the last of March usually give poor satisfaction, and very often a total loss of the plants is the result of such late planting. They make all their working roots during the cold or cool weather of our winter months, and do very little root growing in hot weather; thus it will be seen that the earlier in the season they are planted the better chance they will have to become sufficiently well established to resist the heat of the sun during the summer.

Roses do well in the ordinary soil of Louisiana, provided the situation be sufficiently well drained naturally or by artificial means. *They will not thrive* in soil that is naturally wet, or is rendered so from other causes. Perfect drainage is the first and most important requisite.

The soil should be well prepared by being spaded and thoroughly pulverized to a depth of twelve inches or more.

The money spent in the purchase in New Orleans of such bulbs as the *Tulip*, *Crocus*, *Anemone*,

mone, *Scillas*, *Snowdrops*, *Ranunculus*, *Ixia*, *Colchicum*, is simply wasted, as they do little or no good, either in the open ground or as pot plants, in latitudes so low as New Orleans.

Southern ladies visiting Northern cities are struck with the beauty of the beds, etc., of these handsome flowers, and often wonderingly ask why it is that they cannot be grown here as well as in New York, and seem incredulous when told that they will not bloom here, and are not satisfied of the fact until they have spent a small fortune in their purchase.

The *Hyacinths* and *Jonquils* are the only winter flowering bulbs that can be relied upon to bloom in the climate of New Orleans. Of these there are a great multitude of varieties, single and double, tall and low growing sorts, that make a very pretty effect when grown in beds in the garden, and are invaluable for house culture in pots, jars, fancy boxes and baskets, and in fact may be grown in anything that may suit the fancy.

The later part of October is the proper season for planting *Hyacinths* and other bulbous-rooted flowering plants.

It is useless to attempt to save *Hyacinth* bulbs for a second season, as they will never bloom again—even should they escape the rot during the following summer—and may just as well be thrown away when they are done blooming.

THE SPANISH MOSS.

The Spanish moss, "*tillandsia neneoides*," of the botanists, has its own history, and is a veritable "*arcanum naturæ*." Its biographical records are very meagre, in spite of all learned men of botanical science. Many botanists sent as emissaries from the New England universities might have passed under those moving, swinging and dropping garlands without seeing more than its peculiar growth.

The native habitat of the Spanish moss is on the tops and branches of living trees which grow in the gloomy swamps or along their borders. It revels in the darkest recesses of the deep and dismal cypress groves, above the exhalations of everlasting swamps, and covers as with a mantle the broad-armed live and native oaks which fringe the ridgy margins of the lakes and bayous.

It even drifts away from the tops of the cypress and tupelo, and encroaches on the highlands adjacent to the swamps, and festoons with its gray drapery, the sweet gum, elm and ash.

Associated as it is by false report and preconceived ideas, with malarial fevers and swamp ague, the stranger when he first views the long pendulous pennants of the gray moss, solemnly swaying in the breeze, cannot resist the impression that he is looking on the waving plumes of a hundred hearse.

But prone as the imagination is to this delusion, it is now well settled that this long moss is the salvation of the swamp residents.

Many a home along the dark margins of extensive swamps enjoys as perfect health and as great immunity from disease as those do which are located in the mountains.

This moss needs the tree simply to keep it in the air. It is, therefore, an epiphyte. It is not a parasite, because it does not derive any sustenance from the tree; but it feeds on the malarious elements in the atmosphere, and, consuming them, purifies the surrounding air, which would, for human lungs and skin, be otherwise loaded with poison, from the rapid decay of exuberant vegetation.

It cannot live on a dead tree, because the bark, among the crevices of which its tendrils creep has slipped off. When the tree dies, the moss soon turns black, and drapes itself in mourning as if for the tree, its dead mother.

No scenery in nature can convey a more solemn and impressive feeling to the traveler than a moss-covered swamp. As one pushes his pirogue through the lofty wreaths and verdant arches of the silent swamp, the tall columns of cypress rise up on every side like huge stalagmites, upholding the leafy, living cavern above, from the roof of which depend long masses of moss, like innumerable gray stalactites, so shutting out the sun as to make it twilight at noon.

The living moss is of a greenish gray color. It has long branching fibres or filaments, and at each bifurcation produces tiny, trumpet-shaped flowers, smaller than tobacco flowers, and of a peach blossom color. It grows rapidly and is easily propagated; a single thread blown from one tree to another soon grows into a mass of moss.

In good localities the bunches will grow twenty to thirty feet long. Often a single live oak tree, such as may be seen near the mouth of the Atchafalaya, will, in addition to the enormous weight of its own ponderous, horizontal branches, carry twenty to twenty-five tons of green moss.

A curious feature of the Spanish moss is that it has apparently no beginning and no end. You may experiment for hours—in vain you will search for the discovery of this fact.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE FRENCH MARKET.

SCENES ABOUT THE MARKET FROM THREE IN THE MORNING UNTIL LATE AT NIGHT—
THE MARKET PEOPLE AND THEIR MODE OF SERVING.

The French market has become a traditional curiosity to visitors to New Orleans, as one of the most original features of the city, and it is considered one of the first duties of a stranger to visit it.

As you near Jackson square a stream of busy-looking people appears, laden with baskets and bundles. Following this current of life, you are whirled forward to the corner, opposite the market. Here a stout old lady of heavy build, ornamented with a bonnet like a basket of vegetables, dashes across, followed by her daughter, a rosy-faced, stout-shouldered, masculine young woman. Business is everything to them, and as they pass over the oozy mud they lift their dresses high, high enough to attract the attention of the neighboring men. You follow in their footsteps into the market; at its entrance is a marble-topped stand, over which hangs the title and sign of the *Café Rapide*, with a painting, illustrative of the title, of many persons devouring their food with dangerous and terrifying celerity. Here you take your seat for a cup of coffee or chocolate, and glance around you.

A man might here study the world. Every race that the world boasts is here, and a good many races that are nowhere else. The strangest and most complicated mixture of Indian, negro and Caucasian blood, with negroes washed white, and white men that mulattoes would scorn to claim as of their own particular hybrid.

The dresses are as varied as the faces; the baskets even are of every race, some stout and portly, others delicate and adorned with ribbons and ornaments; some, again, old, wheezy and decayed, through whose worn ribs might be seen solemn and melancholy cabbages, turnips and potatoes, crammed and jostled together in ruthless imprisonment. The butchers scorn to use all those blandishments that the lower grades of market society make use of to attract purchasers. Like Mahomet, the mountain must come to them. From the ceiling hang endless ropes of spider's webs, numberless flies, and incalculable dirt. The stalls are deeply worn by the scraping process; in some yawn pits, apparently bottomless; and lastly, the floor of the market is not at all clean, but covered with mud and dirt from the feet of its patrons. Through the crowd lurk some skeleton-dogs, vainly hoping, by some happy accident, to secure a dainty morsel.

At the end of the market lie, sleep, eat and trade a half-dozen Indians. In olden days these Natchez, Choctaws and Creeks were numbered by the thousands, but they have melted away into Mulattoes. The lazy, unstudied attitude of these Red Roses, these daughters of the forest, is not exactly in accordance with the poetic idea one used to drink in, in his earlier days. The Indian females are formless, and the bag that they wear has no pretensions to fitting. When in addition they have hung around them bundles, beads, babies, and other curiosities, they fail to arouse our poetic sentiments.

Still following the drift of the crowd, you enter the Bazaar market, the newest of this batch of old buildings that are collectively honored with the title of market. It is in a tolerably good state of preservation. The architect had high and ambitious views, evidenced by two tin cupolas that rise like domes from the market-house. The flush days of the Bazaar market are fled; no longer are fortunes to be gained there; gloom and melancholy lurk within; many of the shops are boarded up, and even those that are occupied see few purchasers. A string of youthful merchants stretched across the street from the Bazaar to the vegetable market. Though but a dozen or so years of age, they have learned all the "tricks of the trade," and overwhelm you with good bargains, and almost extort your money from you.

At the angle of the vegetable market is the chicken repository. The dead chickens hang downward from the roof; the live ones are cooped up, and chant endless rounds of music. This market is the most cosmopolitan of all. The air is broken by every language—English, French, Italian and German, varied by gombc languages of every shade; languages whose whole vocabulary embraces but a few dozen words, the major part of which are expressive, emphatic and terrific oaths.

Nor are the materials for sale less varied. Piles of cabbages, turnips and strange vegetables adorn each side. Monstrous cheeses smile from every corner; the walls are festooned with bananas, etc.; while fish, bread, flour, and even alligators, have each appropriate tables. The bright sun leaks drowsily through the spider webs, producing a sad, sleepy light; the monotonous cries of the boys, "*cinq à dix sous*," "two cents apiece, Madame," keeps on as endlessly as Tennyson's brook, and the crowd jostles you with baskets and bundles until you drop into some neighboring stall for a bite, or make your way altogether out of the market.

If you wait a little while until the press of trade slackens somewhat and the market people begin to go home, you will have an opportunity to study the queer habits of the "dagoes"—the Italian fruit and onion dealers, who make up so important and picturesque an element in the market.

A dark-skinned woman is going out of the empty market alone. She wears a soiled, faded calico dress; but in her eye there is *Madame Dufarge* boldness, which attracts the attention. She crumples her dress in her dark fingers, holding it up higher as she crosses the muddy, sloppy street through the rain. When she reaches the curbstone she stamps her bare, brown feet on the banquette—they are wonderfully formed feet—and gives herself a shake to get the mud and water off, to an extent. She gathers and crumples her calico dress in her hands once more, and walking a short distance, disappears down a narrow, dark alley. Thither she is followed by more fastidious feet, through the puddles of water on the old, cracked flagstone pavement, by heaps of garbage and vegetable refuse, damp and decaying, till the entrance of a dingy, crowded courtyard is reached. This courtyard is surrounded on every side by narrow, dreary-looking buildings two stories high. Rickety, crazy steps lead up from the yard to the galleries of the second story. It is a dismal-looking place as the drizzling rain falls on the mouldy posts and patters on the broken flagstones. It seems a fit spot for Poverty to hold her court, or for the phantom forms of disease to lurk. There is a hydrant in this courtyard. Near its base four spouts are let in, which, when open, pour their water into a circular stone basin about eight feet in diameter. The iron column that rises above this basin performs three separate duties. It is a hydrant at the bottom; a lamp-post, supporting a big glass lamp, at the top; and an ornament altogether. While this column and the circular stone basin below present a very handsome appearance, they are in strange keeping with their surroundings, for the yard is filled with tubs, buckets, barrels, hogsheads, crates and coops, all old, besides many other things that in amount seem almost impossible to crowd into a courtyard fifty by sixty feet. There are wet clothes strung on many lines stretched across this yard from building to building; they dismally flap and flutter about in the drizzly rain which is ever falling. The lower story, surrounding the courtyard, contains fourteen rooms, while the upper has a like number. In these dim chambers, twenty-eight in all, fifty families are living and breathing. This is their home through winter and summer, heat and cold—their home, whether pestilence, a terrible, unseen spectre, stalks about among them, or whether pity from heaven turns away the dire scourge of disease.

Many children are gathered about the dark doors. They look out vaguely at the rain, or talk and quarrel in the many dialects of their dark-skinned parents. Most of these children seem old and pinched about their faces, as though life were for them already exhausted. Dark-visaged men and women, descendants of the old Pelagic race, are gathered in numbers in these twenty-eight rooms. The men have come in off the wharf, where their boats, or their business, have occupied them all day, and are sitting in the doorways, smoking their pipes, while they gloomily look out on the gloomy weather.

The red flannel shirts and blue trousers which they generally wear give these fellows of the dark eye and raven hair a semi-piratical appearance. Their figures recall the time when Lafitte ruled, a king, over fiercer subjects on the sandy islands of Lower Louisiana. The women are inside the rooms, passing backward and forward, performing the drudgery of domestic work, while now and then they address the men in their many rapidly-spoken languages. They have a soft dialect, these women, while a great many of them possess forms and features that beneath the gentle touch of wealth and refinement would have made some even beautiful. But, with all their raven hair, their flashing eyes, and shapely forms, there is a wildness, a hardness of expression in their countenances, as if the haggard hand of want had impressed them with an undefinable asperity.

On the upper gallery, out of the rain and the reach of many hungry-looking children, long strips of macaroni are hanging up near the ceiling to dry. These people inherit from their fathers a fondness for this article; without which they would be like Americans without their wheat bread. Issuing from their rooms are the discordant notes of many of the feathered tribe, the gobbling of turkeys, quacking of ducks, cackling of guinea hens and crowing of cocks. The very fowls seem to feel a lack of comfort, and that the tastes of the men with the red shirts, and the women with the faded dresses is of not such an order that gobbling, quacking, cackling, and crowing jar on their nerves. They seem to be impressed with the idea, that of all occupants of the place they have the highest claim to respectability; and they thus emulate the jabbering and rattling of many Dago languages with their noisy fowl discourse. As night approaches the lingo from these feathered, red-shirted and calico-clad inhabitants is toned down to a subdued hum-drum. The birds of pride and birds of evil tuck their heads under their wings and are silent. The numerous members of the human family are fast preparing to follow their example. The men, women and children devour their scant suppers of macaroni and unseasonable market stuff, then drop off to their respective corners or huddle among the crates and the coops in the little rooms. Soon no sound is heard save the noise made by the elements. The drizzling rain is still falling from the dull, dark sky; the water off the roof dripping down with a pattering noise on the broken stones, or beating with loud thumps on the bottom of the tin spouts. These people go to bed early, for they have to get up early in the morning. The court yard looks in the darkness as if it had been deserted. Red shirts and faded dresses are waving backward and forward on the lines. The solitary iron lamp post, without a light at the top, stands up dimly as a true sentinel over the place. Fifty families are asleep in the dark, silent building, sleeping quietly, to awake and go through another day of poverty, privation and toil.

At three in the morning the first sounds of stirring are heard in the twenty-eight rooms. It is dark, but soon a faint streak from a match is seen flickering on the wall; then others; soon almost all of the rooms are dimly lighted up. A figure is seen descending the rickety stairs that lead down to the stones of the yard. It is that of a boy, his dress being the same in which he retired last night. This boy goes up to the lamp-post standing above the circular basin. He has a candle in one-hand, while he uses the other hand, and a pair of bare legs, to twist himself up to the lamp at the top of the post. Lighting the candle he comes down and stands on the edge of the basin awhile to rub his sleepy eyes, and recall his faculties to the post of duty.

Soon nearly all the human occupants are up and moving about, putting on the blue trowsers and faded skirts which were thrown aside at the early bedtime.

The fowls get waked up, too, by these indications that their owners are awake, and set up a clatter of indignation at being outdone in this matter of early rising by the human members of the community. At last all the figures have risen up from their various resting places; then the sleepy crowd of men, women and children follow each other down the crazy steps. They form around the iron hydrant in the dim lamp light, like matutinal votaries, who are assembled to perform their mystic rites, and do their devotions before an idol. They throng around the four spouts which pour their water into the circular stone basin. They are all barefooted and

bareheaded ; some even have bare shoulders, but none are completely nude. These olive-complexioned people roll up their blue trowsers, tuck up their faded skirts and go into the big basin by forces, holding their hands under the running jets of water. They shower their heads and faces till they are wide awake.

The water that runs down into the basin where they stand, has still another part to perform. But during the fulfillment of its first duties, men, women and children, all jabbering at once in their hoarse tones, or shrill voices, make the place a perfect pandemonium. They bustle and shuffle about, backward and forward round the rim of the basin, with bare feet pattering on the cold, damp stones, but in time all get washed and wide awake.

The boys then run up-stairs to get the coops of poultry, which they bring down and deposit tenderly on the stone pavement. Then they are off again after the baskets and crates of vegetables, which they bring down and pile in heaps just outside of the big basin. At the first glimpse of day they are going to take these out to the market ; but in the meantime they are going to wash and get them clean before offering them for sale. To do this they roll up their blue breeches above the knees and step into the circular basin, whose waters, after having performed the duty for human heads and faces, are now going to cleanse cabbage heads and potatoes. The women pour in piles of parsnips, beets, radishes and potatoes, and the boys manipulate or pedipulate these roots under the water, where all the dirt is trodden off them, and they are taken out looking bright, nice and clean, all ready to be ranged in rows on the market stands. The four spouts of the hydrant are kept running all the time, while the water that brims over the basin runs out into the gutter beyond through overflow conduits.

The men and women are constantly jabbering while this operation is going on, about the prior rights of having their respective lots of vegetables washed, as everybody is anxious to be first at the market. In the meantime the coops of proud and noisy poultry are being carried out by other boys, who run constantly backward and forward from the yard to the market. After a while the jabbering is less loud, for many of their number have their vegetables washed, and the carriers, many of whom are women, have gone out down the alley, most of them staggering under wagon loads of comestibles.

A few old women are still left washing their stuffs in this basin of all uses. Their shrill, garrulous tones are heard till all get through. Then the stone basin, with its iron hydrant, lamppost, and light at the top, is deserted. A few of the oldest crones are left to take care of the very young children. All children who are not mere infants have gone out to work. These shriveled old women keep up for a short time a slight show of converse ; a child or two cries as if unable to account for the cessation of the noise, and soon all is quiet.

The dingy posts of the galleries make long shadows on the wall from the light of the lonely lamps below. The many little rooms, which a short time before were all bustle and confusion, are as quiet as the dim post shadows on the wall. Bats flit silently past the twenty-eight dark doorways ; rats go about creeping over the damp stones below. It is little reck where they go or whence they come. Thus it is with these children of want, who live and die unheeded, in the heart of a gay busy world.

The courtyard people are only a part of the numbers who sell vegetables in the market. There are many others engaged in the business, who bring their vegetables in various ways and conveyances. There is a large class of people who raise their own vegetables and bring them to this place for sale in carts. At about two or three o'clock in the morning the sounds of many loaded carts are heard jolting on the streets. They travel generally at that pace commonly practiced at fashionable funerals. They creak and rumble in a characteristic manner as they go up the street, for their drivers are ostentatiously plodding and methodical. These drivers look sleepy ; the horses and mules look about half asleep ; even the carts seem as though they objected to being pulled out of their sheds and dragged through the darkness at that unheard-of hour. Of these drivers, some are men and some are women.

On the arrival of the loads of vegetables at the market, the carts back up to the curbstones,

the sleepy drivers descend, and the work of unloading and arranging the vegetables on the stall counters commences. The women with their limp petticoats and dresses, damp with the dews of the morning, gathered about their thick-set limbs, arrange the vegetables to their taste.

Flat white-headed cabbages, whose phrenology is striking, if cabbages may be considered phrenologically, are placed in long rows above one another on the stall counters where they rest, demure, stolid and uniform in appearance as the heads in the modern pictures of the old-time English charity schools. These men and women handle the cabbages in a manner more delicate and respectful than that they use toward the other vegetables. The bags of potatoes, baskets of beans, bunches of carrots, beets and other stuffs are pitched unceremoniously on the stands, while numerous humble flat squashes are chucked unostentatiously beneath the stands as if there were no people in the world who had any regard for squash.

The little dark-skinned boys and girls, the raven-haired women in the faded calico skirts, are jabbering louder than in the courtyard where they washed their vegetables under the iron hydrant. The carts continue coming in from the gardens on the outskirts of the city. Each arrival is not only an addition to the stock of vegetables on hand, but it helps to swell the unharmonious hubbub of the place.

In Billingsgate it is said that the "heavenly gift divine—the power of speech"—is a faculty habitually abused. Here the abuse is more flagrant, for not "king's English" alone is subjected to pretty rough handling, but every language spoken on the globe is slanged, docked, or insulted by uncivilized innovations on its original purity. This commingling of languages is swelled to an absolute uproar by sunrise, when the market-goers begin to arrive. Aristocratic old gentlemen with their broadcloth, polished manners and boots puffed in and out; fat females with fat baskets hanging on their fat arms, waddle to and fro; footmen, waiters, maids and small boys come and go away. Nearly all trades, professions, colors and castes are represented with baskets on their arms.

The red-limbed, thick-set woman is at her stand, busily filling the baskets of many customers. Her short, stubby, harsh-looking broom is standing idle up against one of the shelves, waiting till the day is over. Then its harsh, yellow straws will grate once more against the paving stones of the place, as it sweeps the broken cabbage leaves and carrot tops out of the deserted market into the dirty street.

There are several marble-top tables about, in different parts of the market; four-legged stools are standing in rows alongside of these. Many little white cups and saucers are in a line near the edge of the tables. These are the coffee stands. A big steaming urn, with a faucet to it, is in the centre of each table, while various dishes, containing bread, beefsteaks, even bacon and greens, are scattered over the marble top. These are not very neat-looking tables, for some of their parts are not in keeping with the others. Thus the marble top looks white and nicely polished, the cups and saucers look bright as porcelain, but the legs and bodies of the tables are uncanny in the extreme.

They are streaked with grease, or the polish is worn off at regular intervals where the stools are placed along side of them. The legs might look better; stray cabbage leaves and other waste material, scattered around their feet, give these legs a half-unclean, negligent appearance that borders on depravity. But then this is the market, and the wilted cabbage leaves are a part of the place. The tall stools, too, have this semi-negligent aspect. They are brightly polished on the top of their seats unavoidably, but their rungs and legs are scratched and scraped by iron shoe-pegs, or just the least bit discolored by mud. With the odors of the aromatic coffee, steaming from the urns, is mingled a peculiar market smell.

The keepers of these stands are semi-neat looking, too. Their shirts are as white as the marble tops of the tables, their buttons as bright as the little cups and saucers, and their countenances fresh and healthy-looking as the steaming dishes of bacon and greens. Their pants show they have been in contact with the grease-spots on the table, or *vice versa*. Their shoes have been treading too much about among the wilted cabbage-leaves to lay claim to a respect-

able appearance. But probably hungry men are not too fastidious, and they don't mind a little grease or a little mud in the gentlemen who sell coffee at "five cents a cup," and the accompaniments accordingly. Most of these coffee-vendors have the power of imitating all the languages spoken in the place, to a certain extent. They make themselves understood to all their customers, and seem thoroughly posted in favorite slang phrases of the would-be fast men who come there to drink coffee. They are acknowledged as the elite of market society by the common consent of their humbler neighbors, of the vegetable and poultry trades; and they act well up to the license of this general acknowledgment. They are condescending, however, to those around them. They seem to feel a pity for those poor vegetable sellers; for some of them were once vegetable men themselves and they can appreciate the position. They are proportionately urbane as their customers are respectable. They pour out their coffee in dignified silence for the poor market men and women who come up and lean their elbows on the marble tops of the tables. When monsieur from the steamboats, or his desk, or his loafing place at the corner, comes up to get his breakfast, the coffee-vendor is all politeness.

Strangers who come into town late at night, bringing into the city with them their rural tastes and appetites, like to get a bite of something early in the morning. So they, too, often patronize the coffee stands. Some of these have a rural lack of assurance which they failed to leave at their homes, and they look very modest when they climb the high stools. They hesitate in answering to the question whether they'll take "*café au lait*" or "*café noir*;" they believe, however, they'll take "the first." The respectable keeper of the coffee stand has a pitying look in his eye for the ignorance of country people. The stranger of this class gets through, fumbles awkwardly in his pocket for the necessary pay; then gives place to the man of display, who pulls in on his purse here to gratify a taste for the ornamental somewhere else.

He is a regular patron of the coffee dealer, and goes about his cheap breakfast very patronizingly. He is particularly cautious not to let his fine clothes come in contact with the greasy woodwork of the table. When he gets through he shakes these clothes, and wending his way up town, resumes the strolling avocation, from which he rested last night, and a good many nights before. Little errand boys come up quietly to the stands, demurely eat their breakfasts, and silently go away. The keeper of the stand is generally kind to such unobtrusive little fellows. He seems to know that their coarse little jackets cover hearts that are braver and better than many which beat beneath velvet and broadcloth.

Sometimes old rich men come here to get cheap breakfasts; for certainly black coffee, "five cents a cup," and warm beefsteaks, are as nourishing and wholesome as broiled mutton chops, soft boiled eggs, and the thigh of a spring chicken, even if it is the least bit noisy down here, and smells more like a market than a restaurant.

The red-legged woman with the short, harsh broom, and the dark-eyed, raven-haired resident of the courtyard, say that they all have to pay fifteen cents a drawer and twenty cents a corner a day for their stands, besides a city license of ten dollars a year. A drawer is the space between two posts on a shelf, and a corner is a shelf where two of the passage-ways of the market cross each other. When the collector comes around, they dive their hands down into the pockets of their damp, faded dresses, pull out their small change, and silently hand it over. But some of the sellers of vegetables are inspired with a spirit of liberty and independence. They are very jealous of their rights, and this kind don't see money matters in the same light as do most people in the world. They pay up squarely when the collector steps up, but they think forty-five cents a day a very high rent to pay for the intervals of a stall between four posts.

The Indian women, with their bead works, bay leaves and sassafras, are the only professional "dead heads" in the place. They lie on the stones at full length, or sit on their feet, unheeding and unheeded by the crowd who are continually passing backward and forward.

Some of the skiffmen from Algiers are would-be "dead-heads." They endeavor to sell at the wharf in front of the market without coming under the provisions of the market license, but the collectors generally levy upon them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—UNIVERSITIES, LIBRARIES, ETC.

THE TULANE UNIVERSITY—THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA—ITS FOUNDATION AND GROWTH—LIBRARIES AND READING ROOMS.

The grounds now partly occupied by the buildings formerly known as the University of Louisiana, but recently passed by legislative enactment to the custody and control of the administrators of the Tulane University of Louisiana, have an historic past.

In the year 1812, when the State of Louisiana emerged out of the Territory of Orleans, a period when the enterprise of the citizens of New Orleans overreached its upper dividing line, it began in the broad fields which had been cleared by the Jesuit farmers, to erect spacious and elegant buildings. Among other movements of this kind was that of the commissioners of the Charity Hospital, now under State control, who acquired the entire square bounded by Canal, Baronne, Philippa and Common streets, on the Canal street half of which and fronting that thoroughfare, they erected, in 1815, a long, two-storied yellow stuccoed brick building of the Tuscan style of architecture, which then predominated. The space intervening between Canal street and the building was beautifully adorned with shrubbery. This square and building, in 1834, was purchased by the State for \$125,000. The hospital was transformed into a State House. The rooms formerly occupied by the sick and dying became the Senate Chamber, and the adjacent rooms, headquarters for the State's official dignitaries. A wing was added on its Baronne street side for the accommodation of the House of Representatives, the lower story of which was appropriated as an armory and office of the Adjutant-General of the State. This, for seventeen years, was the centre of State legislative power.

It was in the fall of 1834 that, through the private enterprise of seven resident physicians, the Medical College of Louisiana was organized, and a charter was granted to the Medical College by the Legislature April 2, 1835, "and in March, 1836, the first degrees in science ever conferred in Louisiana were conferred by the professors of the unendowed Medical College. This remarkable epoch in the scientific history of the State was succeeded by seven years of unrequited and unaided professional labors by the faculty for the advancement of medical science." October 20, 1838, the faculty established a school of pharmacy for conferring the degree of "Master of Pharmacy." Its session began in January, 1835, and continued four months. Its founders and first faculty were: Dr. Thomas Hunt, professor of anatomy and physiology; Dr. John Harrison, adjunct demonstrator in anatomy; Dr. Charles A. Luzenberg, professor of surgery; Dr. J. Munro Mackie, professor of practice; Dr. Thomas R. Ingalls, professor of chemistry; Dr. Aug. H. Cenas, professor of midwifery; Dr. Edwin Bathurst Smith, professor of *materia medica*. Dr. Edward H. Barton, professor of *materia medica* was substituted for Dr. E. A. Smith, who withdrew from the faculty before the opening of the first session.

Through the illness of Dr. John Harrison, which incapacitated him from serving, Dr. Warren Stone occupied his chair and continued uninterrupted association with the college until his death, occupying five important positions in the faculty, receiving his first appointment to a professorship in 1837.

In 1834 Governor Roman granted for the medical faculty during its first session a large room in the State House above referred to. Its second course of didactic lectures was delivered at No. 40 Royal street; the succeeding four courses at the Charity Hospital, excepting the chemical lectures, which were delivered at No. 14 St. Charles street; the next three courses, carrying the history of the faculty to 1843, at 239 Canal street. The Legislature of that year passed a bill granting a lease of a lot for ten years, corner of Common and Dryades streets (then Philippa), to the faculty of the Medical College, for the purpose of erecting a building thereon. The con-

ditions of the lease consented to by the self-sacrificing faculty were ten years' service as physicians and surgeons to the Charity Hospital, without compensation. This condition, which was faithfully complied with, saved the State \$24,000 at the rate previously paid for such service. Also, the faculty agreed to receive as students, with free tuition, a person from each parish in the State. Up to 1871 about 200 students had been educated at a cost of \$56,000. Another condition acceded to was, that at the expiration of the ten years' lease, the building was to revert to the State. When so transferred the estimated value was \$15,000. This building was designed and erected by Mr. Darkin, an architect of high repute. It is now known as the Law Department of the University. In addition to its present form there were attached to both its sides one-story brick wings. There the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth courses, from October, 1843 to 1847, were delivered.

In 1847 a lot adjacent to this building, 150 front on Common street by 200 feet deep, between Dryades and Baronne streets, was appropriated by the Legislature, with \$40,000 to erect upon it a suitable building for the medical department. This, the central one of the three University Buildings (containing three large lecture-rooms and an extensive museum), has been occupied by the faculty from the fourteenth session, 1847-1848, to the present time. On March 20, 1861, the Legislature transferred from the academic to the medical department, the third one of the University Buildings, designated as the east wing, at the corner of Common and Baronne streets. Since 1865 a cross-wing has been erected, which unites the east wing with the central building, and these imposing and commodious edifices are devoted to the medical department, which finds in them the most ample accommodation for all of the many requisites necessary for medical education. These two buildings, with the amphitheatre of the Charity Hospital, and its wards containing a daily average of about 800 patients, will continue to furnish in the future, as at present, accommodations for as large a class of medical students and as many conveniences for their instruction as any similar institution in this country.

The conditional aid first furnished by the State in 1843 has been stated. The next public recognition of the services of the faculty was by the convention which framed the Constitution of 1845, which directed that "An University shall be established in the City of New Orleans;" it shall be called the "University of Louisiana," and the "Medical College of Louisiana," as at present organized, shall constitute the Faculty of Medicine.

This provision was not carried into execution until 1847, when the first Legislature elected under the Constitution of 1845 was in session and passed the Act No. 49, February 16, 1847, which legally transformed the "Medical College of Louisiana" into the "Medical Department of the University of Louisiana" and provided for its government.

The Constitutions of 1852, 1864 and 1868, contain articles similar to those of 1845, providing for the organization and maintenance of the University of Louisiana, with medical and other departments.

In addition to the aid furnished by the State which has been referred to, \$25,000 was given in 1850 and \$6,000 more in 1853 to furnish the medical department with a museum, and such chemical and other apparatus, etc., as are needed for medical instruction. Other appropriations have been made from time to time for repairs and improvements of the University buildings, the property of the State, but none for any other purposes whatever.

On the other hand, the pecuniary benefits conferred upon and the value of the property transferred to the State by the faculty of the medical department may be fairly estimated as follows:

Attendance, by contract, upon the Charity Hospital for ten years, \$24,000; amphitheatre in the same hospital, \$2,500; west wing of the University buildings, \$15,000; library, apparatus, preparations in the museum, etc., \$25,000; repairs, insurance, etc., on the property of the State, \$25,000; education of indigent students, \$33,000—amounting in all to \$147,500.

Beside these contributions to the cause of medical education and to the establishment and advancement of the medical department of the University of Louisiana, the faculty have

matriculated 7,522 students and have 2,199 alumni. During Dr. T. G. Richardson's official connection with the college there have been 4,636 students matriculated, to 1,491 of whom diplomas have been presented. They have supplied more than seventeen professors to various medical institutions and a much larger number of public instructors. One-third of its own corps of teachers has been supplied by its graduates, while about one-third of the practicing physicians of New Orleans, and a large proportion of the profession in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Alabama received their parchments from the dean of this institution. A very large number of its alumni occupied important positions in the late war. In the twenty-seven years succeeding its beginning, this institution had augmented its class from eleven students to a number which elevated it to the third in numerical rank among the colleges of the United States. This result was in a large part due to the learning, marked capacity and wide-spread reputation of those members of the faculty, who, from the foundation of the college, gave their zealous labor for many consecutive years to its prosperity. It is rare, indeed, to find a faculty consisting of men of so much ability, and permitted to prosecute their duties conjointly and uninterruptedly for so long a series of years as was given to its faculty.

The following list shows the noted gentlemen who have been elected deans and professors, and the duration of their connection with the faculty :

- Prof. Thomas Hunt, 1835 to 1867.
- Prof. Edward H. Barton, 1835 to 1840.
- Prof. Augustus H. Cenas, 1835 to 1866.
- Prof. Charles A. Luzenberg, 1835 to 1837.
- Prof. John Hoffman Harrison, 1835 to 1849.
- Prof. James Jones, 1836 to 1866.
- Prof. Gustavus Adolphus Nott, 1839 to 1867.
- Prof. William M. Carpenter, 1842 to 1848.
- Prof. A. J. Wedderburn, 1842 to 1856.
- Prof. Tobias Gibson Richardson, 1858 to 1865.

Encouraged by the success of the Medical College, the Law Department of the University of Louisiana was organized in May, 1847. The late Judge Isaac T. Preston, as chairman of the committee of administrators, reported a plan of organization, and the first Law Faculty was constituted in the following manner: First law professor, Judge Henry A. Bullard; second, Richard Henry Wilde; third, Judge Theodore H. McCaleb; fourth, Randell Hunt."

For many years the lectures of this department were delivered annually by the four professors in the United States District court-room, and until the Medical Faculty had repaired and extended the buildings formerly occupied by it, thus providing sufficiently for their own and the Law Department, which in 1867 took possession of the present building, known as Law Department of the University.

The course of lectures given by the able members of the Law Faculty have embraced the civil law, common law and equity, admiralty, commercial, international and constitutional law, and the jurisprudence of the United States. The large number of students who have received the degrees of Bachelor of Laws, and the graduates of this department constitute a considerable proportion of the most prominent and distinguished members of the bar of the State. Several have reached high public honor, and have filled the offices of district attorney, attorney-general, judges of District Courts, justices of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and members of Congress.

LIBRARIES AND READING-ROOMS.

In the Art Gallery of the Southern Art Union, the lower walls of which are covered with shelves well filled with choice books, there are over 3,600 volumes. Until recently it has supplied over 500 readers with helpful literature free of cost. In order to make this branch

self-supporting the executive committee of the Southern Art Union determined to loan books only to those paying an annual subscription of sixty cents.

The salon of this library is open Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., during which hours it is free to, visitors, who have the privilege of perusing not only the books, but the numerous magazines with which the tables are supplied.

The Fisk Library is a free library for the use of visitors. Its rooms are lofty, airy, and well lighted. The librarian receives his guests from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Here the public have free access to all the most important periodicals of the day, the latest dictionaries and encyclopædias, and the works of many of the standard authors. This library is growing at the rate of 500 volumes a year. The books added are selected by the faculty of the academical department of the Tulane University.

The State Library contains 40,000 volumes, about 5,000 of which are in foreign languages. Lawyers, physicians and students have special privileges in this library; no others are permitted to take books from the rooms. It is open daily, Sundays excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

The Y. M. C. A. Library and Free Reading-Room is the only public library in the city, free to everybody, where the daily papers of all the important cities of the United States are kept on file. Its tables are well supplied with popular periodicals; in its book-cases are to be found many valuable works. The rooms are open from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

The City Library is located in a large room in the City Hall. There are to be found a well-classified selection of valuable books. Possibly no library in the city is more valuable for references as to ancient matters than this. The library is open daily, Sundays excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CRESCENT CITY JOURNALISM FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE FIRST PAPER FOUNDED BY A SAN DOMINGAN REFUGEE—GOOD AND BAD FORTUNES OF THE PRESS.

In glancing over the early papers published in the city of New Orleans, one is likely to have a train of interesting thought awakened in his mind as he is carried back to the consideration of events of bygone times; and he is apt to regard with a smile many trivial matters that at one time were the cause of deepest concern in the breasts of our good ancestors. Half a century ago, journalism, as it is now understood, was an unknown profession. The brief chroniclers of the time conducted gazettes, which were the forerunners of journals. The gazette noticed the movements of crowned heads, the arrival and departure of armies, and gave some attention to the utterances of statesmen. When it attempted to discuss a public question, which was not often, it was apt to be one-sided and inclined to support the rich and powerful against the existing demands of a growing democracy. The gazette man of the olden time was thought to be doing his duty if he gave news that was six months old, or went to press with nothing more important in his readable columns than complimentary allusions to those persons who were at the time making use of his advertising space. Some of the old correspondents fully equaled, if they did not surpass, the letter-writers of the present day in graphic power. But on the whole the letters in the public prints were dull, and impersonalism was pushed to a degree that leaves us, who read the old papers, in utter ignorance as to the persons alluded to. Any letter written by an American sea-captain while in a foreign port, when received was freely accorded the post of honor under the editorial head, though it related to events one or two years old. This dull form of letter usually related to the sailing of vessels, the discharging of cargoes, or other trite subjects of no interest to any one but ship-owners. If the editor, after making his rounds, weekly or semi-weekly, and visiting the merchants of the city, failed to find "a letter from abroad," he was not averse to clipping one from the last New York or London gazette at hand. To sit down with a judicial mind and examine and write out a valuable opinion on any pressing public question; to mark out the course on which right actions ought to proceed; or make a careful, well-written record of the events of the day, he must have considered occupation unworthy of his attention. As to the local news, which is of so much importance to the newspaper of the present day, he must have thought it an utter waste of time to print local items that every city reader could know all about by simply inquiring at the nearest coffee-house. Nothing short of a sweeping conflagration or other calamity seemed sufficient to impel the pen of the local chronicler.

The first newspaper was issued in New Orleans in 1794, being entitled *La Moniteur de la Louisiane*, begun by John Mowry, July 27, 1804, and issued in the English language twice a week. It was badly printed on a folio sheet, say 10x16 inches. Some of the early volumes are still preserved in the city archives, and can be seen by persons who are curious concerning such matters. It was started by a refugee from San Domingo.

Another old newspaper, whose early volumes may still be consulted, is the *Louisiana Gazette*, begun by John Mowry, July 27, 1804, and issued in the English language twice a week. It was badly printed on a folio sheet, say 10x16 inches. The chief business of most writers appeared to be to abuse Napoleon, who so unfeelingly disturbed what was called the balance of power in Europe. The statesmen of the early days of our republic received some attention, but not much. General Wilkinson, Daniel Clarke (the father of Myra Clarke Gaines), Aaron Burr, and others, attracted local attention, and were greatly praised or blamed for the part they took in public affairs. They were represented as sending everything to ruin; but the ruin did not come in their time or by them.

The *Louisiana Gazette* had a checkered existence, but a good deal of vitality. It was first printed in the house of C. Norwood, No. 36 Bienville street. Its motto, for a long time, was "American Commerce and Freedom." When it was several years old the sub-title of New Orleans *Mercantile Advertiser* was added. The paper was published in the centre of the business part of the town. At one time it issued from 21 Conti street; later it was moved to No. 36 on the same thoroughfare. In 1812 the publication office was moved to 51 Chartres street; in 1818 it was removed to Conti; in 1823 to 31 Custom-house; and next year a permanent home was thought to have been found for it at 22 Bienville street. On the fifteenth of April, 1817, the paper was first printed in French and English. The same year it was enlarged, and again increased in size the following year, when it became a six-column folio. The proprietor made many vigorous attempts to establish a daily paper in the Crescent City. The first daily edition was issued April 3, 1810. At that time Mr. Mowry sold an interest in his paper, and promised to give the latest intelligence. In 1814 the paper was issued tri-weekly by David McKeehan, who had bought out the former proprietor. Later the paper passed into the hands of G. B. Cotten, who, in January, 1816, sold it to William Burner. In 1817 Burner was joined by Charles W. Duhy, who later on became a conspicuous figure in New Orleans journalism. Burner withdrew from the paper, and in July, 1820, Mr. Duhy was, as sole proprietor, engaged in issuing the paper in an enlarged form as a daily. By 1824 the paper began to assume the appearance of a modern newspaper. Mr. Duhy had retired, and Mr. R. D. Richardson was the owner and publisher. In November of that year James McKaraber became the proprietor of the paper. In May, 1825, R. D. Richardson and A. T. Penniman (a printer from Boston) purchased the paper and also the material of the defunct *Orleans Gazette*, and announced themselves as the proprietors of a very large job office, having four hand-presses. The subscription price of the paper was \$10.00 a year.

The *Louisiana Advertiser* was issued as early as 1820. In 1825 the *Advertiser* was published by James Beardslee at No. 37 Bienville street. It was a six-column folio of small size and furnished at \$10 a year. He was followed in the ownership by John Penrice in 1830, who in turn sold out to Stroud & Jones.

James Beardslee, February 14, 1824, started a new paper which he called the *Louisiana Weekly Advertiser*. On December 23, 1833, John Gibson, "the faithful and bold," who did so much towards developing journalism in New Orleans, became its proprietor and editor. In 1835 the name of the paper was changed to *The True American*, which ran into the forties. Gibson made the *American* a very lively paper, and paid attention to local news and politics. He left the old-time newspapers so far behind that they died out, for the most part, one after another, and gave place to journals of a higher grade like the *Picayune*, *Crescent* and *Delta*. Gibson was opposed to "nullification in all its shapes." He exposed abuses in the administration of local affairs. He backed James H. Caldwell in his attempt to introduce local improvements. Caldwell, not satisfied with building the St. Charles theatre and sustaining it in the grand style of a European theatre and opera-house, labored to beautify and adorn the city. He it was who gave the streets in the upper districts their mythological and classical names.

The *Daily Tropic* was begun October 1, 1842, by Alden S. Merrifield, and was issued from No. 44 St. Charles street. It was a bright, well-printed six-column folio paper, and advocated Whig principles, and, of course, sustained Henry Clay. It was probably the successor of the *True American*. The *Tropic* was very well written and showed a marked improvement over the papers that had gone before it. P. Besançon, B. F. Flanders and others were connected with it in an editorial capacity.

Another old newspaper still remembered with pleasure was the *Courier*. This journal, after an active and useful life of half a century, came to its death by natural causes, May 29, 1859. Commenced in the early days of journalism, it had been improved from year to year by its successive managers till it became one of the best papers in the country. It represented the conservative sentiments of the Democratic party in Louisiana. The party became divided on

questions of great moment to the South, and when new hands tried to force the *Courier* into a new and untried position it could not bear the shock and—died. A good deal of local history is bound up in an old newspaper called *The Friend of the Laws and Journal du Soir*, which was printed in English and French. The first copy now to be found bears date September 2, 1816, being a part of volume seven and number 1,281. On the twentieth of September, 1822, the name was altered to *The Louisianian and Friend of the Laws*. At first it was a small four-column folio, and was early published as a daily. At the period named it was published by Michel De Armas and J. B. Maurian. On the fifteenth of April, 1824, the paper then being owned and published by Manuel Crozat, ceased to appear under the name of *The Louisianian*, but four days later, that is, on the nineteenth of April, it made its re-appearance under the name of *The Argus*. The type and material were the same as used in the previous issue, the advertisements were the same, and to all intents and purposes it was the same journal. The paper was a small folio of five columns, printed in English and French, and served to subscribers at \$10 per year. On the seventh of August, 1834, the *New Orleans Argus* became the *Louisiana Whig*, being Whig in politics, and was issued from No. 70 Chartres street. During the year the paper was enlarged to a six-column folio. On the first of March, 1835, the name of *The Whig* was changed to *The Bee*. This paper is still published and is the organ of the French and Creole population of Louisiana. By Rowell & Co.'s "American Newspaper Directory" it will be seen that the proprietors of the *Bee* set down the date of the establishment of their journal as 1827. The *Bee* is the continuation of the old *Friend of the Laws*, and consequently it may justly claim to be the oldest newspaper in Louisiana, for the first number of the *Friend of the Laws* could not have been issued later than 1809. These old newspapers will illustrate the growth of journalism in New Orleans. At first the papers were mere advertising sheets, containing little if any news. The development of newspapers in other cities naturally moved our conservative editors to do something worthy of consideration in their field.

Probably the most noteworthy journalist of the old school was J. C. De Romes, who was the editor of the *Courier* for a period of thirty years, and who retired from the editorial career on the twelfth of April, 1849, having disposed of the paper to Jerome Bayon. De Romes was not a great writer nor a remarkable manager, but he so conducted his paper as to retain the goodwill of the people he catered to, and after nearly a third of a century of hard work, he retired to enjoy in his old age the fruits of his long continued industry. The two decades just previous to the war saw the successful establishment of a number of journals that justly took rank with the chief newspapers of the world.

During the Mexican war Lumsden and Kendall often surprised the whole country by the rapidity with which they collected the news about the war, and presented the details of the several battles to readers everywhere through the agency of their paper. The telegraph wire was extended to New Orleans in 1848, and that event put a stop to the pony express, by which the editors often got news from twenty-four to forty-eight hours ahead of the mails. The "gold fever," as the rush to California was called in 1849, helped the newspapers wonderfully, and the *Delta* and *Crescent* sold enormous editions containing news from the gold fields. The late war injured all the newspaper property of the city that it did not destroy, and it is only now, after all these years, that the New Orleans daily papers have been able to regain the ground that was so suddenly and so unexpectedly lost. In a sketch of this sort it is impossible to mention all the *Timeses*, *Posts*, *Suns*, *Advertisers*, *Journals*, *Tribunes*, *Heralds*, *Newses*, *Standards* and *Gazettes* that have flourished for a longer or shorter period. Many of them were excellent papers while they lasted, but, as a rule they died with the political party or set to whom they owed their existence.

The *Times-Democrat*, *Picayune*, *Daily States*, *City Item*, *Bee* (French), *Staats Zeitung* (German), and *Price Current* constitute to-day the press of New Orleans. Their foundation, together with their trials and tribulations during the political contests incident to the reconstruction times, from 1864 to 1874, would fill a volume.

CHAPTER XXXV.—HOW COTTON IS HANDLED.

THE VARIOUS PROCESSES A BALE OF COTTON HAS TO GO THROUGH BEFORE IT REACHES
THE COTTON MILLS.

To follow through its intricate changes the long white staple bursting from its shell of fairy make in some Louisiana field, to see it torn from the boll, rushed through the relentless gin, crowded into almost nothingness in the press, and then hurried forward to the mart, is to watch the birth and generation of one potent source of the city's commercial wealth.

Soft and well-nigh intangible as it seems, each cobweb fibre draws with delicate but irresistible tension upon the great driving-wheel of trade, moving the merchant navy across the Atlantic, pulling at the pistons of thousands of factory engines, and dragging onward to higher stages of civilization the destinies of commonwealths and peoples.

We are all more or less acquainted with the rude outline of the process of transferring cotton from the field to the factory, but there are few outside the business who have more than the crudest knowledge of the varied manipulations through which a bale passes before it is ready for shipment to the looms of Europe or the North.

Let us, then, to gain a more exact acquaintance with the subject, take the product of some fertile patch of ground—say in Ouachita parish—and follow it *currente calamo* to the side of a vessel in our port.

A thrifty young planter, after overcoming all the threatening calamities of overflow, worms, wet weather and dry, has at last, with pardonable pride, had his few acres of cotton picked, and in piles of almost transparent whiteness the result lies on his gin-house floor. The shrill of the gin-saw is next heard, and basketful after basketful disappears within the capacious maw of the gin, to come out in the lint-room beyond in a snow storm of feathery flakes.

From the lint-room it is but a step to the packing-room, where through the center of the floor protrudes the upper portion of a press box. Here the cotton is thrown into the box, whose horizontal size is that of the future bale. A stout negro tramps it down as solidly as he can, and when the box contains enough, the screw is revolved and the platen descends. Mule or steam power is applied, and with seemingly irresistible force the platen descends until the contents of the box are pressed into a hard, compact mass. The bagging is drawn up, the ends and sides sewed, and the iron bands tightened and fastened, and until they are loosened at the factory that bale has an entity and individuality. The scattered cotton of the patch has become a commercial unit. In company with a number of its like it is rolled out to the river bank or railroad station, there to await transportation to New Orleans.

No guard or watch is placed over the bales. Too large to handle conveniently, they protect themselves. A passing steamer of the regular line of boats in the trade on her downward trip rounds to, and our bale is taken on board. No receipt is left, or given the planter, for he knows the character of those engaged in the carrying business, and he trusts them implicitly. The carriers know to whom the planter consigns his cotton should there be no mark on the bale to indicate to whom it is sent.

The bale has always on one end what is known as the planter's mark, which may be his initials, or any other convenient sign, as "J. A. B."

If the bale was raised by one of the hands on the place and is his individual property, and he desires it shipped with the planter's cotton, it has the planter's mark, "J. A. B.," and beneath, or on the other end, a special or counter-mark, as "L.," to show it is not of the planter's own crop.

On a trip down to New Orleans, a manifest, containing the number of bales and the

names of their consignees, is made out by the clerk of the boat and hung conspicuously in the cabin.

Up to this time the factor to whom the cotton has been shipped knows nothing of the consignment. When the boat arrives at New Orleans a discharging clerk takes charge of the unloading of the cargo, and here begins an interesting operation. The same modes obtain where cotton is shipped by rail. Steamboat transportation is taken as an illustration only because of its simplicity.

If it is in the height of the season, the steamer is piled up to the hurricane roof with tiers of bales, and presents to the eye nothing but a floating wall of cotton, with smokestacks rising above.

Before she has rounded to, a large gathering of negroes on the wharf takes place near the spot where she will make a landing, all eager to go to work rolling and trucking the cotton out.

A negro forman in the employ of the discharging clerk stands on a truck or any elevation, and is immediately surrounded by the laborers, clamoring for work tickets. The foreman selects the requisite number, sometimes as many as 200, and gives them their tickets. By this time the boat has landed, and after considerable labor, stages are placed from the cotton tiers to the wharf. Then begins the discharging. The clerk stands at the lower end of the stage ready to place the cargo in lots on the wharf, according to the shipments, each consignee having his lot to himself.

This labor would require a very great expense of time were it done in the ordinary way of examining marks, etc., and ordering the laborers to truck Mr. Smith's bale to Mr. Smith's lot. The ignorant negroes would inevitably make confusion in the arrangement. But their knowledge of ordinary objects is utilized, and flags with familiar emblems are used. The discharging clerk, who has thoroughly engraved on his memory the names of every consignee, orders a bale out, and on it is placed on an iron rod a flag with a white ball on a black ground. That marks the place for every bale of that consignee. Another bale of another consignee is marked with a red diamond flag. These the negroes understand. The work then commences in earnest, and the bales go by the discharging clerk almost as fast as he can call out, "Blue Anchor!" "Black Cross!" "White Flag!" "Red Ball!" and so on. He must at a glance take in the mark on the bale and remember what flag denotes this consignee's lot, a work of the memory which is remarkable, especially when sometimes there are sixty flags flying on different lots.

The moment the cotton touches the landing, and even during the process of landing, it comes under the protecting ægis of the Cotton Exchange of New Orleans. Its levee inspectors protect it from theft, see that it is covered from the weather, not rolled in the mud, and otherwise overlook it that no damage may accrue to it. A chief levee inspector and his assistants look to this, making careful reports to the Exchange. By these means both planter and factor are secure.

Nowhere in the world is freight handled so expeditiously as on the levee at New Orleans, and the manner in which the cotton is discharged from boats reads as remarkable to those unacquainted with this rapid mode of taking off freight. As a sample, the steamer "J. M. White" arrived in port a little after 6 o'clock one morning with 6,000 bales of cotton and 4,000 sacks of cotton seed on board. At 11.45 this immense cargo was discharged, and that evening at 5 o'clock the magnificent steamer was on her way up the river with another load.

But to return to our bale of Ouachita cotton. With a number of its brothers, it was trucked out on the shelled levee to a lot, over which fluttered a blue diamond flag, marking the consignment of the house of———, cotton factors here.

A drayman drove up and it was rolled on his float, to be transported to one of the city presses. Here a little digression is necessary to fully illustrate this disposition of our bale.

Each cotton factor in New Orleans has his favorite cotton press, to which all consignments

are carried on arrival. Each of these presses has its boss drayman, who is acquainted thoroughly with the cotton houses storing the staple in his press. The boss draymen have, some twenty, some ten, floats engaged in the business, and in the city there are nearly 350 floats employed solely in handling cotton.

The drayman of a press, on the arrival of a steamboat, inspects her manifest hanging up in the cabin and sees exactly how many bales are in the cargo belonging to the constituents of his press. These draymen are all men of integrity, and implicit confidence is placed in them, both by the boat and the press.

As soon as he sees that in the cargo there are, say, 300 bales consigned to houses storing at his press, he directs the drivers under him to go to the different flags marking the consignees' lots and haul the bales to the press.

A receipt is given to the discharging clerk by the drayman for the cotton. The drayman is known to represent the press and his drivers load up, and our bale after a jolting over the stones of Tchoupitoulas street reaches the cotton press. The clerk of the boss drayman has by this time made out a list of the cotton bound for his press and sends it up to the yard clerk, so that he will know what he is receiving.

A lot, amongst which is our bale, arrives at the press, and is taken in charge by the yard clerk employed there.

If the lot is a large one he gives it over to two or three gangs of yard men, who are employed to handle and care for the cotton while it is in the charge of the press. If the lot is a small one it is divided up among the gangs, so as to divide the labor equally, giving to each a certain set of marks. For instance, one gang may be given to handle all the cotton marked "A. B., L. C. & S. T.," and another all marked "P. S., J. G. & M. K."

A cotton-yard gang consists of three men—a chief and two subordinates. In the press the space between the posts supporting the roof is called a store, each store holding between 80 and 100 bales, and to each man in a gang is given one of these "stores" or piles. No one but himself, assisted by his gang, can touch a bale in his pile. He knows exactly what cotton is in his "store," and when a certain bale is wanted gets it out.

On arrival at the press each lot is separated to itself by the yardmen and ranged in rows for convenience. The sampler, who is employed by the factor, now appears upon the scene, and making a cut in the bale, withdraws therefrom a six-ounce sample of the cotton, taking care that it fairly represents the contents of the bale. This sample, with the marks of the bale on its paper wrapper, is now sent down to the factor's office, and this is the receipt of the press to the factor.

When the sample of our bale reaches the factor's office it is spread out on his sales-table for inspection.

Cotton buyers here are represented by their brokers in making purchases. The broker, after examining the sample and being satisfied with the factor's price, accepts it.

To complete the transaction another trip is necessary, however. The purchasing broker sends up to the press his weigher to reweigh the cotton, so as to verify the weight, and also his classer, who resamples it and classes it according to recognized standards as ordinary, good ordinary, low middling, etc. The seller's weigher is present when the reweighing takes place, and performs the act of reweighing. Everything being satisfactory, the bale is then "ship-marked" or marked for the vessel, which marks may be the initials of buyer, consignee, or any other sign, and with this, a number, either of some series or arbitrary, as

E. E. O.	By the series of
102	when it is opened
	rocks, wood or

at the spinners' in Europe to contain foreign substances, such as

iron, it can be immediately traced to the plantation whence it came.

In the first place the "ship-mark" would identify the bale as having been part of a lot shipped from New Orleans on such a steamer, the number indicating the bale. On inquiry at this port the planter's mark would show that it arrived on the steamer "J. M. White," on what

plantation or place it was raised, and if counter-marked whether it was the planter's own raising, or raised by some one on his place, or purchased. Thus by this system, the identification of the bale is perfect.

Thus from Manchester to Ouachita parish could be traced this bale of cotton, and the charges laid directly at the door of the guilty party.

Our bale, which had been but ordinarily pressed at the gin-house, is entirely too bulky to take on shipboard in that form. In order to afford as much storage room as possible on board ship it is necessary to reduce its size, and here the mammoth steam compresses step in to do the work, which is for the benefit and at the expense of the ship. Our bale, having been "ship-marked," is trucked up to the press-room proper, where a gang of men stands ready to receive it. Two or three rolls and it is resting on the low platen or lower jaw of a gigantic monster that, at the movement of a lever, closes his mouth upon it, squeezing the bale until it has been diminished from three feet in thickness to about eight inches.

Iron bands are tightened, new ones are put on when necessary, and when, with a snort, this Titan loosens his jaw, a flat, uninteresting mass of solid cotton has taken the place of our formerly symmetrical bale.

With a jerk by cotton hooks the bale is sent out of the door to the drays waiting to carry it to the slip. The drayman is given a receipt by the shipping clerk for the mate or the representative of the vessel to sign on its delivery, and our bale is driven off to the wharf, where the steamer awaits it.

The Cotton Exchange never relaxes its vigilant watch over a bale of cotton from the time it arrives, until it is in the ship's hold.

On its arrival, in the press, and on the wharf, where it is to be taken by the ship's tackle, it is protected and watched.

Where, in old days, Tchoupitoulas street was white with loose cotton that had dropped from bales in transit, now not a flake can be seen. In the presses, like scrupulous care is taken.

A chief supervisor is chosen by the Board of Directors of the Exchange, and with him the necessary number of assistants. The chief visits all the presses to see that the work of supervision is properly carried on. The assistants see that all loose cotton is gathered up and weighed; all samples taken from the bales by the factors' samplers and brokers' classers are also weighed and a record kept of the same.

When, after compression, the cotton is sent to the ship, it comes under the charge of the chief levee inspector and his assistants.

These protect it from weather and depredations, and prevent its being placed on board in a damaged condition without the knowledge of the master; and when the vessel clears at the Custom-House the chief levee inspector draws up a certificate setting forth the condition in which the cargo was taken on board.

When our bale arrives at the wharf the drayman's receipt is signed, the bale rolled off the float, and the stevedore's men take hold of it and in a moment it is in the hold. Here a gang of screwmen, with their powerful jackscrews, in spite of all its solidity, force it into a remarkably small space between other bales, and there it rests until the cargo is broken in Liverpool or Havre.

It may return in French calico or bobbinet mosquito bars. It may turn up as lawn, for dainty dresses for the spring wear of society belles, or as Balbriggan half-hose for the sterner side of humanity.

Its identity is lost, however, and the fleecy fibres that grew together in the patch on the banks of the Ouachita may be distributed from the harem of the Shah to the jungles of the Amazon.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MONUMENTAL.

THE MONUMENTS AND STATUES IN AND AROUND NEW ORLEANS—LEE, JACKSON, CLAY AND FRANKLIN.

The monuments of New Orleans are numerous and handsome. While the founder of the city is without one, if we may except a *bas relief* in the central room of the Customhouse; while, indeed, not one of the many of the native Creoles who have obtained high positions in the world of literature and art has received recognition, the city has raised memorials to more than a dozen persons.

Another case of neglect, fully as great as that shown Bienville, is the decayed condition of the monument erected in honor of the battle of New Orleans.

The Jackson monument, as this is called, on the plains of Chalmette, named in honor of the old bachelor planter who owned the grounds—Chalmette—is situated about a mile below the slaughter-house. You reach it via the Levee & Barracks cars and a walk along the levee.

The monument is in a very dilapidated and forlorn condition. The base is of brick, supporting a shaft of brick, faced with marble. The steps within are of iron, but many of them are gone. The roof, of wood, is very nearly fallen in, rain-stained and sun-scorched. Time, wind and rain have played havoc with it, and there is really very little roof left, and what there is, is in a shaky condition and liable to be blown down in the first heavy storm. Over all the walls are scratched the names of venturous souls who hope to make their names also immortal.

The monument was begun between 1830 and 1840, the Legislature making appropriations sufficient to cover the first expense. The appropriation, however, was not renewed, and the monument was left in its present neglected condition.

On the other hand, New Orleans can claim some credit for raising the only monument to a woman ever erected in the United States. In a little grassy plot of ground at the intersection of Camp and Prytania streets, stands the white marble figure of a woman, inscribed with the simple name, "Margaret." Seated in a chair with a shawl around her shoulders and one arm thrown around the neck of a child, is the figure of the deceased Margaret Haughery, "the orphans' friend." The location is well selected, for it faces the Female Orphan Asylum, toward the establishment of which Margaret did so much. The woman whom it is intended to honor, was unable either to read or write, but by her energy acquired a considerable fortune, all the income from which was given to the various orphan asylums of New Orleans, without regard to sect; and at her death a few years ago, the whole of her fortune was bequeathed for their support.

Clay Statue on Canal street where Royal and St. Charles meet, is the official centre of the city, all the distances being computed from that point. The corner stone was laid by the Clay Statue Association on April 12th, 1856. The inauguration, which called out one of the grandest and largest public gatherings that ever took place in New Orleans, was on the 12th of April, 1860. On that occasion Col. J. B. Walton acted as Grand Marshal and Col. J. O. Nixon as First Assistant-Marshal. Joel T. Hart, of Kentucky, the artist who gave form and proportions to the Clay Statue, was present at the inauguration, and Wm. H. Hunt, Esq., was the orator of the day.

A circle of fifty feet in diameter, surmounted with an iron railing, and a flight of hexagon shape granite steps, each one smaller than the one on which it rests, forms the foundation on which the pedestal and statue rest. The pedestal, like the foundation, is of granite.

The statue itself is a perfect likeness of the illustrious statesman. Its height is about fifteen feet. This, with the foundation circle, steps and pedestal, makes it stand some forty feet high.

The marble statue of Franklin in the centre of Lafayette square is connected with the story of the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, the author of the "Greek Slave." When Powers first went to Italy to study art, a number of New Orleans people, in order to assist him, ordered from him a statue of Benjamin, for which they paid five thousand dollars in advance; while the State of Louisiana gave him fifteen thousand for a statue of Washington. This was in 1844, before Powers had won the reputation he afterwards enjoyed. The statue, however, was not completed, and the war intervening, the original gift to Powers was forgotten, until 1869, when the matter was brought up again. Powers then agreed to complete the statue, which was done in 1871, and it was given to the city upon the condition that a granite base should be erected. A series of contretemps followed. The statue arrived, but by some mistake was advertised for sale; the granite for the pedestal was shipped from Boston, but lost at sea; a second lot was never heard of, and it was not until 1873 that the statue was finally erected on its present location.

The statue of General Robert E. Lee, in Lee circle, at the intersection of St. Charles avenue and Delord street, was unveiled during the carnival of 1883, in the presence of an immense multitude, and while a severe rain and wind storm was raging. The statue stands on a pillar, which rises in the center of a large mound. The pillar, which is 100 feet high, is hollow, and a stairway in the center gives access to a small chamber at the top immediately under the statue, from which a view of the city can be obtained. The statue is a colossal of bronze representing Lee with folded arms surveying the scene of battle.

The Jackson monument, in Jackson square, is the first equestrian statue ever produced representing the horse in the act of rearing. This peculiar attitude was the invention of Clark Mills, who designed the statue, and is rendered possible by making the fore part of the animal hollow, while the remainder is solid.

The monument was erected in 1851, the money for this purpose being raised by popular subscription, the largest contribution coming from Madame Pontalba, who owned the rows of buildings opposite, and who placed the square, the old Place d'Armes, in which the statue stands, in its present condition. At the cemeteries are a number of statues memorial of the war, which have been described in a previous chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—FLOODS AND OVERFLOWS.

THE DANGER FROM CREVASSES—HIGH WATER FROM THE LAKE—THE INUNDATION OF 1884 IN THE WESTERN SUBURBS OF THE CITY.

The topographical features of New Orleans are peculiar to lower Louisiana. The land is highest on the immediate bank of the rivers and bayous, and consequently the rain-water flows from the river to the swamp, as the low back-lands are styled before they are cleared and drained.

New Orleans was laid out and settled in 1718. The plan showed a front of eleven blocks (from Custom House to Barrack streets) on the Mississippi River, by a depth of only five blocks from the river to Burgundy street.

Small ditches led the rain-fall into the swamp. The swamp drained slowly into Lake Pontchartrain, by the Bayou St. John and some smaller bayous.

This rough natural drainage existed many years without change (except a few private canals), until Louisiana was purchased by the United States in 1803. New Orleans began to increase, as appears by the petition of the City Council on the 20th July, 1805, to the Governor, asking to have the fortifications demolished and the ditches filled up.

Up to the 19th March, 1835, the street gutters were gradually extended into the swamp, and a few draining canals had been made, viz.: The Melpomène, from St. Charles to Willow streets, the Canal Gravier, on Poydras from Baronne street to a branch of Bayou St. John, Canal street from Claiborne street to a branch of Bayou St. John, and Orleans street from Claiborne street to Bayou St. John; St. Bernard from St. Claude street to Bayou St. John, and the old Marigny canal from Elysian Fields street, via Marigny avenue, to the Bayou St. John; in Claiborne, from Canal Carondelet to Ursulines street.

A draining machine was built by the city at Bayou St. John, at the junction of the draining canal on Orleans street, about 1830.

The upper suburbs drained into New Orleans canal, which had cut off the drainage of Bayou St. John.

By an act of the Legislature, approved 19th March, 1835, a draining company was organized to "drain, fill up, and improve the territory from the river to Lake Pontchartrain, between Harmony street above, and the Fishermen's canal, below the city;" and went to work as required, by cutting down the forest between the city and the Metairie Ridge, and digging several draining canals, viz.: Claiborne, Galvez, Broad, Hagan, Carrollton.

By an act of the Legislature of 20th March, 1839, a special district for drainage was formed between Claiborne street, Carondelet Canal, Metairie (2) Ridge, Bayou (1) St. John, and N. O. Canal.

By Act 18th March, 1858, three draining districts were created, each with a separate administration, viz.:

FIRST DISTRICT—All lands within the river, Julia street, N. O. Canal, Lake Pontchartrain, Bayou St. John, Carondelet Canal, and St. Peter street.

SECOND DISTRICT—All lands within the river, Julia street, N. O. Canal, the Lake, Jefferson & Lake Pontchartrain Railroad, to the river-bank.

THIRD DISTRICT—All lands within the river, St. Peter street, Carondelet Canal, Bayou St. John, the Lake, Lafayette avenue, to the river-bank.

FOURTH DISTRICT—River, Florida avenue, Lafayette avenue, and Fishermen's Canal.

Under these different acts, the whole of the territory, from the upper line of Carrollton to Lafayette avenue, has received more or less improvements in its drainage.

In 1871 further improvements were made and seven draining machines constructed, with a capacity of 3,000,000 gallons per hour for each wheel, at a lift of seven feet.

In the year 1804, when the city extended only from about Canal street to Esplanade and from the river to about Burgundy street, there were no sidewalks or gutters, but only ordinary ditches the city was irrigated by means of wooden pipes laid through the levee at the head of each and every street perpendicular to the river, and which flushed the ditches only during high water, say for about four months, from April to the beginning of August.

Later, the city being more densely populated, the necessity of a larger supply of water was felt; wooden curbs and gutters having been laid, the City Council, in 1813, contracted with a French civil engineer named Latrobe, to construct and erect a "pompe à feu" (steam pump) at the corner of Old Levee (now Decatur) and Ursulines streets, and to lay the necessary pipes (wooden) on said Decatur, from Esplanade to Canal streets. The site of the "pompe à feu" is where the fish market now stands. The "pompe à feu" within a few months, was completed and set to work. The wooden pipe being found of insufficient size and capacity was, in 1815, taken up, and a twelve-inch cast-iron pipe substituted. This pipe is still in existence, but, no doubt, in very bad condition. The "pompe à feu" was in constant daily use from the time of its erection to about 1840 or 1841, when it was abolished for the erection of the fish market.

In 1844 the necessity of flushing the gutters as an important factor in the sanitation of the city being more and more keenly felt, the council of the first municipality, through its surveyor, had a steam pump erected on the site of the present fruit market, using the old twelve-inch iron pipe, which had been laid years before. Said pipe, from its insufficient strength, bursting in innumerable places, the steam-pump was abandoned and the fruit market erected on its site.

Again, in 1858, the indispensable necessity of flushing the gutters asserting itself, many reports made by the city surveyor on this all-important question brought the council to the decision of having the proper pipes laid and the necessary building and steam-pumps erected. The work was immediately begun, and contracts were entered into for furnishing the necessary outfit, etc. A thirty-inch pipe was laid on Delta, from Canal to Claiborne streets, an iron building to contain the steam-pumps erected at the head of Canal street, and the contract for furnishing and erecting the pumps entered into with a St. Louis firm. The war broke out at that time, and the project was, perforce, abandoned.

But despite these canals, draining machines, levees, etc., New Orleans is often the victim of overflow. It can be flooded in three ways:

By a heavy rainfall, peculiar to tropical countries, and which is too great for the gutters and canals to carry off; by Lake Pontchartrain, when the level of the lake is raised by contrary winds, its waters flooding the rear of the city, and by the Mississippi river, from crevasses or breaks in the levees.

In 1718, the year after the selection of the site of the city of New Orleans, there was an extraordinary rise of the Mississippi, which greatly discouraged the new settlers. A great flood occurred in 1735, which inundated the city. The flood of 1735 was continuons for an unusual length of time, from late in December to late in June, and the succeeding low water was remarkably low. The records of the flood years from 1735 to 1770 are wanting, but in the latter year a great flood occurred, with its usual inundations. In 1782 there was a flood which it was said exceeded any remembered by the oldest inhabitants. Great floods occurred in 1785, 1796 and 1799, and during each of these years New Orleans was inundated.

The noted overflow of 1816 commenced on the sixth of May and subsided in twenty-five days. The suburbs and rear portions of the city were submerged from three to five feet. One could travel in a skiff from the corner of Chartres and Canal streets to Dauphine, down Dauphine to Bienville, down Bienville to Burgundy, thus to St. Louis street, and from St. Louis to Rampart and throughout the rear suburbs. No increase of disease was referred to that overflow.

In 1831, the waters of an inundation reached the line of Dauphine street, the fifth from the

river front, the result of a violent storm in Lake Pontchartrain. A similar event occurred in 1837. In 1844, a storm backed the lake waters up to Burgundy street, sixth from the river front, and the same disaster happened again in 1846. The overflow of 1849, following the Sauvé crevasse, of the third of May, has been regarded as the most serious overflow with which New Orleans has ever suffered.

The water reached its highest stage on the thirtieth of May. The line of the flood ran along Bacchus (Baronne) street, sometimes reached to Carondelet, from the upper limits of Lafayette to Canal street, covered that street, between Carondelet and St. Charles street, and thence to the Old Basin. About 220 inhabited squares were flooded, more than 2,000 tenements surrounded by water etc., a population of 12,000 souls either driven from their homes, or leading a life of privations and suffering.

During the high water of 1884, Algiers, Gretna, and all the western suburbs of New Orleans were badly flooded from the Davis' crevasse, which occurred some miles above the city in St. Charles. A visit to the overflowed portion of town revealed a scene of great devastation.

As far as the eye could penetrate there extended one vast sheet of water, swallowing up all the small farms upon which New Orleans largely depended for its supply of vegetables. Acres of corn-fields were ruined; the houses were tipping from side to side; an occasional face looked out at a broken window as if beseeching bread and meat; on every hand were marks of suffering and sorrow. One deserted house toppling about in the slow sweeping current had left, as the last vestige of its former habitation, a flower-pot holding a geranium plant upon the pig-pen which still bobbed about in the back yard.

A small stern-wheel craft was for several weeks used as a hearse, and was seen moored against a tall board fence.

The graveyard was entirely submerged, except a few rows of the top vaults. Potter's Field was invisible. The colored graveyards, St. John and St. Mary, were both under water.

On the race-track in the rear of Gretna the water was about six feet deep, and the old Brooklyn stock-yard was completely submerged. Two solitary trees and a lonely grave gone adrift, still surrounded by its palings, were all that indicated that terra firma existed in the locality.

On the line of the Morgan road was found an old house and saw-mill, crowded with negroes. In one room there were a woman and six children; in another a mother with a family of four; altogether there were twenty human beings in the one old rookery. They were completely surrounded by water, and without means to procure provisions. They had been living on crawfish for two days. Their little patches of garden "sass" and vegetable truck had disappeared forever.

In the rear of Algiers it was the same story, gardens flooded and houses ruined or washed away altogether from the foundations.

At the graveyards, where seven-foot pickets formed a fence, but about seven inches appeared above the water.

St. Joseph's Catholic Cemetery was all submerged, and coffins were seen floating away in various directions.

In many houses people were living and cooking in the garrets such food as they could procure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—BRICK AND MORTAR.

SOME OF THE MORE IMPORTANT PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE CITY—THE COTTON AND SUGAR EXCHANGES—THE MARBLE ROOM OF THE CUSTOMHOUSE—A VIEW FROM THE SHOT TOWER.

THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

The Cotton Exchange, at the corner of Carondelet and Gravier streets, is considered by many the handsomest and most graceful building in the city. The building is of the ornate Italian style of architecture, elaborately carved and ornamented.

The Exchange Room proper is situated on the ground floor of the building, and extends from Carondelet street back to Varieties alley, a distance of 100 feet, with a width of 50 feet. There is, perhaps, no room on this side the Atlantic on the embellishment of which so much time and pains have been expended.

On first entering, the visitor is surprised at the wealth of decoration, and the eye is for the moment dazed with elaborate design and prodigality of fresco. The interior is of the Renaissance style throughout, and is one of the most gorgeous illustrations of Lienard's school.

Entering from Carondelet street, the ceiling is ornamented with three medallions in gold. In the rear of these, and bordering the four beautiful oil paintings, are medallions of most delicate tracery. The colors are of the rarest shades, from vermilion to pale lilac, and the figures wrought in these panels are exquisite.

Surrounding a beautiful centre-piece, gold, crimson and lilac, are four paintings, representing De Soto's first view of the Mississippi, a view of the jetties at South Pass, with steamers passing up, La Salle taking possession of Louisiana, and a cotton field with the cotton ready for picking.

To describe the ornamentation of the walls would be difficult. Panels with griffins' heads and ornate borders; rich friezes and rosettes with gold predominating; fruit and flowers, wreaths and festoons, everywhere meet the dazzled eye.

Supporting the ceiling four double columns, resting on pedestals, rise in beautiful symmetry in the perfection of the Renaissance style. The lower third of the columns is adorned with rosettes of a rich pattern, and give to these shafts an Indian type, although the style is French.

Near the entrance on Varieties alley is, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of art in the building. It is a young Triton blowing a conch shell, and stands in the centre of the fountain's bowl. The figure is of a bronze color, and the attitude is full of life.

Around the walls there are set in large slabs of slate, on which the quotations of the market and movements of cotton will be noted. These slabs are of unusual size, and were quarried for the Exchange.

As a recess from the large Exchange room, is the space devoted to the officers of the institution. Here all that taste could suggest has been done to make it *par excellence* the model business office of the city. An artistic rail and screen separates it from the main room, and the work is handsomely finished in oil.

The building is four stories high, and an elevator near the rear entrance transports passengers to the upper story, from which a stairway of easy ascent leads to the roof. This is inclosed by a handsome iron railing, so that parties can walk around with perfect safety. From this lofty altitude a view of the city and its surroundings can be had, scarcely to be obtained from any accessible building in the city. In clear weather Lake Pontchartrain can be distinctly seen, and the windings of the Mississippi for miles, both above and below the city. On this roof are hung the large bells, which strike both quarters and hours.

THE SUGAR EXCHANGE.

The Sugar Exchange Hall proper is of magnificent proportions, being 60x110 feet and 54 feet high from floor to skylight. It is lit on three sides by plate-glass windows, 13x24 feet, and a skylight 23 feet square. The wing building is 130x33 feet, and is two stories high. On the first floor there is a public vestibule, telegraph offices, offices of the Exchange, stair-hall, lavatory and water-closets, and a board room. On the second floor a library, 12x19, reading-room and museum, 77x20, lavatory, etc., and two committee rooms. The ventilation is through the cornice of the skylight, and the acoustics perfect. The entrances to the hall are covered by porches, and a Schillinger pavement has been laid on three sides, and on the yard in the rear as well.

Great taste has been employed by the architect in both the exterior and interior finish. Free-hand ornamentation has been judiciously applied wherever practicable. Between the Exchange and the sugar sheds was formerly a triangular islet of city property used as a general dumping ground for worn-out machinery, lumber and trash. This islet the Council set aside for a public park, and appointed its commissioners from the members of the Sugar Exchange. On it trees and shrubs have been planted, the surface sodded and walks laid out, and the whole surrounded by a high dressed curb, with a Schillinger banquette at the Bienville street side, the base of the triangle.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Thirty years ago, the First Municipality of New Orleans offered the United States its choice of several squares, to be conveyed in fee simple, provided a Custom-house, worthy of the growing commerce of the city, would be erected on the ground chosen. The United States accepting the proposition, the Secretary of the Treasury selected the "Custom-house Square" as the most eligible of those offered, and in a short time thereafter the plans of A. T. Wood were adopted, November 22d, 1847, and the work commenced October 23d, 1848. The work was carried on with greater or less expedition, according to the means at disposal, till the war, when, for a time, it was entirely suspended. After the war, work was begun again, and is still going on. In the centre of the Custom-house is *the finest business room in the world*. The size of the entire room is 125 x 95 feet; the height—from floor to glass dome or ceiling—fifty-four feet. Fourteen lofty columns are placed so as to give the central part of the room, a space of 45 x 65 feet, for the use of the general public, and outside of that for the accommodation of the officers and clerks. The columns are of the Corinthian order with Attic bases; the lower portion of the shafts plain and polished; the capitals varied to allow designs indicative of the purposes of the room. At the top of each capital is a basso-relievo of Juno, and another of Mercury, and designs of cotton and tobacco plants. These are so arranged that each faces its opposite on every column, and by looking at four capitals from any position, all the designs can be comprehended at a glance. The floor is laid out, in pattern, of black and white marble, in tiles, each two feet square, with borders in black marble from column to column. Sixteen light holes are cut in the floor, four feet six inches in diameter, floored with glass one inch thick, cast on a hammered surface to break the rays of light, and ground to a smooth surface, presenting the appearance of green marble. Each plate is the centre of a star, handsomely inlaid with black marble. The room is heated by steam, the steam coils being suspended in the floor from the arches, and shielded by hexagon pedestals with marble tops. In this hall is to be seen a marble figure in basso-relievo of Bienville, the only monument of its founder, the city possesses; one of Jackson and of some others connected with the history of New Orleans.

THE LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB BUILDING.

The Louisiana Jockey Club was chartered May 15, 1871, for the purpose of establishing a racecourse for the advancement of racing and improving the breed of horses, and the erection or the purchase and equipment of a club house for the social enjoyment of the members. The stock of the Association was fixed at \$100,000 in 1,000 shares. By agreement with the Fair Grounds

Association, the Club was given the exclusive use of the racecourse, for four weeks before and during each Spring and Fall meeting, for the period of twenty years, upon condition of erecting upon the grounds a Public Stand of the value of \$20,000, which is to revert to the Association at the end of the period of the lease, without incumbrance.

The Club bought the property adjoining the Fair grounds, which was once the residence of Mr. Luling, for \$60,000. It has a front of 500 feet on Esplanade street, by 2,500 deep, with an area of nearly 30 acres, situated on the Metairie Ridge and exempt from overflow. The grounds are well arranged and thickly set with choice shrubbery. The family mansion has been converted into a club house. It is a substantial and handsome three-story brick edifice, with a gallery extending entirely around it at each story. The lofty, wide and airy rooms are employed for reception and dining rooms, parlors, library, reading and billiard rooms, restaurants, etc., all very handsomely and liberally furnished, most of the oaken furniture being elaborately carved by hand. The other buildings on the premises are in keeping with the main house, consisting of bowling alley, pavillion, kitchen, and ten costly stables, with ample room for a hundred horses.

The flower garden contains an extensive collection of indigenous and exotic plants and flowers comprising all the rarer varieties to be found in the temperate zone or within the tropics. The adjoining Park has a great number of forest trees of every kind, and orchards of orange, peach and apple trees, and grapevines, all bearing plentifully in their proper seasons. In the centre of the Park is a lake of pure fresh water surrounding a small island. Here the Club gives during the summer and fall, its famous promenade concerts where are collected each night several thousand of the leading people in New Orleans.

THE SHOT TOWER.

The highest building in New Orleans is the Shot Tower, situated on the corner of St. Joseph and Foucher streets. A visit to its summit will give one the best idea of New Orleans topography, and decidedly the best view obtainable of the city.

A wonderful readjuster of one's topography is this shot tower. Old canals known from childhood, when looked down upon from above, insist upon running in tangents to their supposed course. Streets curl up and decline in almost semicircles that were hitherto regarded as the most strict and straight-laced thoroughfares, and the river itself, weary with its long run from the Rockies down to our cane fields, staggers about in loops and curves like those of an unrolled ribbon on a careless milliner's counter.

An elevator capable of carrying three or even four persons, jogs along heavenward, without perceptible vibration, and the higher one goes the more comforting the thought that if the steel rope breaks the fall will not be more than three-quarters of an inch.

Speaking of this elevator recalls the remark made by the gentleman in charge of the works relative to the behavior of those who take the trip. He said that ladies show, by far, the most nerve in going up. There is no danger, of course, but some of the sterner sex feel that there is, and get up a shaky feeling on the subject, while the ladies get on the elevator and ascend without apparent concern. One able-bodied, blustering fellow said his life was too valuable to trust it to a little steel rope like that.

Several gentlemen have weakened after going up a floor or two, while the ladies "enlist for the war" and go through it bravely.

At an easy pace one passes up through the floor of the polishing and sacking room, up by the caldrons for the larger shot, which require but a short distance to fall, on up through a long vacant space until, at last, the topmost room is reached, 214 feet from the starting point. In the brisk southeast wind one fancies he feels a little vibration to the tower, but this fancy soon passes away, and the immediate surroundings are forgotten in the broad level landscape that stretches away to the deep green rim of the cypress-fringed horizon.

The Crescent City lies at our feet, but no more a city of the crescent. It stretches out

rather "with a duplicate horn," and in the winding sweep of the river has a double crescent, one with the concave and the other with the convex side toward this shore—a long irregular letter S with the top at Carrollton and the last curling at the Slaughter-House. The Mississippi, diminished by the elevation, looks reduced to one-quarter its size, while the New Canal, running lakewards, modestly contracts into a good-sized ditch. Streets become narrow alleys, and broad avenues, like Canal, Claiborne, Rampart, and Esplanade, sink into long lines of green—mere borders of box growing between slated house-tops.

The Oriental eye would find no pleasure in looking down upon our roofs. Instead of the tropical level terraces, the flat tiling and afternoon resorts, there stretches away in broken surfaces as irregular as the lava beds one monotone of slate. Stiff and inartistic chimneys crop out like bits of basalt all over the picture, and leveeward tall smoke-stacks of sugar refineries and factories cover the Second district with a sombre veil of coal black. Lee Statue and its circle is a pretty little picture, the mound and walks shining out, delicate arabesque engraving on the emerald of the grass.

Annunciation and Prytania streets lead directly away from the observer, and one can watch the lazy street cars, white-backed little beetles, struggling along the two metal webs of track out into the distance.

The Custom-House is a parallelogram of gray; the Hotel Royal a deeper strip, from which the dome, balloon-like, seems to be rising.

One of the most noticeable features of the city landscape is the prevalence everywhere of foliage. In preambulating the streets of New Orleans one sees quite a number of trees, it is true, but then there appear long stretches where not a leaf is seen from the sidewalks. Not so, however, when aloft. There every backyard gives its contribution, and trees unseen from the street stand out in soft relief. There is green everywhere, and not a section of the city but what has its quota of waving branches. From Carrollton away off to the westward, up in a bend of the river, down to the Second district, and thence to the Barracks, every square seems to possess a *sylva* of its own, all adding much to the restfulness of the picture.

Knowing that one goes lakewards by way of Canal street, the eye naturally seeks a view of Lake Pontchartrain by following out that avenue. In vain are the dark cypresses in that direction scanned for a glint of the water. Miles of tree tops meet the eye, but no lake. The mind is puzzled until a glance is taken in the direction straight down Magazine street, following this line up to the horizon. Then the broad surface of the lake opens upon the vision. One forgets that it lies directly north of the city in taking the cars, and its discovery away over to the northward is a surprise. Looking over the Hotel Royal, the shores and the far distant Point aux-Herbes are seen jutting out. Milneburg and Spanish Fort can be barely distinguished through the noisome smoke of the factories that are making a Pittsburg of the Second district.

A step upon the elevator, a pull on a rope, a sinking as it were into the earth, and a rising upwards of the tower, and soon the earth comes up to meet us, and we are once more upon solid ground. Sublunary things seem to have gone on about as usual since we left *terra firma*, and one gets a severe shock to his egotism to see how well the world got along without him for the past hour.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, SQUARES AND MARKETS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—St. Charles, opposite Perdido.

ANNUNCIATION SQUARE—Annunciation, between Race and Orange.

BIBLE HOUSE BUILDING—163 Camp.

BROWN'S HALL—130 Melpomene.

CARROLL HALL—Elysian Fields, corner of Dauphine.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE—120 Common.

CITY HALL—St. Charles, opposite Lafayette Square.

CITY PARK—Metairie road, between Canal and Bayou St. John.

- CITY WORKHOUSE—Perilliat, opposite Locust.
CLAIBORNE HALL—Adams, between Hampson and Second, 7th District.
CLAIBORNE MARKET—Claiborne, between Common and Gasquet.
CLAY SQUARE—Between Chippewa and Annunciation, Second and Third.
COLISEUM HALL—51 Bienville.
COLISEUM PLACE—Camp, between Melpomene and Felicity.
CONGO SQUARE—North Rampart, between St. Peter and St. Ann.
COURT HOUSE—Chartres, between St. Peter and St. Ann.
CRESCENT HALL—Canal, s. corner of St. Charles.
CUSTOM HOUSE—Canal, between Decatur and Peters.
DES FRANCS AMIS HALL—N. Robertson, between St. Anthony and Bourbon.
DOUGLAS SQUARE—Between Howard and Freret, Third and Washington avenue.
DRYADES MARKET—Dryades, spanning Melpomene.
EAGLE HALL—Prytania, corner of Felicity.
ECONOMY HALL—218 Ursulines.
FAIR GROUNDS—Gentilly road, east of Esplanade street.
FILLMORE SQUARE—Between Howard and Freret, Third and Fifth.
FRANKLIN TEMPERANCE HALL—N. Rampart, corner of Spain.
FRENCH MARKET—N. Peters and Decatur, from St. Ann to Ursulines.
GERMANIA MASONIC HALL—316 St. Louis.
GRUNEWALD HALL—Baronne, between Canal and Common.
HEPTASOPH HALL—Corner of Bienville and Exchange alley.
HERMITAGE HALL—Tchoupitoulas, near Jackson.
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION HALL—194 St. Anthony.
JACKSON SQUARE—Between Decatur and Chartres, St. Peter and St. Ann.
JEFFERSON CITY MARKET—N. Magazine, between Napoleon avenue and Berlin.
LAFAYETTE SQUARE—Between Camp and St. Charles, North and South.
LAWRENCE SQUARE—Between Magazine and Camp, Napoleon avenue and Berlin.
LUSITANIAN PORTUGUESE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S HALL—203 Bayou road.
LUTHERAN HALL—S. Gravier, between Howard and Freret.
MAGAZINE MARKET—Between Camp and Magazine, St. Andrew and St. Mary.
MASONIC HALL—St. Charles, opposite Commercial place.
MASONIC TEMPLE—St. Peter, corner of St. Claude.
MCCARTHY SQUARE—Between Burgundy and N. Rampart, Pauline and Jeanne.
MINERVA HALL—138 Clio.
NEW OPERA HOUSE—Bourbon, corner of Toulouse.
NINTH STREET MARKET—Magazine, between Ninth and Harmony.
ODD FELLOWS' HALL—Camp, between Lafayette and Poydras.
PARISH PRISON—Orleans, between N. Liberty and Marais.
PERFECT UNION HALL—N. Rampart, between Dumaine and St. Philip.
PERSEVERANCE MASONIC HALL—Dumaine, corner of St. Claude.
PHILHARMONIA HALL—Patterson, between Olivier and Verret, 5th dist. (Algiers).
PILIE MARKET—Poydras, between S. Rampart and S. Basin.
PONTALBA BUILDINGS—St. Peter and St. Ann, between Decatur and Chartres.
POLAR STAR HALL—N. Rampart, corner of Kerlerec.
PORT MARKET—N. Peters, between Marigny and Elysian Fields.
POYDRAS MARKET—Poydras, between Baronne and S. Rampart.
SECOND STREET MARKET—Second, corner of Dryades.
SORAPARU MARKET—Soraparu, between Tchoupitoulas and Rosseau.
ST. ANTHONY PLACE—Royal, between St. Ann and St. Peter.
ST. BERNARD MARKET—St. Bernard avenue, corner of N. Claiborne.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE—St. Charles, between Commercial place and Poydras.
 ST. MARY'S HALL—Short, corner of Hampson, 7th dist. (Carrollton).
 ST. STEPHEN'S HALL—Napoleon avenue, corner of Chestnut.
 STONEWALL JACKSON HALL—27 Elysian Fields.
 TEMPERANCE HALL—67 Josephine, 4th dist.
 TEUTONIA HALL—23 Exchange alley.
 TREME MARKET—Orleans, between Marais and N. Robertson.
 UNION HALL—5 Commercial place, corner of Camp.
 UNITED STATES BARRACKS—South of city limits.
 UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT AND SUB-TREASURY—Esplanade, corner of N. Peters.
 UNITED STATES CUSTOM-HOUSE—Canal, between Decatur and N. Peters.
 UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS—Common, between Baronne and Dryades.
 WASHINGTON MARKET—Chartres, corner of Louisa.
 WASHINGTON SQUARE—Between Royal and Dauphine, Frenchmen and Elysian Fields.

MAYORS OF NEW ORLEANS.

The following is a list of the Mayors of New Orleans who have occupied the office since the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States in the year 1803. Previously the office corresponding to that of mayor was held under appointment by the French government, and it was by the first Legislature that met in 1804, that the office of mayor was created.

Pitot, James,....	Mayor from 10th of June, 1804 to 1806.
Watkins, John.....	from 1806 to 1807.
Mather, Jos.....	" 1807 to 1812.
Girod, N.,.....	" 1812 to 1815.
McCarthy, Aug.,.....	" 1815 to 1820.
Rouffignac, J.,.....	" 1820 to 1828.
Prieur, Denis,.....	" 1828 to 1838.
Genois, C.,.....	" 1838 to 1840.
Freret, Wm ,.....	" 1840 to 1844.
Montegut, E.,.....	" 1844 to 1846.
Crossman, A. D.,.....	" 1846 to 1854.
Lewis, John L ,.....	" 1854 to 1856.
Waterman, Chas. M.,.....	" 1856 to 1858.
Stith, Gerard,.....	" 1858 to 1860.
Monroe, John T.,.....	" 1860 to 1862.
Shepley, G. F., (acting military), May,	1862.
Weitzel, G., " " July,	1862.
French, Jonas H., " " August,	1862.
Deming, H. C., " " Sept'ber,	1862.
Miller, Jas. F., " " Nov'ber,	1862.
Hoyt, Stephen, " " July,	1864.
Quincy, S. M., " " May,	1865.
Kennedy, H.,.....	from 1865 to 1866.
Monroe. J. T.,.....	" 1866 to 1866.
Heath, E., military appointee,....	1866.
Conway, J. R.,.....	" 1866 to 1868.
Flanders, B. F.,.....	" 1868 to 1872.
Wiltz, L. A.,.....	" 1872 to 1874.
Leeds, C. J.,.....	" 1874 to 1876.

Patton, Isaac.....	from 1876 to 1878.
-----	“ 1878 to 1880.
Shakspeare, Jos.,.....	“ 1880 to 1882.
Behan, W. J.,.....	“ 1882 to 1884.
Guilotte, J. V.,.....	“ 1884.

FOREIGN CONSULS AND CONSULAR AGENTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

- ARGENTINE REPUBLIC—Wallace Ogden, consul, 179 Common.
 AUSTRIA-HUNGARY—Baron Meysenbug, consul, 71 Carondelet.
 BOLIVIA—Joseph P. Macheca, consul, 7 S. Front.
 BRAZIL—Allain Eustis, vice-consul, 53 N. Rampart.
 COSTA RICA—J. A. Quintero, consul, 63 Camp.
 DENMARK—H. F. Klumpp, consul, 42 Union, 1st dist.
 FRANCE—Paul d'Abzac, consul, 93 Royal.
 GERMAN EMPIRE—John Kruttschnitt, consul, 63 Carondelet.
 GREAT BRITAIN—A. de G. de Fonblanque, consul, 13 Carondelet.
 GREECE—N. M. Benachi, consul, 44 Perdido.
 GUATEMALA—E. Martinez, consul, 256 Customhouse.
 HONDURAS—L. M. Avendano, consul, 155 Common.
 ITALY—A. Greppi, consul, 69 Bourbon.
 MEXICO—J. Francisco de Zamacona, consul, room 1, 28 Natchez.
 NETHERLANDS—Adolph Schreiber, consul, 31 Perdido.
 NORWAY AND SWEDEN—George Gerdes, vice-cónsul, 173 Common.
 RUSSIA—J. F. Schroder, consul, 62 Baronne.
 SPAIN—Jose Sanchez-Bazan, consul.
 SWITZERLAND—X. Weissenbach, consul, 169 Gravier.
 UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA—Em. Martinez, consul, 256 Customhouse.
 VENEZUELA—Em. Martinez, consul, 256 Customhouse.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—ALGIERS—THE DOCKYARDS.

HOW THE NAME AROSE—FROM A SUGAR PLANTATION TO A CITY—THE DUVERJE MANSION AND McDONOGH'S TOMB—THE ALGIERS DOCKYARDS AND THEIR HISTORY.

The little town over the river, formerly known as Algiers, now incorporated as a part of the city of New Orleans under the title of the Fifth district, has a history, and an interesting one.

Many are the queries as to when, why and by whom the peculiar name came to be given to the little burg. All sorts of answers and explanations have been offered, some even asserting that Lafitte and his pirate followers, having, in the very teeth of the authorities, made the town an occasional rendezvous, it was likened to the whilom resort of pirates and corsairs on the African coast of the Mediterranean, and, accordingly, dubbed Algiers. However plausible this story may appear, no authenticity is attached to it, but it has been definitely settled that the baptism was as novel as the name.

It appears that somewhat over fifty years ago there was in the employ of a worthy and venerable townsman, Captain Peter Marcy, at that time largely interested in shipyards and docks, a young carpenter known to every one simply by his Christian name of Philip. Originally from New York, he was usually a light-hearted, jolly, good-natured fellow, fonder of his cups than of his tools. Philip would occasionally take "a drop too much," get on "a tear," and have a good time generally. While on one of these occasional spees, after returning from the city one evening in a very alcoholic, irascible, combative mood, he began by inveighing against the village and its people, and wound up by applying the epithet of Algerines to the latter, intimating that they were no better than the piratical inhabitants of the African Algiers.

From that day to this the appellation has clung with the tenacity of Algiers mud, and the place has been popularly known by its outlandish name. Not even the recent incorporation and legal change of name was sufficiently effective to obliterate the old name, and it will probably be called Algiers for generations to come. Poor Philip was one of the many victims of the first of the two terribly destructive cholera epidemics of 1832, said to have been brought down from up the river on the steamboat "Constitution." He died unmourned and unsung, but lives in history as the Father of Algiers!

The corporate limits of Algiers, as the Fifth district of New Orleans, extend lengthwise from McDonoghville, now Gouldsboro, at the upper line of Orleans parish, right bank, inclusive of half of the village, down to the lower limit of the parish, including the suburb of Tunisburg, or Leesburg, a distance of about twelve miles, and from the river back to the swamp, a distance of about three miles. The population is computed to be about 10,000 inhabitants.

The site of Algiers was originally that of the Duverje sugar plantation, and in the infantile years of the settlement it was known as Bourg Duverje or Duverjeville. The plantation extended from the point at which Verret street is now located to the present site of McDonoghville, a distance of 14 arpents front on the river. The first titles show that this tract of land was originally granted to one Louis Borepo, on February 3, 1770, by the Spanish government, under the regime of the celebrated Celtic Spaniard, Don Alexander O'Reilly. On December 12 of the same year Borepo sold the entire grant to one Jacques Rixner, who, on October 31, 1777, again sold it to one P. Burgaud. The latter left it by will, dated February 6, 1786, to one Martial Lebeuf. On August 9, 1805, the plantation was purchased from Lebeuf for \$18,000 by Barthelemi Duverje, the grandfather of the brothers Numa and Charles Olivier, who are the present heads of the family. On the 14th of the same month in which the final purchase was made, Duverje

sold the upper four arpents front, adjoining the site of McDonoghville, to one Toussaint Mossy.

The land comprised between what is now Verret and Vallette streets was the property of a Mme. Gosselin, who, about the year 1834, sold the upper half, extending from Verret to Olivier streets, to Mr. J. B. Olivier, son-in-law of Mr. Duverje and father of Messrs. Numa and Charles. The lower half, from Olivia to Gosselin (now Vallette) street, was purchased from Mme. Gosselin, in the same year, by a company of capitalists. Through courtesy to Mr. François Vallette, one of these capitalists, the name of Gosselin street was changed to that of Vallette.

All of the section from Vallette street down to the Algiers slaughter-house was then a sugar plantation, owned by the widow of Barthelemi Duverje and M. Furey Verret. Upon the death of Mme. Duverje the property was divided, Mr. Verret taking the central portion and the heirs receiving the upper and lower ends. The heirs afterward sold a small section of the upper portion, including the site of the present Vallette dry-dock yard, to Messrs. François Vallette and Mark Thomas, and, a short while after, an adjoining section, about 400 feet front, extending back about a mile, to the Belleville Iron Works Company, J. P. Whitney, president, for \$25,000, one-half in company's stock. The name of Belleville was given to the suburb. Of the portion of the plantation owned by Mr. Verret the space from the lower line of the Belleville Iron Works property to where the Morgan Railroad depot now stands was sold by him for \$80,000 to the company of capitalists above mentioned, who erected warehouses along the entire river front, principally for the storage of salt. This suburb was called Brooklyn, and the warehouses known as the Brooklyn warehouses, one of which is still standing, in comparatively good preservation, immediately above the Morgan ferry landing.

Next to the Brooklyn purchase, about 400 feet frontage of the land was purchased from Mr. Verret by the Opelousas Railroad Company, for \$25,000, one-half in shares of the company. Of the 400 feet remaining of the Verret portion, the entire river front, extending back to the public road, was sold by his heirs to the Morgan Company for \$20,000, upon which have since been erected the steamship wharves and cotton-press of the company.

The Verret Canal was sold for \$20,000 to the same company of capitalists who purchased the Gosselin and Brooklyn tracts. The canal, now dry and long disused, had been excavated by Mr. Verret for the purpose of draining the sugar plantation jointly owned by him and Mme. Duverje. It was connected with the Mississippi river by a flood gate in the levee long since closed.

Next to the Verret Canal was the portion, one arpent front, of Mrs. Franklin Wharton, *née* Duverje, who also sold it to the purchasers of the Verret Canal for \$20,000. Next was the residence and grounds, one arpent front, of Mme. Barthelemi Duverje, sold at the same time for \$8,000 to Mme. Mace, a well-known fashionable modiste of the olden time. Her richly furnished establishment was located at the corner of Chartres and Customhouse streets, and she was considered the Mme. Olympe of those days, the latter having been a graduate of Mme. Mace's establishment.

Right below the Verret estate was the property of Mr. J. B. Olivier, occupying three and two-thirds arpents frontage by a depth of 35 arpents. Fronting on the public road was Mr. Olivier's fine summer residence, his family spending the winters at his mansion on Esplanade street and the summers in Algiers. At the breaking out of the war the Algiers mansion was taken possession of by the Federal government and used as a contraband or negro hospital. The house had been completely furnished with all comforts and conveniences, and when the hospital was discontinued and the property returned to the owner, it was found that everything had been taken away and the grounds and out-houses completely ruined. Not even a fence was left and the woods in the rear of the estate had been burnt down. The land in the rear of the residence had been used as a burying ground, and when the remains were transferred to Chalmette after the war, it was found that 1,500 negro soldiers had been buried there.

The large, imposing brick building on Villaré, between Seguin and Barthelemy streets, a short distance from the Canal street ferry landing, and now used as the Court House and eighth

precinct police station, was built in 1812 by Mr. Barthelemi Duverje, the founder of Algiers, and occupied as a residence until his death in 1820. His widow, some years afterward removed to the residence below Verret's Canal, afterward sold to Mme. Mace. The mansion was built with the strength of a fortress, and will last for centuries. From Algiers, the entire distance down to Tunisburg is lined with beautiful residences, delightfully situated, amid orange and peach orchards, flowers and shrubbery.

Although the highest point along the river south of Baton Rouge—this is so of the land from the Planter's Oil Works to the Third District Levee—Algiers has been badly flooded at times, particularly by the Bell crevasse of 1856, and the Davis crevasse of 1884, which submerged the entire rear portion of town and compelled the building of a protection levee several squares back from the river to prevent the front portion being flooded.

Near the line of Jefferson parish is an historical building, whose site has rarely been visited even by New Orleans people.

We refer to the residence of the late John McDonogh, wherein millions of dollars were saved and accumulated by that eccentric, but strangely large-hearted old miser. He was a miser, but his will proved him to have been a man of wide philanthropic views, which he left to others to execute after his death.

The old McDonogh house was submerged by an inundation on the twenty-third of December, 1861. The cause of the crevasse was, that a few days previous, the house, used as a powder magazine by the Confederate troops, was shaken to its very foundations by an explosion, brought about in some mysterious way. The concussion shook the building terribly and weakened the levee in front of it.

In this antiquated building, on the 29th of December, 1838, was written that famous will of John McDonogh, the meaning of which all the lawyers and courts of Louisiana failed to understand. The will had to be sent to the "Cour de Cassation" at Paris to be interpreted. Coin-Delisle, Delangy Giraud, Morcade, and other famous French jurists, wrestled with that will, and finally made a report on it to the "Cour de Cassation." The funds were eventually divided between Baltimore and New Orleans, and the manner in which the interest on the money was administered can now be seen in the half-score of magnificent schoolhouses built with the McDonogh fund.

Within a half mile from the McDonogh mansion is the tomb of McDonogh. Therein his body lay for some time, until its removal to Baltimore. He died on the 29th of October, 1850, leaving the most valuable succession ever administered in the State of Louisiana. His tomb is inscribed all over with maxims, especially Franklin's maxims, which can still be deciphered. One of McDonogh's requests in his will was that every year children should come to scatter flowers and hang garlands over his grave. Has this simple provision been carried out by those who have handled his ducats? No; few know where McDonogh's tomb is, or that his remains have been carried to Baltimore. But his tomb is still there, in Algiers, and surely some one should see that annually the children, those for whom McDonogh has done so much, should scatter flowers and hang garlands over his grave.

One mile below Algiers is a sugar-house erected by the Spaniards in the time of O'Reilly. It is still there, on the Camus plantation, and its solidity, massiveness and durability can well be compared to the pyramids of Egypt.

About one mile below, on the Camus place, is the hamlet of Tunisburg, and there stands an old-fashioned mansion, surrounded by a grove of cedar trees, a mansion wherein Jefferson Davis lived for a time. He bought the place from his father-in-law, William B. Howell, Esq., then an officer in the Custom House, on the 3d of January, 1853. This property was seized by the United States authorities and sold under the Confiscation Act, by Cuthbert Bullitt, then United States marshal, in May, 1865. It was bought by Jos. Cazanbon for a nominal sum. The sale only annulled the life interest of Jefferson Davis in the property, but did not touch his heirs; therefore, when later, Cazanbon, for a consideration, obtained a title of "quit claim" from Jefferson Davis, he acted wisely and intelligently.

The ship-yards and dry-docks of Algiers have always constituted its chief industries, and at least three-fourths of the population depend upon them for their daily bread. The first ship-yard, with ways, was established, in 1819, by André Seguin, a native of Havre, France, on the bend of the river, nearly opposite the French Market, and at the head of the street since named after him. The ground was purchased from the heirs of Barthelemy Duverje, and was the first piece of property sold by them. The Seguin ship-yard was afterward operated by François Vallette as a ship and spar-yard. This was about the year 1837. After passing out of his hands it was occupied for a long time by James Bass as a saw-mill. At the close of the war Messrs. Vail & Follette operated the yard, and erected steam marine ways, the ruins of which still remain. The marine ways passed into the hands of Olsen & Lawson, and from them to Cothrell, Brady & McLellan. Since they have given up possession the site has been only occasionally used as a ship-yard.

Several attempts have been made to establish a navy-yard in Algiers. It is not generally known; but such is the actual fact that the site for a yard has long since been located and purchased by the United States Government. In 1856 a resolution was presented in Congress asking for an appropriation to establish a navy-yard and dry-docks in Algiers. The appropriation was granted and, in the same year, a tract of land, about half a mile below the present Morgan depot, with a front of two arpents and a depth of fifteen arpents, was purchased from Mr. Bienaimé Dupeire. But the ground has never been used for its original purpose, and it is now occupied by negroes, who, in consideration of a small rental, use it for the raising of vegetables for market.

Toward the end of the war seven or eight United States monitors were moored in front of this property and lay there until about six or seven years ago, when the guns, ammunition, etc., were taken to the Pensacola navy-yard, and the hulls and machinery sold at public auction. Among these hulls, those of the "Kickapoo," "Cherokee" and "Winnebago" were used by their purchasers as hulls for the steamboats "Henry Frank," "Charles P. Chouteau" and "Carondelet."

The first dry dock in Algiers was the Paducah dock, so called because it was built at Paducah, Ky., in 1837 or 1838, and brought to Algiers in the same year. It was owned by Messrs. Matthews, Gregory, Burns, Brown, Richardson and others, constituting the New Orleans Floating Dry-Dock Company, with a capital of \$200,000. The dock was very small, and intended for steamboats only.

Toward the latter part of 1839, Messrs. Bailey & Marcy constructed at Pearlinton, on Pearl river, Miss., the second dock brought to Algiers, and the first that could accomodate steamships as well as steamboats. The dock was towed to the mouth of the Mississippi, and up the river to Algiers. It was called the Suffolk dock, because the first ship taken in bore that name. It was considerably larger than the Paducah dock. The two docks were moored at the bend of the river, near Seguin's ship-yard. In 1850 Mr. Bailey sold out his interest to Capt. Salter, an old resident, the firm becoming Marcy & Salter. Capt. Salter had previously established a ship-yard near Seguin's and retired from business. Messrs. Hyde & Mackie, having bought out the interest of Capt. Marcy in 1852, the Suffolk dock was towed up to Gretna, where the business was carried on for awhile. Capt. Marcy had, in 1842, built and launched, on the batture at the point, the first dock ever constructed in Algiers. The Marcy dock was larger than either the Paducah or Suffolk dock, the yard having 600 feet front on Patterson street.

The tract of land called Belleville, where the Belleville Iron-Works were afterward located, was originally bought, in the early part of 1846, by the Louisiana Dry-Dock Company, to locate the first Louisiana dry-dock.

The Louisiana dock No. 1 was the largest constructed before the war, and was accidentally sunk in 1849. The wreck still lies close in to shore just below the present Vallette dry-dock yard. It was what was called a balance dock, after a New York patent. In 1848 and 1852 the company built the Louisiana docks Nos. 2 and 3, on the same patent. These were smaller than

the parent dock, and were sunk during the war on the approach of the Federal fleet in 1861, Louisiana No. 3 carrying down with her the frame of a 1,000-ton ship in course of construction.

The Crescent dry-dock, another large dock, built in 1855 for the Crescent Dry-Dock Company, was among those sunk during the war. It was at this dock, in the spring of 1861, that the merchant steamer "Havana," running between this port and the island of Cuba, was altered into the famous Confederate cruiser "Sumter," for the Southern naval hero, Admiral Raphael Semmes, who commanded her so bravely and brilliantly. About the same time Messrs. John Hughes & Co. altered the steamer Miramon into the Confederate gunboat "McRae." In the previous summer they had built the famous Confederate ram "Manassas," which successfully ran the blockade of the Federal vessels, several of them fleeing before the strange-looking cigar-shaped vessel, with all sail and a full head of steam far out into the Gulf.

The Gulf Line dock, a small one of 200 feet in length over all, was built in 1857, and managed by them for the Gulf Line Dock Company. The management afterward passed into the hands of Messrs. Follette, Vallette & Gerard. At Gretna, in the following year, Mr. John F. Follette, senior member of the firm, superintended the building of the largest dock ever constructed in Louisiana. It was built for a dock company in Havana, and was 300 feet long over all, 90 feet wide in the clear, 18 feet draught, 14 feet depth between working floor and the bottom, and cost \$450,000. The dock was taken to Havana, where it has been in continuous use ever since, and said to be in almost as sound condition as when built.

At the beginning of the war the Confederate government purchased the Gulf Line dock and another small dock called the Atlantic, to be converted into floating batteries. The Gulf Line was fitted up for the purpose by Mr. Octave Vallette, one of her former owners, and the Atlantic by her former owner, James Martin. Another dock in existence before the war was the Pelican, a large sectional dock; it was sunk at the commencement of the war.

The approach of the Federal fleet in the latter part of April, 1862, caused intense excitement among all classes of people throughout the city and suburbs. About the very first thing suggested by over-zealous patriots was the destruction of the dry docks of Algiers, so that the Federal fleet should be deprived of the advantages offered by them. The sequel, however, showed that this line of policy was suicidal in the extreme, superinducing widespread misery among the large numbers of poor people directly interested in the maintenance of the industry. At the time there were in operation four large docks, the Louisiana No. 3, the Crescent, the Pelican and the New Orleans. At about 9 o'clock on the night of April 23, 1862, the approach of the Federal fleet having been announced during the day, a committee of citizens composed of Messrs. James Martin, James T. Anderson and T. G. Mackie, owners and managers of dry docks; John Mahoney, the well-known yacht-builder—all residents of Algiers, and the secretary of the Confederate naval commander at this port, acting under orders of Gen. Lovell, commanding the department, notified the managers of the docks that they had been ordered to sink the docks at once. In spite of the vigorous protest of the managers of the Louisiana docks, and other parties, the committee, beginning with Louisiana dock No. 3, lying furthest down the river, sank them in succession as they proceeded up the stream. On the day after the arrival of the Federal fleet the managers of the Louisiana and Crescent docks made an effort to raise them, and the Crescent dock had very nearly been raised, when the managers were quietly informed that if they valued their lives they had better desist—and they did. Several attempts have been made to remove the wrecks, which still lie beneath the water along the shore alk's. An from below the Third district ferry landing to the vicinity of the Planter's Oil it had to be attempted was made to blow them up, but the concussions on shore were so great given up.

Toward the end of the war a dock, brought to Algiers from up river, was located in the vicinity of the Belleville Iron Works, now the Planters' Oil Works. It was called the Southern dock, and about 1867 was accidentally sunk. Immediately after the war Mr. William Kelke constructed the Star dock out of the hull of an old steam-boat, called the "Illinois," plying

between St. Louis and New Orleans. The Star was a small dock, intended only for small vessels, and was used for a long while as a pontoon at the head of Canal street.

Soon after the building of the Star dock, Mr. Thomas G. Mackie constructed what is known as the Ocean dry-dock, from a hull bought in the West. It was then located at the head of Barthelemi street, near the Second district ferry landing and above the present site of the Marine dry-dock, but has since been removed to a point immediately above the Third district ferry landing, between Olivier and Verret streets.

The next oldest dock is the Good Intent dry-dock, located one square above the Canal street ferry landing. It was built near Madisonville, on the Tchefunecta river, in 1865, by Julius Lang, one of the original incorporators of the Good Intent Dry-Dock Company, and completed in May, 1866. The dock is now owned and operated jointly by the Red River and Coast lines.

Next in chronological succession comes the largest dock on the right bank, the Vallette dry dock. In 1866 the Valette dry-dock company was organized, with a capital stock of \$200,000.

The Marine dry-dock, situated at the head of Lavergne street, was built in 1871, at a cost of about \$75,000, for the Marine Dry-Dock Company.

The last dock constructed in Algiers was the Louisiana dry-dock, built in 1872. This dock was one of the finest and most important in its day, all the work of the United States Light-house and Engineers departments having been done there. The dock was a sectional one, arranged in such a way that two sections could be submerged, while the other two were kept afloat. In April, 1881, the dock was accidentally sunk, and the yards are now occupied by the Ocean dry-dock.

CHAPTER XL.—THE SCENES OF CABLE'S ROMANCES.

MADAME JOHN'S LEGACY—'SIEUR GEORGE'S—MADAME DELPHINE'S—CAFÉ DES EXILÉS—
A CREOLE COTTAGE.

When I first viewed New Orleans from the deck of the great steamboat that had carried me from gray northwestern mists into the tepid and orange-scented air of the South, my impressions of the city, drowsing under the violet and gold of a November morning, were oddly connected with memories of "Jean-ah Poquelin." That strange little tale had appeared previously in the *Century*; and its exotic picturesqueness had considerably influenced my anticipations of the Southern metropolis, and prepared me to idealize everything peculiar and semi-tropical that I might see. Even before I had left the steamboat my imagination had already flown beyond the wilderness of cotton-bales, the sierra-shaped roofs of the sugar-sheds, the massive fronts of refineries and store-houses, to wander in search of the old slave-trader's mansion, or at least of something resembling it—"built of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless." I did not even abandon my search for the house after I had learned that Tchoupitoulas "Road" was now a great business street, fringed not by villas but by warehouses; that the river had receded from it considerably since the period of the story; and that where marsh lands used to swelter under the sun, pavements of block-stone had been laid, enduring as Roman causeways, though they will tremble a little under the passing of cotton-floats. At one time, I tried to connect the narrative with a peculiar residence near the Bayou road—a silent wooden mansion with vast verandas, surrounded by shrubbery which had become fantastic by long neglect. Indeed, there are several old houses in the more ancient quarters of the city which might have served as models for the description of "Jean-ah Poquelin's" dwelling, but none of them is situated in his original neighborhood—old plantation homes whose broad lands have long since been cut up and devoured by the growing streets. In reconstructing the New Orleans of 1810, Mr. Cable might have selected any of these to draw from, and I may have found his model without knowing it. Not, however, until the *Century* appeared, with its curious article upon the "Great South Gate," did I learn that in the early years of the nineteenth century such a house existed precisely in the location described by Mr. Cable. Readers of "The Great South Gate" must have been impressed by the description therein given of "Doctor" Gravier's home, upon the bank of the long-vanished Poydras canal—a picture of desolation more than justified by the testimony of early municipal chronicles; and the true history of that eccentric "Doctor" Gravier no doubt inspired the creator of "Jean-ah Poquelin." An ancient city map informs us that the deserted indigo fields, with their wriggling amphibious population, extended a few blocks north of the present Charity hospital; and that the plantation house itself must have stood near the juncture of Poydras and Freret streets—a region now very closely built and very thickly peopled.

The sharp originality of Mr. Cable's description should have convinced the readers of "Old Creole Days" that the scenes of his stories are in no sense fanciful; and the strict perfection of his Creole architecture is readily recognized by all who have resided in New Orleans. Each one of those charming pictures of places—veritable pastels—was painted after some carefully-selected model of French or Franco-Spanish origin, typifying fashions of building which prevailed in colonial days. Greatly as the city has changed since the eras in which Mr. Cable's stories are laid, the old Creole quarter still contains antiquities enough to enable the artist to restore almost all that has vanished. Through those narrow, multicolored and dilapidated streets one may still wander at random with the certainty of encountering eccentric facades and suggestive Latin appellations at every turn; and the author of "Madame Delphine" must

have made many a pilgrimage into the quaint district, to study the wrinkled faces of the houses, or perhaps to read the queer names upon the signs—as Balzac loved to do in old-fashioned Paris. Exceptionally rich in curiosities is the *Rue Royale*, and it best represents, no doubt, the general physiognomy of the colonial city. It appears to be Mr. Cable's favorite street, as there are few of his stories which do not contain references to it; even the scenery of incidents laid elsewhere has occasionally been borrowed from that "region of architectural decrepitude," which is yet peopled by an "ancient and foreign-seeming domestic life." For Louisiana dreamers, Mr. Cable has peopled it also with many delightful phantoms; and the ghosts of Madame Délicieuse, of Delphine Carraze, of 'Sieur George, will surely continue to haunt it until of all the dear old buildings there shall not be left a stone upon a stone.

From the corner of Canal street at Royal—ever perfumed by the baskets of the flower-sellers—to the junction of Royal with Bienville, one observes with regret numerous evidences of modernization. American life is invading the thoroughfare—uprearing concert-halls, with insufferably pompous names, multiplying flashy saloons and cheap restaurants, cigar-stores and oyster-rooms. Gambling indeed survives, but only through metamorphosis—it is certainly not of that aristocratic kind wherein Colonel De Charleu, owner of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation," could have been wont to indulge. Already a line of electric lights mocks the rusty superannuation of those long-disused wrought-iron lamp frames set into the walls of various Creole buildings. But from the corner of Conti street—where Jules St. Ange idled one summer morning "some seventy years ago"—*Rue Royale* begins to display a picturesqueness almost unadulterated by innovation, and opens a perspective of roof lines astonishingly irregular, that jag and cut into the blue strip of intervening sky at every conceivable angle, with gables, eaves, dormers, triangular peaks of slate, projecting corners of balconies or verandas—overtopping or jutting out from houses of every imaginable tint: canary, chocolate, slate-blue, speckled gray, ultramarine, cinnamon red, and even pale rose. All have sap-green batten shutters; most possess balconies balustraded with elegant arabesque work in wrought iron—graceful tendrils and curling leaves of metal, framing some monogram of which the meaning is forgotten. Much lattice-work also will be observed about verandas, or veiling the ends of galleries, or suspended like green cage-work at the angle formed by a window-balcony with some lofty court-wall. And far down the street, the erratic superimposition of wire-hung signs, advertising the presence of many quiet, shadowy little shops that hide their faces from the sun behind slanting canvas awnings, makes a spidery confusion of lines and angles in the very centre of the vista.

I think that only by a series of instantaneous photographs, tinted after the manner of Goupil, could the physiognomy of the street be accurately reproduced, such is the confusion of projecting show-windows, the kaleidoscopic medley of color, the jumble of infinitesimal stores. The characteristics of almost any American street may usually be taken in at one glance; but you might traverse this Creole thoroughfare a hundred times without being able to ordinate the puzzling details of its perspective.

But when the curious pilgrim reaches the corner of Royal and St. Peter streets (*Rue Saint Pierre*), he finds himself confronted by an edifice whose oddity and massiveness compel special examination—a four-story brick tenement house, with walls deep as those of a mediæval abbey, and with large square windows having singular balconies, the ironwork of which is wrought into scrolls and initials. Unlike any other building in the quarter, its form is that of an irregular pentagon, the smallest side of which looks down Royal and up St. Peter streets at once, and commands through its windows, in a single view, three street angles. This is the house where 'Sieur George so long dwelt. It is said to have been the first four-story building erected in New Orleans; and it certainly affords a singular example of the fact that some very old buildings obstinately rebel against innovations of fashion, just as many old men do. Despite a desperate effort recently made to compel its acceptance of a new suit of paint and whitewash, the venerable structure persisted in remaining almost precisely as Mr. Cable first described it. The

cornices are still dropping plaster; the stucco has not ceased to peel off; the rotten staircases, "hugging the sides of the court," still seem "trying to climb up out of the rubbish"; the court itself is always "hung with many lines of wet clothes"; and the rooms are now, as ever, occupied by folk "who dwell there simply for lack of activity to find better and cheaper quarters elsewhere." Cheaper it would surely be easy to find, inasmuch as 'Sieur George's single-windowed room rents unfurnished at ten dollars per month. There is something unique in the spectacle of this ponderous, dilapidated edifice, with its host of petty shops on the *rez-de-chaussée*—something which recalls an engraving I once saw in some archæological folio, picturing a swarm of Italian fruit-booths seeking shelter under the crumbling arches of a Roman theatre.

Upon the east side of *Rue Royale*, half a square farther up, the eye is refreshed by a delicious burst of bright green—a garden inclosed on three sides by spiked railings, above which bananas fling out the watered-satin of their splendid leaves, and bounded at its eastern extremity by the broad, blanched, sloping-shouldered silhouette of the Cathedral. Here linger memories of Padre Antonio de Sedella (Père Antoine), first sent to Louisiana as a commissary of the Holy Inquisition, immediately shipped home again by sensible Governor Miro. But Padre Antonio returned to Louisiana, not as an inquisitor, but as a secular priest, to win the affection of the whole Creole population, by whom he was venerated as a saint even before his death. Somewhere near this little garden, the padre used to live in a curious wooden hut; and the narrow, flagged alley on the southern side of the Cathedral and its garden still bears the appellation, *Passage Saint Antoine*, in honor of the old priest's patron. The name is legibly inscribed above the show-windows of the Roman Catholic shop on the corner, where porcelain angels appear to be perpetually ascending and descending a Jacob's-ladder formed of long communion candles. The "Pères Jérômes" of our own day reside in the dismal brick houses bordering the alley farther toward Chartres street—buildings which protrude, above the heads of passers-by, a line of jealous-looking balconies, screened with lattice-work, in which wicket lookouts have been contrived. On the northern side of garden and Cathedral runs another flagged alley, which affects to be a continuation of Orleans street. Like its companion passage, it opens into Chartres street; but on the way it forks into a grotesque fissure in the St. Peter street block—into a marvelous mediæval-looking by-way, craggy with balconies and peaked with dormers. As this picturesque opening is still called Exchange alley, we must suppose it to have once formed part of the much more familiar passage of that name, though now widely separated therefrom by architectural reforms effected in *Rue Saint Louis* and other streets intervening. The northern side-entrance of the cathedral commands it—a tall, dark, ecclesiastically severe archway, in whose shadowed recess Madame Delphine might safely have intrusted her anxieties to "God's own banker;" and Catholic quadroon women on their daily morning way to market habitually enter it with their baskets, to murmur a prayer in patois before the shrine of *Notre Dame de Lourdes*. Jackson square, with its rococo flower-beds and clipped shrubbery, might be reached in a moment by either of the flagged alleys above described; but it retains none of its colonial features, and has rightly been deprived of the military titles it once bore: *Place d'Armes*, or *Plaza de Armas*.

There stands, at the corner of St. Anne and Royal streets, a one-story structure with Spanish tile roof, a building that has become absolutely shapeless with age, and may be torn away at any moment. It is now a mere hollow carcass—a shattered brick skeleton to which plaster and laths cling in patches only, like shrunken hide upon the bones of some creature left to die and to mummify under the sun. An obsolete directory, printed in 1845, assures us that the construction was considered immemorially old even then; but a remarkable engraving of it, which accompanies the above remark, shows it to have at that time possessed distinct Spanish features and two neat entrances with semicircular stone steps. In 1835 it was *Café des Réfugiés*, frequented by fugitives from the Antilles, West Indian strangers, filibusters, *révolutionnaires*—all that singular class of Latin-Americans so strongly portrayed in Mr. Cable's "*Café des Exilés*."

At the next block, if you turn down Dumaine street from Royal, you will notice, about half-

way toward Chartres, a very peculiar house, half brick, half timber. It creates the impression that its builder commenced it with the intention of erecting a three-story brick, but changed his mind before the first story had been completed, and finished the edifice with second-hand lumber—supporting the gallery with wooden posts that resemble monstrous balusters. This is the house bequeathed by "Mr. John," of the Good Children's Social Club, to the beautiful quadroon Zalli and her more beautiful reputed daughter, 'Tite Poulette. As Mr. Cable tells us, and as one glance can verify, it has now become "a den of Italians, who sell fuel by day, and by night are up to no telling what extent of devilry." On the same side of Dumaine, but on the western side of Royal street, is another remarkable building, more imposing, larger—"whose big, round-arched windows in the second story were walled up, to have smaller windows let into them again with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters." It was to this house that Zalli and 'Tite Poulette removed their worldly goods, after the failure of the bank; and it was from the most westerly of those curious windows in the second story that Kristian Koppig saw the row of cigar-boxes empty their load of earth and flowers upon the head of the manager of the Salle Condé. Right opposite you may see the good Dutchman's one-story Creole cottage. The resemblance of 'Tite Poulette's second dwelling-place to the old Spanish barracks in architectural peculiarity has been prettily commented upon by Mr. Cable; and, in fact, those barracks, which could shelter six thousand troops in O'Reilly's time, and must, therefore, have covered a considerable area, were situated not very far from this spot. But the only fragments of the barrack buildings that are still positively recognizable are the arched structures at Nos. 270 and 272 Royal street, occupied now, alas! by a prosaic seltzer factory. The spacious cavalry stables now shelter vulgar mules, and factory wagons protrude their shafts from the mouths of low, broad archways under which once glimmered the brazen artillery of the King of Spain.

A square west of Royal, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip streets, formerly stood the famed smithy of the brothers Lafitte; but it were now useless to seek for a vestige of that workshop, whose chimes of iron were rung by African muscle. Passing St. Philip street, therefore, the visitor who follows the east side of Royal might notice upon the opposite side an elegant and lofty red brick mansion, with a deep archway piercing its *rez-de-chaussée* to the courtyard, which offers a glimpse of rich foliage whenever the *porte cochère* is left ajar. This is No. 253 Royal street, the residence of "Madame Délicieuse"; and worthy of that honor, it seems, with its superb tiara of green verandas. A minute two-story cottage squats down beside it—a miniature shop having tiny show-windows that project like eyes. The cottage is a modern affair; but it covers the site of Dr. Mossy's office, which, you know, was a lemon-yellow Creole construction, roofed with red tiles. What used to be the "Café de Poésie" on the corner, is now a hat store. Further on, at the intersection of Royal and Hospital streets (*Rue d'Hôpital*, famous in Creole ballads), one cannot fail to admire a dwelling solid and elegant as a Venetian palazzo. It has already been celebrated in one foreign novel; and did I not feel confident that Mr. Cable will tell us all about it one of these days, I should be tempted to delay the reader on this corner, although Madame Delphine's residence is already within sight.

No one can readily forget Mr. Cable's description of "the small, low, brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep." It stands near Barracks street, on Royal; the number, I think, is 294. Still are its solid wooden shutters "shut with a grip that makes one's nails and knuckles feel lacerated"; and its coat of decaying plaster, patched with all varieties of neutral tints, still suggests the raggedness of mendicancy. Even the condition of the garden gate, through which Monsieur Vignevelle first caught a glimpse of Olive's maiden beauty, might be perceived to-day as readily as ever by "an eye that had been in the blacksmithing business." But since the accompanying sketch was drawn, the picturesqueness of the upper part of the cottage has been greatly diminished by architectural additions made with a view to render the building habitable. Over the way may still be seen that once pretentious three-story residence "from whose front door hard times have removed all vestiges of paint," a door shaped like old European hall doors, and furnished with an iron

knocker. It has not been repainted since Mr. Cable wrote his story, nor does it seem likely to be.

Only a few paces farther on yawns the dreamy magnificence of aristocratic Esplanade street, with its broad, central band of grass all shadow-flecked by double lines of trees. There Royal street terminates, Esplanade forming the southern boundary line of the old French quarter.

If the reader could now follow me westwardly along one of the narrow ways leading to the great *Rue des Remparts*, he would soon find himself in that quadroom quarter, whose denizens still "drag their chairs down to the narrow gateways of their close-fenced gardens, and stare shrinkingly at you as you pass, like a nest of yellow kittens." He would be at once charmed and astonished by the irregularity of the perspective and the eccentricity of the houses: houses whose foreheads are fantastically encircled by wooden parapets, striped like the *foulards* of the negresses; houses yellow-faced and sphinx-featured, like certain mulatto women; houses which present their profiles to the fence, so that as you approach they seem to turn away their faces with studied prudery like young Creole girls; houses that appear feline watchful, in spite of closed windows and doors, gazing sleepily at the passer-by through the chinks of their green shutters, as through vertical pupils. Five minutes' walk over *banquettes* of disjointed brick-work, through which knots of tough grass are fighting their upward way, brings one to Rampart street, where Mr. Cable found the model for his "Café des Exilés." It was situated on the west side, No. 219, and the artist has sketched it under a summersglow that brought out every odd detail in strong relief. But hereafter, alas! the visitor to New Orleans must vainly look for the window of Pauline, "well up in the angle of the broad side-gable, shaded by its rude awning of clapboards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand." Scarcely a week ago, from the time at which I write, the antiquated cottage that used to "squat right down upon the sidewalk, as do those Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting," was ruthlessly torn away, together with its oleanders, and palmettoes, and pomegranates, to make room, no doubt, for some modern architectural platitude.

A minute's walk from the vacant site of the Café des Exilés will bring you to Congo square, the last green remnant of those famous Congo plains, where the negro slaves once held their bamboulas. Until within a few years ago, the strange African dances were still danced, and the African songs still sung by negroes and negresses who had been slaves. Every Sunday afternoon the bamboula dancers were summoned to a wood-yard on Dumaine street by a sort of drum-roll, made by rattling the ends of two great bones upon the head of an empty cask; and I remember that the male dancers fastened bits of tinkling metal or tin rattles about their ankles, like those strings of copper gris-gris worn by the negroes of the Soudan. Those whom I saw taking part in those curious and convulsive performances—subsequently suppressed by the police—were either old or beyond middle age. The veritable Congo dance, with its extraordinary rhythmic chant, will soon have become as completely forgotten in Louisiana as the signification of those African words which formed the hieratic vocabulary of the Voodooes.

It was where Congo square now extends that Bras-Coupé was lassoed while taking part in such a dance; it was in the same neighborhood that Captain Jean Grandissime, of the Attakapas, lay hiding—secure in his white man's skin "as if cased in steel"—to foil the witchcraft of Clemence; and it was there, also, that a crowd of rowdy American flatboatmen, headed by "Posson Jone", of Bethesdy Church, stormed the circus and slew the tiger and the buffalo. Now, "Cayetano's circus" was not a fiction of Mr. Cable's imagining. Such a show actually visited New Orleans in 1816 or thereabouts, and remained a popular "fixture" for several seasons. The Creole-speaking negroes of that day celebrated its arrival in one of their singular ditties.* And whosoever cares to consult certain musty newspaper files which are treasured up

* Some years ago, when I was endeavoring to make a collection of patois songs and other curiosities of the oral literature of the Louisiana colored folk, Mr. Cable kindly lent me his own collection, with permission to make selections for my private use, and I copied therefrom this *chanson créole*;

among the city archives may find therein the quaint advertisement of Señor Gaëtano's circus and the story of its violent disruption.

But Congo square has been wholly transformed within a twelvemonth. The high railings and gateways have been removed; the weeds that used to climb over the mouldering benches have been plucked up; new-graveled walks have been made; the grass, mown smooth, is now refreshing to look at; the trunks of the shade-trees are freshly whitewashed; and, before long, a great fountain will murmur in the midst. Two blocks westward, the sombre, sinister, Spanish façade of the Parish Prison towers above a huddling flock of dingy frame dwellings, and exhales far around it the heavy, sickly, musky scent that betrays the presence of innumerable bats. At sundown, they circle in immense flocks above it, and squeak like ghosts about its naked sentry towers. I have been told that this grim building will soon be numbered among those antiquities of New Orleans forming the scenery of Mr. Cable's romances.

The scene of, perhaps, the most singular tale in "Old Creole Days"—"Belles Demoiselles Plantation"—remains to be visited; but if the reader recollects the observation made in the very first paragraph of the story, that "the old Creoles never forgive a public mention," he will doubtless pardon me for leaving the precise location of "Belles Demoiselles" a mystery, authentic though it is, and for keeping secret its real and ancient name. I can only tell him that to reach it, he must journey far from the Creole faubourg and beyond the limits of New Orleans to a certain unfamiliar point on the river's bank, whence a ferryman, swarthy and silent as Charon, will row him to the farther side of the Mississippi, and aid him to land upon

C'est Michié Cayetane
 Qui sorti la Havane
 Avec so chouals et so macacs !
 Li gagnin ein homme qui dansé dans sac ;
 Li gagnin qui dansé si yé la main ;
 Li gagnin zaut' à choual qui boi' di vin :
 Li gagnin oussi ein zeine zolie mamzelle
 Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle ;—
 Pou di tou' ça mo pas capabe,—
 Mais mo souvien ein qui valé sab' .
 Yé n'en oussi tout sort bétail :
 Yé pas montré pou' la nég'rail
 Qui ya pou' dochans—dos-brulés
 Qui fé tapaze—et pou' birlé
 Ces gros mesdames et gros michiés
 Qui ménein là tous p'tis yé
 'Oir Michié Cayétane
 Qui vivé la Havane
 Avec so chouals et so macacs.

"'Tis Monsieur Gaëtano
 Who comes out from Havana
 With his horses and his monkeys !
 He has a man who dances in a sack ;
 He has one who dances on his hands ;
 He has another who drinks wine on horseback ;
 He has also a pretty young lady
 Who rides a horse without bridle or saddle :
 To tell you all about it I am not able,—
 But I remember one who swallowed a sword.
 There are all sorts of animals, too ;—
 They did not show to nigger-folk
 What they showed to the trash—the burnt-backs (*poor whites*)
 Who make so much noise—nor what they had to amuse
 All those fine ladies and gentlemen.
 Who take all their little children along with them
 To see Monsieur Gaëtano
 Who lives in Havana
 With his horses and his monkeys."

a crumbling levee erected to prevent the very catastrophe anticipated in Mr. Cable's tale. Parallel with this levee curves a wagon-road whose farther side is bounded by a narrow and weed-masked ditch, where all kinds of marvelous wild things are growing, and where one may feel assured that serpents hide. Beyond this little ditch is a wooden fence, now overgrown and rendered superfluous by a grand natural barrier of trees and shrubs, all chained together by interlacements of wild vines and thorny creepers. This forms the boundary of the private grounds surrounding the "Belles Demoiselles" residence; and the breeze comes to you heavily sweet with blossom-scents, and shrill with vibrant music of cicadas and of birds.

Fancy the wreck of a vast garden created by princely expenditure—a garden once filled with all varieties of exotic trees, with all species of fantastic shrubs, with the rarest floral products of both hemispheres, but left utterly uncared for during a generation, so that the groves have been made weird with hanging moss, and the costly vines have degenerated into parasites, and richly cultured plants returned to their primitive wild forms. The alley-walks are soft and sable with dead leaves; and all is so profoundly beshadowed by huge trees that a strange twilight prevails there even under a noonday sun. The lofty hedge is becrimsoned with savage roses, in whose degenerate petals still linger traces of former high cultivation. By a little gate set into that hedge, you can enter the opulent wilderness within, and pursue a winding path between mighty trunks that lean at a multitude of angles, like columns of a decaying cathedral about to fall. Crackling of twigs under foot, leaf whispers, calls of birds and cries of tree-frogs are the only sounds; the soft gloom deepens as you advance under the swaying moss and snaky festoons of creepers; there is a dimness and calm, as of a place consecrated to prayer. But for their tropical and elfish drapery, one might dream those oaks were of Dodona. And even with the passing of the fancy, lo! at a sudden turn of the narrow way, in a grand glow of light, *even the Temple appears*, with splendid peripteral of fluted columns rising boldly from the soil. Four pillared façades—east, west, north, and south—four superb porches, with tiers of galleries suspended in their recesses; and two sides of the antique vision ivory-tinted by the sun. Impossible to verbally describe the effect of this matchless relic of Louisiana's feudal splendors, that seems trying to hide itself from the new era amid its neglected gardens and groves. It creates such astonishment as some learned traveler might feel, were he suddenly to come upon the unknown ruins of a Greek temple in the very heart of an equatorial forest; it is so grand, so strangely at variance with its surroundings! True, the four ranks of columns are not of chiseled marble, and the stucco has broken away from them in places, and the severe laws of architecture have not been strictly obeyed; but these things are forgotten in admiration of the building's majesty. I suspect it to be the noblest old plantation-house in Louisiana; I am sure there is none more quaintly beautiful. When I last beheld the grand old mansion, the evening sun was resting upon it in a Turneresque column of yellow glory, and the oaks reaching out to it their vast arms through ragged sleeves of moss, and beyond, upon either side, the crepuscular dimness of the woods, with rare golden luminosities spattering down through the serpent knot-work of lianas, and the heavy mourning of mosses, and the great drooping and clinging of multitudinous disheveled things. And all this subsists only because the old Creole estate has never changed hands, because no speculating utilitarian could buy up the plantation to remove or remodel its proud homestead and condemn its odorous groves to the saw-mill. The river is the sole enemy to be dreaded, but a terrible one: it is ever gnawing the levee to get at the fat cane-fields; it is devouring the roadway; it is burrowing nearer and nearer to the groves and the gardens; and while gazing at its ravages, I could not encourage myself to doubt that, although his romantic anticipation may not be realized for years to come, Mr. Cable has rightly predicted the ghastly destiny of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation."

—LAFACADIO HEARN, in the "*Century*."

CHAPTER XLI.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

FAMOUS CHARACTERS ABOUT NEW ORLEANS—THE BARONESS PONTALBA—JOHN Mc DONOGH, HIS LOVE AND HIS WILL—JUDAH TOURO'S CHARITY—ADAM ISAACS MENKEN—MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES, THE FAMOUS LITIGANT—PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS KING—DIRECTOR-GENERAL E. A. BURKE.

THE BARONESS PONTALBA.

One of the most extraordinary women of New Orleans was Madame la Baronne Pontalba, whose name is identified with so many important events in the city's history.

Her maiden name was Michaela de Almonaster y Roxas, and after her marriage to young Xavier Delfair, Baron de Pontalba, she was always known and styled, in this, her native State, as Madame de Pontalba. In France she received and enjoyed the title of Baroness.

In the old Cathedral her father lies buried with this tablet above him :

Here lie the remains
of

DON ANDRES ALMONASTER y ROXAS,
a native of Mayrena,
in the Kingdom of Andalusia.

He died in the city of New Orleans on the 26th day of April, 1798,
Being 73 years of age.

A Knight of the Royal and Distinguished Order of Charles III,
Colonel of the Militia of this Department,
Alderman and Royal Lieutenant of this Corporation,
Founder and Donor of this Holy Cathedral,
Founder of the Royal Hospital of St. Charles and of its Church,
Founder of the Hospital for Lepers,
Founder of the Ursuline Convent,
Founder of the School for the Education of Girls,
Founder of the Court House—

All of which he had built at his own expense in this city.

Requiescat in Pace.

Old Almonaster was an Andalusian, who came to Louisiana when it was a Spanish colony, and managed by thrift, industry and enterprise to accumulate a large estate. Called to the highest positions, chiefly then relating to the administration of the revenues of the colony, he discharged all the trusts confided to him with great integrity, but at the same time, to the great augmentation of his estate, so that at his death, in 1798, he was by far the richest man in the colony. A few years before his death he had married a Creole lady, by whom he had a single daughter, who became the heiress of his large possessions.

Michaela Almonaster was raised with great care, but before she had completed her education, leaving the convent of the Ursulines to fulfill a sort of family arrangement, she married the son of an old ex-officer of the Spanish army, who was also very wealthy, of the name of Pontalba.

This marriage was a great event in the colony. No man was ever held in as great reverence and affection in this colony as the good old Don Andres, whose piety, benevolence and munifi-

cence are so eloquently set forth in the foregoing epitaph, and for the repose of whose soul prayers have never ceased to be offered up on every Saturday in the old Cathedral of St. Louis.

The young people departed from the colony immediately after the marriage ceremony, and reaching Paris, established themselves in that city. They were both young, handsome and exceedingly rich. It could not be expected that a couple thus marrying in haste, especially in the then condition of Parisian society, would escape all the breakers which so often interrupt the peaceful voyage of matrimony. After some years of comparatively harmonious domestic life, dissensions arose between them, and the husband and wife separated, each resuming the possession and enjoyment of his and her estate. The father of the young Pontalba had followed his son and daughter-in-law to France, and had established himself in a château near the city. Here he led the life of a morose, ascetic, proud, old aristocrat, having but little sympathy or interest in the affairs of the outside world. It appears that the separation of his son from his wife had produced great chagrin and indignation in the heart of the old man. He visited his wrath upon the daughter-in-law, and regarded her conduct as the source of all his infelicity and of the humiliation of his son and of his family pride. Hence the startling tragedy which followed.

There were three or four children of the marriage of Miss Almonaster to young Pontalba. After the separation these children remained in charge of the mother, with the obligation on her part to consult their grandfather in the direction of their education.

Visiting the elder Pontalba at his château, on a certain occasion, for the purpose of obtaining his views in regard to the management of the children, Madame was invited into the cabinet of the old Baron. After her entrance the door was locked. No one was present. All that could ever be learned by the servants in the château, of what then occurred, was that loud and angry voices were heard proceeding from the cabinet. These were interrupted by the loud report of a pistol, followed by a wild shriek of a female voice, then by another report of a pistol, and then there was profound and ominous silence.

The servants rushed to the cabinet and found it locked. No answer was given to their cry to open the door. A bar and axe were obtained and the door was forced open. The room revealed a ghastly spectacle. Within a few feet of each other lay the bleeding bodies of Mme. Pontalba and of the grandfather of her children. He was beyond all doubt, dead. The pistol, which he still clutched in his hand, had discharged a large bullet through his head, scattering his brains over the fine Brussels carpet. The lady still breathed; she had swooned, but her wound was a dreadful one. The ball had entered her breast, passing through her hand, which had been raised for the defence of her heart, and severing one of her fingers. She lay in a pool of blood. Surgical attendance was quickly called in, the lady was removed, and everything done for her which art and wealth could command. After a long and lingering illness, she recovered from the wound, and resumed her duties as a mother and lady. But nothing ever transpired as to the cause and circumstances of the tragedy. These have been reserved as family secrets. The public interpretation of the affair ascribed the murderous action of Pontalba to a monomania, arising from imaginary wrongs and indignity to his family pride and name. Madame Pontalba was not a woman to yield her just rights or submit to the dictation and control of others. She was of an imperious temper, self-reliant and dominating. Her refusal to make concessions to the morose old father-in-law fired him to the madness which produced this tragedy.

Purchasing a square in the most aristocratic faubourg of Paris, Madame Pontalba invested her large income from New Orleans in the construction of one of the most costly of the splendid hotels which engage so much of the admiration and interest of strangers who visit that metropolis of the arts and fashions. Her ambition was to surpass in grandeur and luxury the hotels of the pretentious aristocracy of the *ancien régime*, and even of royalty. Here, in this elegant establishment, she collected all the most costly productions of art and vertu, and here she dispensed a most generous hospitality. The education of her children was not neg-

lected. They grew up intelligent and accomplished young persons. The daughter married a native of New Orleans, and a member of one of the best families of this State. The sons are now middle-aged and solid men. But Madame Pontalba always maintained her control over her property, and managed her affairs in her own way. Her agents and attorneys were held to a strict accountability, and were frequently changed. She was a terror to the lawyers, whose bills she always disputed. She had no fears of lawsuits, and always exacted what she considered her legal rights, and resisted most sturdily any demand she regarded unreasonable. She had two sets of politics—one for France, and one for this country. Here she was a bitter Democrat; in France, a strong Legitimist. "Don't talk Democracy to my son," we once heard her say, "for he is a Frenchman, and Frenchmen are no more prepared for Democracy than so many monkeys. Talk Democracy to me, for I am a Jackson Democrat."

In the revolution of 1848 Madame Pontalba deemed it prudent to leave Paris. She was alarmed by the Socialistic demonstrations of that epoch, and thought it a good opportunity to visit her native city and look after her large property there. She accordingly came there with her whole family, rented a villa at Pascagoula and kept rooms in the city. It was then she started the scheme of improving the old Place d'Armes by cutting down the ancient elms which had stood there ever since her father donated the square to the city. There was great opposition to this proposal. Quite an earnest protest was made by the newspapers against any such barbarous and unsentimental act. This was about the time Russell's song of "Woodman, spare that Tree" was the rage. The sentiment it inspired revolted at the vandalism of cutting down the most venerable land-marks of the city, in the shade of which had passed all the great political events in the history of Louisiana—which had witnessed all the changes of her nationality. But it was a great folly to oppose Mme. Pontalba in any of her projects. She carried her object. The Council granted her petition. She would improve the square on her own plan and at her own expense. She would tear down the rows of old Spanish buildings fronting the square and erect expensive modern three and four-story buildings in their stead if the Council would exempt her property from taxation for a certain period. Her proposal was accepted and she faithfully executed her obligations. The square was improved on her plan. The rows of brick buildings were erected at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Shortly after this change in the old square, she contrived to have an act of the Legislature passed substituting the name of Jackson for the unmeaning one of Place d'Armes; subscribed liberally to the fund to obtain the bronze equestrian statue of Jackson by Clark Mills, and from the balcony of the central edifice of her splendid row of new buildings witnessed the grand ceremony of the unveiling and dedication of that statue.

Shortly afterwards, when Jenny Lind visited the city and there prevailed so extraordinary a furor on her account, Mme. Pontalba had the central building of the row on St. Peter street gorgeously furnished, and tendered it for Miss Lind's use and residence whilst fulfilling her brilliant engagement at the St. Charles. The Swedish Nightingale was a very exacting woman in regard to her domestic comforts and habits of exclusiveness, and greatly relished and enjoyed the comfort and luxury which were thus afforded her by the liberality of Mme. Pontalba. To increase this enjoyment and to satisfy one of the most importunate of the exactions of the great songstress, the services of the renowned Boudro were obtained to supervise her cuisine. When the gustative Jenny was about to leave the city, she declared that the two persons whom she would always remember with the warmest gratitude and the most pleasant associations were Mme. Pontalba and Boudro, the cook.

After arranging her affairs in this city, and when the accession of Louis Napoleon had given an aspect of permanent order and peace to France, Madame Pontalba returned to Paris, and resided at her splendid hotel in that city, surrounded by a large family of children and grandchildren. Her hospitality and beneficence were on a scale of great liberality and magnificence, worthy of the heir of the venerable Don Andres Almonaster. Like her father, too, she was a most vigilant and successful administrator of her large estate. Her investments in Paris proved

very profitable, and her property in that city exceeded in value that which she held in New Orleans, where she had been for many years regarded as the proprietor of the largest area of ground in the city.

JOHN McDONOGH.

John McDonogh was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in the year 1778, of highly respectable parents of Scotch descent. He received a good education, was quick and apt at acquiring knowledge, and possessed an extraordinarily retentive memory, which seldom or never failed him. Exhibiting a turn for commercial pursuits, he was placed at an early age in a mercantile house in Baltimore, doing an extensive business both in this country and Europe. He was affable and pleasing in his manners; strictly correct in all transactions. He gained the unlimited confidence of his employers, who, in 1800, sent him as supercargo in one of their ships to Liverpool, with instructions to load her with merchandise suitable for the Louisiana market, and to proceed without delay to New Orleans. He obeyed his instructions, sailed from Liverpool, arriving at the Balize in the latter part of September, 1800. His ship sailed up the river as fast as winds would permit, and when about twenty miles below the city he came ashore, hired a horse, and entered the city on the evening of the third of October, 1800. The next day presenting himself to his consignees, ere the ship reached port he had disposed of the largest portion of the cargo. Renting a store, he stored the balance of the cargo, which was also disposed of in a very short time. He loaded the vessel for Baltimore and sailed, and on his arrival was complimented by his employers for the success attendant upon this venture.

Shortly after, in 1804, another venture was made, giving McDonogh an interest therein, and he met with far better success. He determined upon making New Orleans his future home. He soon became intimately acquainted with all the city and government officers, merchants and citizens generally, entering into contracts with the Spanish officials to furnish goods for all that part of the country east of the Mississippi and the Floridas, and giving general satisfaction to all.

After the treaty of cession, a fellow clerk and intimate friend, Shepherd Brown, arrived from Baltimore. Aided by their former employers, they formed a co-partnership, and did an extensive business as John McDonogh, Jr., & Co. After the battle of New Orleans Brown died; McDonogh attended to the settlement of the affairs of the firm, and carried on the business in his own name.

McDonogh being fond of gaiety and parties and of ladies' society, in 1809 opened a large house, at the northwest corner of Chartres and Toulouse streets, furnished it magnificently; had his coaches and horses; gave balls, parties and dinner parties, which were attended by the notabilities of the city. Micæla Leonarda, daughter of Don Almcnaster, and afterwards Madame Pontalba, was the belle, her handsome face and money attracting many suitors, amongst others John McDonogh, who in 1810 demanded her in marriage. Her friends, however, declined the honor unless McDonogh would become a Roman Catholic. McDonogh of course retired, and did not renew the demand.

The Baron de Pontalba sought Micæla and in 1811 was accepted. The marriage contract was drawn by Philippe Pedesclaux, in July, 1811, with the strictest clauses inserted therein. The contract was signed, the marriage consummated and the Baron and Baroness left for Paris, to participate in the festivities and splendor of the nobility. The marriage proved unhappy; the causes need not be repeated here, but Micæla was divorced by a decree of "La Cour de Cassation," and she was once more free. She visited New Orleans in 1846 in relation to the projected buildings on St. Peter and St. Ann streets. The Council of the First Municipality refused to donate to her the banquette in front of her property, and her plan would fail could she not obtain the number of feet needed from the property in the rear. McDonogh owned the largest portion on Chartres and on Jefferson streets. She at once thought of McDonogh, and meeting him as if by chance in the Louisiana State Bank, approached him; "How are you, McDonogh?"

Have you forgotten me? I am Micæla." McDonogh professed to remember her, and a conversation followed, during which she made advances to him, seeming to indicate that a proposal of marriage from him would not be unacceptable. McDonogh manifested a willingness on his part, but they separated, and McDonogh saw her no more. Believing that she had by this manœuvre secured McDonogh's good favor, she ordered her builder, Samuel Stewart, to take possession and tear down some 15 or 16 feet of the property of McDonogh. She had caused an act to be drawn up, which she believed McDonogh would sign, by which he abandoned to her this amount of property. McDonogh, hearing of the projected tearing down of his property, at once applied to the Fifth District Court of New Orleans, Judge A. M. Buchanan presiding, and obtained an injunction, which resulted in Mme. de Pontalba having to pay damages and costs, besides repairing the walls which she had already pulled down. Thus ended his love, if it can be so called, for Mme. de Pontalba.

In 1814, there resided in New Orleans a Mr. Johnson and family, from Maryland. His daughter was then just entering into womanhood, beautiful, intellectual and witty, far surpassing Micæla Almonaster in everything but money. McDonogh paid his address to this young lady, and was accepted by her, but the father's consent was to be had. McDonogh made the "*demande en mariage*" in due form and according to etiquette. The Johnson family were strict Roman Catholics, and McDonogh a Protestant. Miss Johnson made no objection to McDonogh on the score of religion. Not so the father, who acknowledging the honor done to his daughter by McDonogh, of which he was proud, refused consent, unless McDonogh would join the Catholic church. McDonogh declined doing this, stated that no objection was made by the daughter, and he would wait some time when, perhaps, Mr. Johnson might change his views. Miss Johnson was satisfied with this, hoping, also, that her father would relent.

New Orleans was invaded. McDonogh joined Captain Beale's company of rifles, and was at the battle of the 8th of January, 1815. After proclamation of peace McDonogh again renewed his application to the father, with the same result. Miss Johnson then announced that if she were not McDonogh's wife, she would become a nun, and some time after she took the veil, in the Ursuline Church, on Ursuline street.

Nearly thirty-five years after, Miss Johnson became the head of one of the religious institutions she had joined. McDonogh, hearing of this, and being made aware that her then position permitted her to receive visitors, respectfully requested permission to pay his respects to her, simply as an old friend. She assented, and McDonogh paid the visit, which was most interesting to both, although no allusion was made to the love of former days. And annually, up to the time of his death in 1850, McDonogh, between the 1st and 6th of January, would make his "*visite de bonne année*," the New Year's call. McDonogh died in 1850, and in his armour, carefully preserved, was found a memento of Miss Johnson, in the shape of a pair of beautiful gold embroidered slippers.

From 1819 to 1850 McDonogh never was idle; early and late he was at work. His business called him daily to the city. He had his rents to collect, his notes to pay. He attended the auction sales, and bought real estate, and to attend to this business he would cross the Mississippi in a skiff manned by one of his slaves. Prior to 1835 there were no steam ferries plying between New Orleans and the opposite side. The planters and the largest portion of the inhabitants had their own skiffs, and even after the establishment of steam ferries none landed within a half-mile of his residence. No weather, however threatening or tempestuous, would prevent him from crossing in this skiff, to fulfill any engagement which he had made. He was always punctual to the hour and minute. After completing his business in the city he would recross, and he was never known after his removal across the river to have passed a night in the city.

McDonogh corresponded with many of the eminent men of the day, such as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John M. Clayton, Wm. M. Meredith, Judges Story and McLean, and many

others, besides corresponding with the various departments, both of the United States and of the State, in regard to land and other claims in which he was interested. He frequently wrote articles upon the important questions of the day, which were published in the newspapers here, and republished in the leading papers throughout the country.

John McDonogh was no miser. His whole career, his will, refute the idea that he was a miser. He declined giving money for frivolous purposes. He refused to have his biography written, as it was money the writer wanted. He declined being interviewed, as it is now called, for money was at the bottom of it. Hence he was called a miser. Whatever may have been his views in regard to the disposition of his property, and the apparently ridiculous mode he prescribed for carrying them out, it was his hobby; he was entitled to it. He was no "miser." He hoarded no moneys. At the time of his death he owed \$160,000, payable in January and February, 1851, \$100,000 of which was due the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, the balance, \$60,000, for several properties which he had purchased from Destrehan's estate and other parties.

He had but \$10,500 cash in bank to meet this amount due. His property he left to the cities of Baltimore and New Orleans. Baltimore has profited by this legacy and revere his name. New Orleans received a similar legacy.

McDonogh died at his home on the evening of the 25th of October, 1850 (Saturday), and was buried on Sunday evening, the 26th of October, 1850, in the burial ground which he had projected.

His will was opened and probated in the Fifth District Court of New Orleans, Judge A. M. Buchanan presiding. The contest by the heirs in the Federal courts lasted up to 1855, when the cities took possession. Some time after this a codicil, in the shape of a note for \$100,000, in favor of Francis Pena, payable four years after his death, was presented. This was a surprise. On examination it was found to be wholly written, signed, and dated by McDonogh. It was not creasy nor unintelligible; it was in his bold handwriting. It had been in the possession, for years prior, of that highly respected fellow-citizen, Rezin D. Shepherd, who held it for safe keeping, to be handed Pena at the proper time.

The large amount of money that McDonogh left to the city of New Orleans for educational purposes was quarreled over for many years, and badly managed. Of late, however, it has been paying the city a handsome income, and no less than nineteen magnificent school-houses costing from \$20,000 to \$60,000 each, have been erected out of the interest produced by it.

JUDAH TOURO.

Touro started out in the world with a broken heart, having been rejected by the family of the lady to whom he had been promised. He went from his home as supercargo to the Mediterranean seas. He did but little there, and returned to Boston. He next went to Havana, having a capital of only \$100 in his pocket, which was stolen from him, leaving him penniless. He managed to make enough to secure passage to New Orleans. Here he started in general business—Yankee notions—and as a commission merchant took consignments from Boston. About the time of the breaking out of the British war he had amassed an independent fortune. He lay eighteen months in bed on account of the wound he received at the battle of New Orleans, and from 1815 to 1844 he never went out on the streets except to and from his office.

At the time he reached New Orleans, in 1801, he was considered a beau among the ladies, but he was very bashful. He once said that he would have given one-half of what he possessed if, at a ball, a lady sitting right in front of him would have got up, so that he could have moved from where he was sitting. He desired to leave the place, and he was too modest to ask her to move. During the time that he himself was confined to his office or house, from 1815 to 1844, he knew of everything that was going on in society and business circles. He had about a dozen friends to call on him daily, who would make reports of everything going on.

In 1832 Mr. Touro had a store on Chartres street, near where the St. Louis Hotel now

stands; at that period the hotel was not in existence. He afterwards removed to the corner of Canal and Royal. He finally moved his business next to Christ Church which was then on the corner of Bourbon and Canal. He bought the church, tore it down and erected a synagogue, "the Dispersed of Judah," now generally known as the Touro Synagogue, and which was afterwards removed to its present site on Carondelet street, near Julia.

Touro gave away over \$400,000 in charity. He gave \$20,000 to the Bunker Hill Monument; \$40,000 to put the Jewish Cemetery at Newport, R. I., in good condition, and various other sums to other charities.

At a great expense he purchased the burial-ground on Canal street for the Congregation Dispersed of Judah and had it put in order; also, the Touro Infirmary, which alone cost him \$40,000. The church on Bourbon and Canal streets, which was built for the Congregation Dispersed of Judah he had built himself, and the ground alone cost him between \$60,000 and \$70,000.

He was very close in so far as his personal wants were concerned. His clerk once bought him a frock coat, and on the same day his friend Nathan bought one \$2 cheaper. He made the clerk return the coat, but on the same day gave \$5,000 to the sufferers of the Mobile fire, without any demand or call upon him.

A notable event in the life of Mr. Touro occurred just two weeks before his death. One of the newspapers printed a lengthy editorial which went on to say that Mr. R. D. Shepherd had saved the life of Mr. Judah Touro. The consequence of this was that a contemplated will which had been made, but not signed, was altered, and his entire property amounting to considerably over a million was bequeathed to Shepherd.

Judah Touro was a temperate man and never drank anything but water. He never drank wines, although he frequently tasted them, and was an excellent connoisseur. He would smell and taste them and give his opinion, but never drink them.

MR. PETERS.

Samuel J. Peters was one of the most remarkable men who ever engaged in public and commercial affairs in this city, or indeed in this nation. He was a native of Canada, born of a distinguished Puritan lineage. His family had removed from Connecticut during the Revolutionary War. The blood of Hugh Peters and of Cromwell's famous butcher, General Harrison, mingled in his veins, and the energetic, self-reliant, bold, defiant and somewhat domineering spirit of his regicidal ancestors had been transmitted to their remote descendant, who emigrated to this city about fifty years ago, and engaged as a clerk in a store. The great talents and strong will of Peters secured him rapid advancement in mercantile life. He became a prosperous merchant, and the head of the largest wholesale grocery in the South. But his ambition and intellectual activity could not be limited to even the large scope of a great commercial establishment. He engaged in public affairs, became a member of the City Council, and afterwards of the Council of the Second Municipality, where he quickly took the lead in every important measure, and by his admirable organizing and administrative powers, infused great vigor and system into every department of the municipal government.

Finally, he became practically the autocrat of the wealthiest and most prosperous of the three municipalities, and for years swayed its destinies and controlled its whole organization with absolute power and extraordinary ability. He communicated his spirit and energy to the whole population; introduced every new improvement which had proved successful in other cities; organized the police on a new plan, and a fire department; introduced a system of public schools equal to the best in New England; established a large library, built the present City Hall, raised the credit of the municipality to par, and accomplished innumerable other public measures and improvements, which contributed to render the Second Municipality as

complete and thoroughly organized a city within itself as there existed in the Union. And during the whole period of his long service in the city government, for which he received not a dollar of remuneration, he was president of a large and flourishing bank, was a director in many other corporations, and for a short time filled the office of Collector of Customs under the Federal Government. Few men in any community ever crowded so much of public service into the same period as Mr. Peters. And yet, during all that time, he continued his connection with the house which he had founded. Finally, borne down by his great labors and cares, his physical powers yielded, and a paralytic attack brought his career to a close before he had reached old age. And now was realized the heavy penalty which is paid in New Orleans by all who engage in public life and enterprises.

Though abstaining from all speculation and enjoying a large income from his prosperous and extensive commercial business, he left barely enough to give his children a good education, whilst his partner, who died a few years after, and who had never been known outside of his store, had never performed any public labor in any public sense, or promoted any public enterprise, left a princely estate.

The differences between the two estates represented the sacrifice which Mr. Peters had made by his devotion to the interests and advancement of the community, and the consequent neglect of his own personal affairs.

MR. JAMES H. CALDWELL

afforded the next striking example of the risk and loss of engaging in enterprises and public works in this city. Mr. Caldwell, more than even Mr. Peters, embarked his whole fortune and energies in such enterprises. He was indeed the architect of the fortunes of the Second Municipality. There was no undertaking that could be proposed—and he was the author of most of those—in which he did not co-operate and lead. The Nashville Railroad, which anticipated the present Great Northern & Jackson by more than twenty years, was conceived, organized and prosecuted by him. But for the great financial crash of 1836-37, it would have been a brilliant success. The New Canal, the Waterworks, the St. Charles and the Veranda Hotels, were all worked out on his plans, and chiefly through his energy. The splendid and capacious old St. Charles Theatre was designed and constructed entirely with his own means at a cost of \$350,000. He had previously built the Camp Street Theatre. He first introduced gas into the city, and founded the present wealthy corporation which furnishes that great comfort of urban life. He was the author of the plan of square-stone pavements, and imported the blocks from abroad, and laid down the pavement at his own expense to demonstrate its superiority.

It would require pages to detail all the exploits of the wonderful enterprise and public spirit of this most useful citizen. Suffice it to say that, although all these enterprises proved eminently practical and successful, and contributed vastly to the growth of the municipality, they involved Mr. Caldwell in such pecuniary losses that he was driven back to the stage to resume his old pursuit as an actor and manager, and was for some years a virtual bankrupt. The indulgence of his creditors and his own energies, and a fortunate investment in gas property in other cities, finally rescued him from complete insolvency. But he had lost all his large investments in the gas works which he established in New Orleans. That property passed into other hands, and enriched all who acquired any portion of it. Its founder was impoverished by the very success of his enterprise.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

Adah Isaacs Menken was not a Jewess by birth. She was born at Milneburg, on Lake Pontchartrain, and a part of New Orleans, June 15, 1835, and christened Adelaide McCord. In 1850

she married Alexander Isaacs Menken, and out of his name she formed the cognomen by which she became celebrated. She had a sister, Josephine, and a brother, who was a compositor at Cincinnati. Her father died when she was only seven years old, and her mother married Dr. J. C. Campbell, an army surgeon. Then this stepfather also died, and Adelaide and Josephine went upon the stage as dancers, at the French Opera House, New Orleans. But Adelaide was ambitious, studied tragedy in her leisure hours, and in 1858 made her *debut* at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, as *Bianca*, in "Fazio." Then she became a leading lady at the Memphis and Nashville theatres. A divorce quickly followed her marriage to Menken.

In 1859, the year of her first marriage, the adventurous career of Adah Isaacs Menken began. At a road-house near New York, called Rock Cottage, she was married, by the Rev. J. S. Baldwin, to John C. Heenan, the pugilist, by whom she had a male child. A quarrel with Heenan occurred within a year; the news of her mother's death simultaneously arrived, and, poor and deserted, Adah would have died unknown in a tenement house on Third avenue, but for a solitary friend.

The first success of Menken as *Mazeppa* was quite an accident. J. B. Smith, a bill-poster, had taken the Albany Theatre, and did not know what to do with it. Menken proposed to play *Mazeppa* and be strapped to the horse instead of the usual dummy figure. There was a rehearsal, and Menken and the horse tumbled from the "runs" to the stage. The horse was frightened, but Menken was not. "I will go up those 'runs' before I leave the theatre," she cried. The next attempt was successful, and so was the performance, which afterward excited New York, London, Paris and Vienna.

After a sensational engagement in New York, as Mrs. John C. Heenan, and a tour through the country, during which she was arrested at Baltimore as a Confederate, Menken procured a divorce from Heenan, in order to marry Mr. Newell, "O'pheus C. Kerr," stipulating in her marriage contract to give up the stage forever. Mr. and Mrs. Newell went to live in comfort and retirement in New Jersey; but, before a week had elapsed, the bride escaped by a window and returned to New York, declaring that she could not live without her Bohemian associations. Then she went to California with her husband, played at San Francisco and Sacramento with Tom Maguire, and returned to New Orleans in 1864 to start for Europe with Captain James Barkley, a professional gambler, who had superseded Newell and become her fourth husband.

In London Menken lived like a princess, at the Westminster Hotel, and gave breakfasts, dinners and reunions there that would break a Belmont's heart or purse. To the exhortations to save money for a rainy day, Menken replied: "When I get so that I have to borrow money, I want to die."

Look at the list of people to be met at Menken's rooms, in London, "Charles Dickens, William J. Thompson, Charles Reade, Thomas Purnell, the Duke of Edinburgh, Henry Moir Feist, Prince Baorto, Frederick Ledger, the Duke of Wellington, George H. Parker, the Duke of Hamilton, Howard Paul, Charles Fechter, Belle Boyd, Watts Phillips, George Masdick, John Oxenford, Lieut. Wyde Hardyng and wife, Algernon Swinburne, Jenny Lind, Frank L. Downing, Mme. George Sand, Capt. Webster." What a mixture! Yet Swinburne supervised one of Menken's books, which was dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens.

At this halcyon period Menken called herself the "Royal Bengal Tiger." At Astley's she had a Jumbo success. She drove about the London streets in a four-in-hand, with liveried servants, and a horse's head surmounting four aces for a crest, and silver bells on the harness. She toured the English provinces as *Mazeppa*. In 1865, she returned to London, and produced John Brougham's "Child of the Sun;" but the Menken fraud was over, and both she and the piece were failures; so she returned to New York in the autumn, went back to England almost immediately, and revisited this country in 1866, all her engagements, except that in an Indiana divorce court, being financial failures. Here she kept open house for her Bohemian friends in a residence on Seventh avenue, which she called "Bleak House," and was married to Captain

Barkley, who died in California in 1868. Two years before his death Menken took an overdose of poison, whether intentionally or by accident, has never been ascertained.

Paris remained to her, and at the Galeté Theatre, in a pantomime part in "Les Pirates de la Savane," she renewed her London furor. The receipts for the first eight nights were over \$72,000. She played a hundred nights; she wore little more costume than a statue; the Emperor went to see her; Dumas *père* loved her as a daughter; her house was a free hotel for everybody she knew, and especially for the Confederates stranded in Paris; she was at the height of her celebrity. Her descent was as rapid as her rise. She ceased to make money and, died, as poor as when she started out on her grand career.

MYRA CLARK GAINES.

One of the most conspicuous and well-known persons to be met with on the streets of New Orleans, is Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. Her lawsuit, developing as it did her most extraordinary energy and pertinacity, and containing as it did the germs of a dozen romances, has become in the course of time the greatest of American cases.

The Myra Clark Gaines case began nearly half a century ago, when the little woman, who is the heroine of the suit, made her first appearance in court—she was then Mrs. Whitney—claiming the immense estate of Daniel Clark, who had died twenty-three years previous, as his only child and heir. Her claim excited the greatest surprise and wonder. Clark had been the most prominent man in Louisiana, its wealthiest citizen, its representative in Congress, its leading merchant. He had been a social leader, a great favorite among women, and reported engaged to half a dozen, among others, to the Caroline Caton, who afterwards became Duchess of Leeds, but no one dreamed that he had married or left a child behind.

It was in 1836 that the Gaines or Whitney suit begun, Mrs. Whitney claiming the property left by her father. For forty-eight years since, that suit has constantly been before one court or another. It has occupied the time of hundreds of judges; all the original lawyers in it are long since dead, but the little woman who began it has outlived all of them, and at the age of 79 still continues to manage the case herself. During this long period over a million and a half dollars have been expended in costs and lawyers' fees; the suit has been decided again and again, sometimes one way, sometimes another, but all the same it goes on forever.

The facts involved in it are alone sufficient to make it interesting. As recited by the plaintiff, they were as follows:

In 1813, Daniel Clark, a Creolized young Irishman living in New Orleans, who had represented that State in Congress and held other high positions, and who was one of the richest men in Louisiana, just before dying made a will bequeathing all his property to his child, Myra, the issue of a secret marriage with Zulemè De Grange, a young Creole, half Provençal, half gypsy. The little girl was at that time living in Philadelphia, in the family of a retired sea captain, named Davis, and was generally believed, and even by herself to be Davis's own child.

The will which left her the fortune, was never found. When Clark died, a search was made for it, but it had disappeared, and a will, made two years previously was probated and the property deeded under it.

It was not until 1832, when Myra Clark, or as she was generally known Myra Davis, was married to William Whitney that the true facts of her parentage were made known to her, and soon after made known, she entered suit for the recovery of the property bequeathed to her by her father. The story told by the numerous defendants, for there were several score or more in number, was altogether different from this. There lived, they said, facing the Place d'Armes (Jackson square), where the Pontalba buildings now stand, a confectioner by the name of Jerome De Grange, who kept the leading confectionery in New Orleans a century ago. De Grange was very ugly but seemed to have a great fascinating power over the fair sex. He had won for

wife Zulemè Carrière, one of the prettiest Creole girls in the colony, who assisted him in minding the shop. Among his patrons were all the *jeunesse dorée* of the city, Clark being a great frequenter of the place and a great admirer of Madame Zulemè. Clark pretended to become very much interested in De Grange and finally supplied him with money to visit Europe to attend to a certain lawsuit. During his absence, Clark and Zulemè eloped from the city, going to Philadelphia where it was claimed they were secretly married, and where they pretended to discover that De Grange had previously been married, thus rendering his marriage with Zulemè null and void. It was from this connection of Zulemè and Clark that Myra Clark Gaines was born.

The will under which Mrs. Gaines claimed Clark's property was read by him to two persons, friends of Mr. Clark, to wit: Chevalier De la Croix and Mrs. Harper, but after his death it could never be found.

Efforts were made to discover it, and when they failed an attempt was made to have it probated as a lost or destroyed instrument. This attempt failed, and a previous will of 1811, wherein Myra was not recognized or created an heir, was probated and executed, and all of Clark's property was sold under it.

On reaching womanhood Mrs. Gaines commenced the prosecution of her claims as forced heir, and in every imaginable form of proceeding and by every legal device and strategy she sought to establish her rights. The results of these several suits were various and uncertain. Sometimes they appeared to be in her favor, and the little lady and her numerous friends became jubilant when this large estate seemed within her grasp, and the newspapers and gossipers exhausted their inventive powers in devising schemes and plans for the investment and disposition of the immense property which would accrue to her.

Alas! a few months and another trial of the Gaines case would dissipate these rosy hopes, and the little lady would be again in the slough of despondency. The court had gone back on her. But there was no such word as fail in her vocabulary—and never has been either, while a budding young woman, a full blown matron or elderly lady. She was equal to every rebuff, and wrestled bravely with every disaster. A legion of lawyers embarked in her case. She outlived and wore them all out. Her path for fifty years was strewn with the corpses of ambitious attorneys, who were confident of winning fortune and fame by bringing the Gaines case to a final judgment. But the plaintiff never turned from the path, never wearied or paused, in her pursuit of the great object and aim of her life—to establish her legitimacy and vindicate the faith of her father and the virtue of her mother. It was not extraordinary that such earnestness and intensity should develop a sturdy and dauntless intrepidity and belligerency, which involved her in many episodic conflicts with lawyers and others.

It would require a volume to sketch never so superficially these various episodes, and the suits and scenes in which Mrs. Gaines filled the leading part. There never was so elaborate, intricate and exciting a judicial and legal drama.

Finally, when her case seemed to be desperate, two ingenious and able attorneys conceived a new plan to revive her claim. Grymes, John A. Campbell, Keene and a host of other able lawyers had exhausted their powers in the effort to bring her case to a favorable conclusion. Undismayed by their failures, these young advocates resolved to embark on a new voyage of discovery for the long-sought treasure.

Their plan was to revive the suit to probate the lost will. Since this question had been passed on, thirty years before, decisions had been rendered by the highest courts in England and in this country, sanctioning such proceeding. It was vigorously opposed, but the young lawyers finally succeeded, and Mrs. Gaines was permitted to prove the lost will.

The witnesses were then living in extreme old age. They were Mrs. Harper, the relict of a former judge of the United States District Court in this city, and the Chevalier De la Croix, an octogenarian, who was led into court by his son, himself an old man.

The chevalier was blind and infirm, but he was a true knight, and though the probating of

this will would render null and void the title to nearly all the property he held, he did not hesitate to testify with distinctness to the existence of such a will and its contents shortly before the death of his friend Clark.

By these witnesses the will was established and probated, and thus Mrs. Gaines was recognized as the heir and universal legatee of Daniel Clark. This proceeding took place a few years before the civil war.

Thus armed for the combat, she commenced various suits against holders of the property of her father, which had been sold under the old and void will. She had now a standing in court. These suits were prosecuted with increased zeal and vigor and various fortune. Sometimes she obtained judgments, and they were appealed or their execution prevented by side suits and other contingencies of all law suits. Sometimes she was non-suited, and at times appeared to be utterly routed, but again revived and reappeared in the arena, always cheerful, sanguine and untiring.

Finally, by some crook of the law, the judgment of the Court of Probate, admitting the will of 1813, was ordered to be reviewed.

After a long argument the judge reversed the decision rendered twenty years before by the Supreme Court, and refused to probate the will.

On appeal this decision was affirmed by the Louisiana Supreme Court. Here apparently was a sad and fatal extinction of all of Mrs. Gaines' fond and bright hopes and dreams, but nothing daunted, she secured a transfer of her case to the United States Court and a judgment in her favor. The judgment, which was against the City of New Orleans—for the city had bought a portion of the Clark estate and sold it to others—was for the large sum of \$2,000,000. An appeal has been taken to the U. S. Supreme Court, before which body the case now is.

Thus the case stands to-day, so complicated that all the original issues have been forgotten, and with so extensive a transcript that it has cost the city of New Orleans several thousand dollars to merely copy the evidence in the case. Scores of persons have been ruined by the prosecution of this case. Mrs. Gaines herself has gained nothing from it, indeed the large fortune of her second husband, the late Gen. Gaines, U. S. A., was expended in litigation, in court charges and lawyers' fees, without bringing anything in return, but she is still in her old age looking forward to the future, in the hope that some day a final judgment will give her the great fortune she has been striving for a lifetime. The wonderful litigant is still in the enjoyment of good health, but growing, perhaps, a little feebler year by year.

ALBERT DELPIT.

Albert Delpit, though but thirty-five years old, is one of the most illustrious of French writers. Singularly enough, as far back as 1880, French biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias contain long accounts of his life and elaborate analyses of his literary works. Albert Delpit was born in 1849 in the city of New Orleans. By birth, therefore, he is an American. He was sent to France to be educated, and graduated from the Lycée de Bordeaux at the early age of fifteen. This precocity followed him throughout his whole career, and the taste for literature thus implanted was destined never to be eradicated. His father, a rich tobaccoist in the Creole city, strongly opposed his son's inclinations, and, with the hope of deflecting him from a literary career, sent him traveling through the United States. To this, young Delpit did not strongly object; but as soon as he returned to New Orleans he commenced writing on the French papers of the city.

In 1868, when only nineteen, he went to Paris; he became one of the staff of the Elder Dumas' paper, *Le Mousquetaire*, and subsequently also collaborated on the staff of its successor, *D'Artagnan*. Delpit's life now became one of extreme hardship, as he had fallen out with his father, but he struggled manfully for the conditions of literary and journalistic success. In a

short while he became a regular contributor to the *Paris Journal*. About this time M. Ballande, who was conducting a series of literary matinées at the Gaîté theatre, offered a prize for the best poem in praise of the French poet, Lamartine. This prize was carried off by young Delpit over all competitors. On the strength of this success Delpit produced a one-act comedy at the Odeon, which was only moderately successful.

The Franco-Prussian war now broke out, and although an American citizen, young Delpit immediately joined the army and served with marked distinction through the siege of Paris. On the motion of Admiral Saisset he became, on the 3d of August, 1871, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. An inspiration of the war was a poem called "The Invasion." This work proved an enormous popular success, running through fifteen editions in a few months. All the critics, even those the most severe, opened their arms to the new poet. "He suffered with us," says Francisque Sarcey, pathetically; "and he utters our same cry of sorrow; he translates our sentiments in a language all his own; a language if unequal, at least, sincere, vivid and young." In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Louis Étienne accorded him still higher praise. "It is a book which must profoundly move the soul, for it is written from the heart." This is Delpit's chief characteristic—heart; but however chivalrous and sincere it must not be supposed that he is lacking complexity. Nothing could be further from the truth. No man is more varied in his originality, more subtle and graceful in the expression of his thoughts. He is a man of the world; only he is a gentleman. "The Invasion" secured from the French Academy the prize called "Montyon." In the following year another poem entitled "Le Repentir, ou Recit d'un Curé de Campagne" was again crowned by the Academy. Shortly after these brilliant successes, M. Delpit became one of the editors of *Le Gaulois*.

Thus, having achieved the highest distinction in his profession, he soon left, by his own choice, the paths of belligerent journalism to engage in general literary pursuits. He next directed his attention to the stage. His first long play was a failure. Shortly before its production, Delpit became the hero of an adventure which might have found a place in Major Truman's interesting book on dueling. A play by François Coppée and Armand D'Artois, entitled "Le Petit Marquis" was being performed at a Paris theatre. A well-known man about town was hissing; and Delpit, on the other hand, was loudly applauding, the authors being his personal friends. A violent altercation ensued, in which Delpit, indignant in behalf of his friends, was provoked to an overt act which led to a duel. In the conflict which ensued Delpit was severely wounded. But, nothing daunted, he had hardly recovered when he began writing again. He published successfully three novels in the *Moniteur Universel*, *Le Paris Journal* and in *La France Nouvelle*. From the last-named source he dramatized "Jean Nupieds," which was very successful on its first representation. But the intense heat interfered seriously with its Parisian run. This play made the tour of all France, and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. His later comedies and dramas have all been successful. "Le Message de Scapin," at the Comedie Française, and "Les Chevaliers de la Patrie," at the Theatre Ristorique, both enjoying long runs. But his greatest popular success was his play "Le Fils de Coralie," which was dramatized from one of his own novels. This play made an enormous sensation in Paris, and was translated into English.

As a novelist, Albert Delpit, as in everything, has taken first rank. An enumeration of the works of this prolific writer would be a mere catalogue, as we cannot give the space to any analysis of their contents. He has long been the bright, particular star of *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*, and several stories from this source have been translated into English, and have gone the rounds of the American press. Besides all his other vocations, M. Delpit has traveled much, and has written charmingly from the experience of his travels. We have given our readers a sketch of his life as it now stands. But Albert Delpit's life is yet to be written. Most men at thirty-five have but begun to live. Let us hope that even more distinction, if that be possible is in store for him.

MORPHY, THE CHESS KING.

Paul Charles Morphy was born in the city of New Orleans on the 22d of June, 1837. His paternal grandfather was a native of Madrid, Spain, and, emigrating to America, resided for some years at Charleston, South Carolina, in which city Paul Morphy's father, Alonzo Morphy, was born in the latter part of 1798. The family not long afterward removed to New Orleans, where Alonzo Morphy, after receiving a collegiate education, studied law under that great juriconsult Edward Livingstone, practiced his profession with great success, and for a number of years previous to his death was an honored justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. Judge Morphy's wife was a Miss Le Carpentier, one of the oldest French Creole families of the State. Paul was the second son of four children born to his parents. He received a good academical education in this city, and when about thirteen years old was enrolled as a student of St. Joseph's College, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, at Spring Hill, near Mobile, Alabama. Here, after four years' attendance, he graduated with the highest honors ever awarded in the institution. In October, 1854, but remained a year longer, occupying himself almost exclusively with the study of mathematics and philosophy. He was a hard, indeed a very hard student, and his intense application, combined, as it was, with phenomenal powers of mind, and especially of memory, gave him such success in his studies that his classmates actually came to consider as not surprising any mental feat, however great or difficult, when accomplished by him. In 1855 he became a student in the law department of the University of Louisiana, and again, in the prosecution of his legal studies, showed the same intensity of application and notable success as in his college life. He graduated in April, 1857, when but twenty years of age, and was pronounced by an eminent member of the faculty the most deeply read and most thoroughly prepared student that had ever graduated from the law school of the University.

Chess had always been a conspicuous feature in the amusements of the Morphy family. Paul's maternal grandfather, old Mr. Le Carpentier, was devoted to the game; Judge Alonzo Morphy was a player of fair strength, while his brother, Ernest Morphy, was not only almost a first-rate of his day, but was also a particularly strong and deep analyst. Among a number of frequent visitors who played chess was, also, Eugene Rousseau, whose hard-fought match, contested in this city in 1845, with Stanley, the English player, is one of the landmarks in the early history of American chess. Paul Morphy's father taught him the moves of the game in the latter part of 1847, when he was a little over ten years old, and though his indulgence in its pleasures was then, as indeed all through his boyhood, limited to certain days of the week, he proved so apt a pupil under the instructions of his father and uncle, that almost from his first game he was able to fight on even terms against either. His strength of play increased with incredible rapidity, and within two years he had defeated by overwhelming majorities all the strongest players in the city, among them Rousseau, who, out of upwards of fifty games played, lost at least nine-tenths! But the crowning proof of the young player's genius for the game was given when in May, 1850, he contested three games against Löwenthal, the eminent Hungarian player, who was then passing through New Orleans, and who not many years previously, in consultation with Szen and Grimm at Buda-Pesth, had defeated the foremost players of France in a memorable match by correspondence. Any victory over such an antagonist by a mere child of less than thirteen years would have been an astonishing feat, but Paul Morphy achieved it by the unique score of two games won and one drawn! His departure for Spring Hill in the autumn of the same year seems to have caused a prolonged interruption in the youthful prodigy's practice of the game, for, excepting such play as he may have had at home during his brief vacations, he may be said to have virtually abandoned chess during his collegiate career. It was only in the summer of 1853, the year before his graduation, that, to oblige some college mates who had become enthusiastic over chess, he played with them a number of games, and these at odds of Queens, or of Rook and Knight combined. After leaving college, and during his legal studies, from November, 1855, to April, 1857, he played more, though still not very

frequently, but nearly always yielding large odds. It was during this period that he contested on two occasions, ten games with Judge A. B. Meek, then the strongest player in Alabama, winning all, and also two from Dr. Ayers, another strong amateur of the same State. It was with this practice and with this experience that Paul Morphy entered in October, 1857, the lists of the first American Chess Congress, convened in New York—an assemblage including the strongest players of the Union, paladins and veterans of the game—but destined to become ever memorable as the occasion of the young hero's first public appearance in that world of chess, whose universal sceptre he was so soon destined to sway with undisputed right. Stanley, the conquerer of Rousseau, Montgomery of Philadelphia, Fiske, Thompson, Perrin, Marache and Lichtenhein of New York, Paulsen of Iowa, Raphael of Kentucky, and many others were opposed to him in the tournament proper, or in side-tilts, off-hand or formal, during its progress, but his triumph was so absolute, his victories so overwhelming, that the defeated felt not even a twinge of jealousy. Comparisons were simply impossible, and the idea of rivalry would have been an absurdity. Out of about one hundred games thus contested during the period of the congress, Paul Morphy lost but three, only a few more being drawn.

The discovery of such a genius naturally aroused the greatest enthusiasm throughout the whole chess world of the Union, and there were not a few members of the then National Chess Association who wished at once to issue a cartel on behalf of their champion to all Europe, but overborne by the prestige clinging to the reputations of the European masters, the more timid sentiments of others prevailed and no action was taken. The New Orleans Chess Club, however, lacked no confidence in Morphy's powers, and in February, 1858, singling out no less a master than Howard Staunton, the champion of British chess, they addressed a challenge to him to play a match of eleven games up, in this city for stakes of \$5,000 a side, and offering him \$1,000 for expenses. Staunton, in reply, simply declined to come to New Orleans to play, but in terms clearly indicative of a willingness to contest the match in London. Not to be balked of their desire that their youthful champion should measure swords with the masters of Europe, a deputation from the club called upon Morphy's family and entreated their consent to the plan. After some hesitation this was at length accorded, and in May, 1858, Morphy set out on what proved to be the most bewilderingly brilliant career of successes recorded in the history of chess; successes so numerous, so unbroken, so dazzling that we can but epitomize them here.

Paul Morphy arrived in London on the 21st of June, 1858, and met with a most cordial reception at the hands, not only of the British chess public, but of English society at large, and more particularly through the medium of the two great London clubs, the St. George's and London, within the precincts of which all of his most important contests in England were played. Of course, his first step, looking to the principal object of his journey, was to issue a *defi* to Staunton, which the latter first accepted, then postponed, then clearly sought to evade and finally peremptorily declined.

In off-hand play and more or less formal matches, Morphy, during his stay of a little over two months in England, met and vanquished nearly, if not every, strong player in that country. Bird, Boden, Medley, Barnes, Löwe, Mongredien, and numbers of others all went down before his victorious lance, and all in the same decisive style of defeat that had marked his conquest in America. Of his more serious or notable contests, the most important was his match with his old adversary, Löwenthal, whom he defeated by 9 to 3 with 2 draws; his match yielding Pawn and move to "Alter" (Rev. J. Owen), which he won by the remarkable score of 5 wins and 2 draws; his two games won in consultation with Barnes against Staunton and "Alter;" and three brilliant exhibitions of blindfold play, conducting eight games each time simultaneously—one at Birmingham where he won six, lost one and drew one; one at the London Chess Club where he gained two, the other six being abandoned as drawn owing to the lateness of the hour; and one at the St. George's Club, winning five and drawing three. His decisive victories over the British chess players had almost as thoroughly convincing a result as those

in his American triumphs. Nearly every feeling of doubt or of rivalry disappeared, and when he crossed the channel to Paris in the early part of September, 1858, almost exclusively the good wishes of friends and admirers followed him in his forthcoming battles with the Continental champions.

Nor were those good wishes disappointed. His experiences in the French capital were but a repetition of his preceding triumphs; every French player of note lowered his colors before the crushing attacks of the new monarch of the chess world, and many even of the best did not disdain to accept, nor often successfully at that, varying odds at his hands. His principal victories in Paris, however, were that over the famous Harwitz, who abruptly abandoned the match after winning the first two games and then losing five out of the next six, one being drawn; that over his English friend, Mongredien, by 7 to 0; and finally, that over the renowned Prussian master, Anderssen, then the acknowledged champion of the world. The score in this latter contest was even more surprising than that of any of its predecessors, the result being: Morphy, 7; Anderssen, 2; drawn, 2. It was in Paris, moreover, that perhaps Morphy's greatest feat of blindfold play was given, taking into consideration the remarkable strength of the eight players simultaneously opposed to him, and against whom, nevertheless, he won six and drew two. As in England, his stupendous feats and triumphs caused a profound sensation in the Parisian world. He was, during his stay, its greatest lion; "victories and ovations," in the language of one of his biographers, "became the monotonous order of his seven months' residence in that fascinating city. His extremely modest, quiet and courteous bearing under the most exciting applause which attended his unparalleled achievements added to his immense popularity as an unrivaled chess player, and he became the courted favorite of every circle of society." Nor were his countrymen at home slow in catching the same impulse, and on his return to America in May, 1859, his whole homeward journey was simply a succession of *fêtes*, entertainments and ovations of every description. In the presence of a grand assembly in the chapel of the University of New York, he was presented with a superb testimonial in the shape of a magnificent set of gold and silver chessmen; he was given a splendid banquet in Boston, at which Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz and many other eminent citizens were present to tender him their congratulations. Reaching New Orleans not long afterward, and having issued, without response, a final challenge offering to yield the odds of Pawn and move to any player in the world, he declared his career as a chess player finally and definitely closed—a declaration to which he held with unbroken resolution during the whole of the remainder of his life. Even in private and among intimate friends his participation in chess was of rare occurrence, and in brief contests nearly always at considerable odds; indeed, his only subsequent games on even terms were a few contested with his friend, Mr. Arnous de Rivière, on the occasion of a second visit to Paris in 1862. He paid that city a third visit during the world's exhibition of 1867, and the completeness of his abandonment of the game may be inferred from the fact that although at that period the great international chess tournament of 1867 was going on in Paris, he never even once visited the scene of its exciting and splendid battles.

Morphy died suddenly in New Orleans in July, 1884, from congestion of the brain, induced by a cold bath imprudently taken while overheated from a rapid walk. His servant discovered him in a dying condition.

E. A. BURKE, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE EXPOSITION.

Major Burke is a predestined leader. Descended from a line of soldiers, he possesses by heredity the combative instinct which insists upon conquering something, but which, falling happily upon peaceful times and pursuits, finds a nobler satisfaction in vanquishing impediments to civic progress,

He is of Irish descent, though of the second generation native to the United States; and the democratic spirit of the grandfather who escaped to our shores from the threatened prison which would have rewarded his patriotic share in the Irish rebellion, has lost nothing in transmission. Like so many of the men most prominent in the affairs of our country, Major Burke is not a college man. He has gone to school to events, and in that grand university, has achieved a "double first."

The outbreak of the war between the States found young Burke, a lad of nineteen, rail-roading in Texas, whither that roving occupation had led him from his native city of Louisville. It need hardly be said that he became a soldier of the Confederacy. A military career beginning at that age and lasting but four years in that section of the country could hardly be expected to furnish many incidents for a biographical sketch, yet even here opportunity was found for the display of his peculiar aptitude for overcoming the insuperable. The Trans-Mississippi department was deficient in means of transportation. No wagons had ever been manufactured in Texas; there was neither material nor mechanics adapted for the work, yet, by the potent spell of his own energy, he evoked all these requisites and created an efficient wagon factory, as it were out of nothing.

Fortune did not smile upon him in Texas, and shortly after the war he came to New Orleans, where he began life over, as a stone-cutter in a marble yard; but soon resorted again to his original occupation, in which he graduated as general freight agent of the Jackson railroad.

In this position he had room to develop his marked ability as an organizer and commander, and being at the same time a popular member of the favorite company of the volunteer fire department, he soon became well known to the community as a man of high integrity, cool judgment and unfailing courage. In the year 1872 Major Burke was made the regular Democratic nominee for Administrator of Improvements, but the nomination of an independent candidate divided the conservative vote, and so gave the victory to the Republicans.

In 1874 he rendered the State the great and much needed service of revising the registration, and being again nominated for Administrator of Improvements, was elected by a large majority.

The economy and thorough efficiency of his administration won for him the esteem and good will of all, and he has not since ceased to play a conspicuous part in all the affairs of the State. During the long and unequal struggle for home rule, Mr. Burke was the opponent whom the Republican carpet-baggers most feared, and to him probably more than to any other one man is due the credit of their defeat and deposition. It was by his well devised and cleverly executed plot that the troops ordered from Holly Springs on the ever memorable 14th of September, 1874, were delayed long enough to give the citizens the victory, which, although not immediately effective, so crippled the carpet-bag power as to assure its speedy fall.

During the hotly contested campaign of 1876, Major Burke acted as chairman of a committee appointed to act as a check upon the Republican Returning Board, and canvassed the entire State returns with such thoroughness that he was able to locate with absolute certainty all the fraudulent votes polled, as well as the legal votes which were suppressed.

After the election he went as the representative of the people's government to Washington, where his astute diplomacy won from the incoming administration an informal agreement that the Republican faction in Louisiana should be left to stand or fall as it could, unaided by military support. This practically settled the fate of the Packard faction, and gave the State once more into the hands of its own citizens.

In 1877 he received the appointment of State Tax Collector, the most responsible and lucrative office within the gift of the government. This he relinquished the following year to accept the State Treasury, a position he still holds. The constitutional convention of 1879, which legislated out of office all other incumbents, not only continued him, but extended his term two years in order to make the election for that office coincide with other State elections, giving him an uninterrupted term of six years, at the expiration of which, in 1884, he was re-elected.

Major Burke's reputation as a political leader is not confined to his own State. At the Cincinnati Convention which nominated Hancock, he led the delegation from Louisiana, and at Chicago he not only controlled his own delegation, which was, from first to last, almost unanimous for Cleveland, but took an active and influential part in the discussion of all the issues that came before the body, being one of three appointed to draft the important tariff resolutions. In the year 1879 Mr. Burke, in company with several others, purchased the New Orleans *Democrat*, of which the following year he became sole proprietor and managing editor. December 4, 1883, he purchased the *Times*, and consolidated the two, forming the *Times-Democrat*.

The crowning work of his life, however, is that to which he has devoted himself during the past eighteen months with all the energy of his ardent nature. No one but himself could adequately picture the enormous difficulties he has met and surmounted. Upon him has rested the great financial burden of the undertaking, a burden which he has sustained with a fortitude which nothing but a heroic devotion to the cause could have inspired.

He has visited in its interest every important city east of the Rocky Mountains, spoken before all their Boards of Trade, met in conference all their great capitalists and financiers, and fraternized with all the chiefs of the great journals, kindling their interest in the gigantic enterprise, at the torch of his own enlightened enthusiasm.

Returning home he has labored literally night and day, not only mapping out the general features of the work, but entering into all the minutæ of its execution.

He has made himself master of every trade and profession represented in the work, and to-day he is architect with architects, engineer with engineers, and horticulturist and landscape gardener with men of that ilk, in addition to all the sheaf of innumerable peculiarities included in the title of Director-General.

His capacity for work is simply enormous. He wears out everybody about him; but though a thousand fall by the way, he keeps steadily on. Nothing escapes him, nothing is neglected. Not only has he, by almost individual effort, raised the needed funds, but he has largely superintended their disbursement, being an economist of that rare order who knows both how to lavish and how to withhold.

Personally Major Burke is a man of fine presence, and of affable and winning manners. He is a forcible writer and an eloquent speaker. He is emphatically a man of the people, and a staunch upholder of the purest democratic principles. It is as the people's champion that he has risen to his present eminence, and his highest ambition has always been wide enough to include the interests of his fellow-citizens. No man has a higher record for personal courage and daring. Although opposed in principle to the "code," he has not flinched from meeting his adversary upon the field when the exigencies of the case seemed to him and his friends to absolutely demand it. In his last encounter he received a desperate wound, from which he still suffers occasionally.

Both as private citizen and State official, he is of unblemished reputation, and his public virtues are beautifully rounded out and completed by a domestic life of unsurpassed tenderness and devotion. Between himself and his noble wife the fullest sympathy exists; she is his confident and adviser upon all subjects, even those apparently most foreign to the feminine mind, and with the single exception of his affairs of honor, he has perhaps never taken an important step without first consulting her. Her presence is always an essential to his complete content, and her approbation his dearest reward. The little home world is always first in his thoughts and affections, and in the midst of the most pressing and perplexing cases, its fêtes and anniversaries are never forgotten.

His social qualities make him a charming host, and he delights in dispensing a generous hospitality. During the gay season the doors of his pretty white cottage are always open, and many of the most notable men of the day have sat at his board. Among his intimate personal friends is General Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. Major Burke's courtesy and kindness are unfailing and are exercised toward all who approach him, the application of the

day-laborer meeting as prompt and punctilious attention as the most important communication from higher sources. That he should have some enemies is the inevitable consequence of his success, but the number is few, for he possesses the magnanimous art of preserving himself from petty animosities, and of transforming political opponents into personal friends.

Few men of Major Burke's age have accomplished so much for the benefit of the community among which they reside. As a politician he has been largely instrumental in conferring upon his State the boon of self-government. As a journalist he has labored uninterruptedly for the enlightenment of the people of the South, and to arouse them to an appreciation of the immense resources of their territory, the wise development of which will form a surer basis of wealth than they have ever yet enjoyed.

Taken altogether, he is a rare man, and one whose name will long be preserved in honored and grateful remembrance among the citizens of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, AND THE ORNAMENTATION OF THE GROUNDS.

THE National Cotton Planters' Association, at its annual meeting in October, 1882, by resolution, suggested the policy of celebrating by a special Cotton Exposition the centennial of that now leading and greatest product of Southern industry.

The first record of cotton as an industrial product for export from this country is the account of the shipment of six bags (about one bale) from the port of Charleston, S. C., in 1784, to England. In one century the export has increased four million fold, and the production to 7,000,000 bales, and to a value as an export in excess of any known product.

When the scheme was first agitated by the Southern press, it found a host of friends, some of whom allowed their interest to quietly subside before any lasting action was taken. The great cost and labor attending such an enterprise appalled the weak-hearted and kept the matter in abeyance for months. Thus valuable time was lost that might have been turned to good account. The project was not abandoned, however, but made to take a new and better shape. After a time the design of holding a cotton exhibition simply was abandoned, and the plan enlarged so as to embrace an industrial exposition of the first order. The highest authority in the land was invoked to give the proposed exposition an official existence and recognition among the nations of the earth.

Congress passed an act creating the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, under the provisions of which the Board of Management was selected.

The preliminary plans having been adopted, the location of the Exposition was fixed at New Orleans, and the exact site selected, the Upper City Park.

The wisdom of this selection is perceived in the manifold advantages offered on every hand. It placed the Exposition upon the great waterway of inland navigation of the United States, the Mississippi river, and opened direct communication with the towns and cities along 20,000 miles of navigable streams. By railway it is connected with every State, and Mexico as well as Canada. The Eads system of jetties has opened the mouth of the river, so that now the largest ships afloat can come to the park and discharge their freight within a few feet of the Exposition Buildings.

The park itself is a level tract of land containing 249 acres. It is naturally adorned by liveoak trees, whose giant forms add to the picturesqueness of the scene. The views obtained from various high objects embrace the metropolitan city of the fair South, the Father of Waters rolling silently by, and a stretch of country thirty miles in extent that is attractive at all seasons of the year.

The Board of Management began active operations by opening popular subscriptions to the stock of the Exposition, and at the same time it urged citizens and corporations to make donations to the general fund. These efforts were crowned with success. Congress voted a loan of \$1,000,000, and \$300,000 for a governmental exhibit. The City of New Orleans appropriated \$100,000, and the State of Louisiana \$100,000. The popular subscription reached the sum of \$500,000, and various States appropriated from \$5,000 to \$30,000, and numerous cities and counties in different parts of the country have contributed from \$500 to \$1,000.

Among foreign nations, Mexico has been most generous with her grant of \$200,000; even Liberia gave \$5,000.

With abundant pecuniary means in hand the management set about the task of erecting

buildings, making the scope and general characteristics of the Exposition known, and issuing invitations to possible exhibitors.

The Main Building is the largest ever erected, and covers thirty-three acres of ground. It is 1,378 feet long by 905 feet wide, without courts, and has a continuous roof composed largely of glass so arranged as to afford an abundance of light without subjecting the interior to the direct rays of the sun. Within, the view is unobstructed, from one side or corner of the building to its opposite, the interior showing all the phases of the exhibit at a glance. There are no partitions, and the lofty pillars, wide apart, supporting the roof structure, present no impediment to one's vision, but only serve to assist the eye in measuring the vast expanse. Wide and spacious galleries, twenty-three feet high, are reached by twenty elevators supplied with the most approved safety appliances and convenient stairways. The view from the one in the central tower is simply superb.

The Machinery department occupies a space of 1,378 feet long by 300 feet wide, within the main building, and has an iron extension 750 feet long by 120 wide, for factories and mills in operation. From the galleries overlooking it, over two miles of shafting can be seen rapidly revolving, driving every known character of machinery.

Music hall, with a seating capacity, in commodious chairs, for 11,000 people, a platform capacity for 600 musicians and a mammoth organ built to order for the Exposition, occupies the centre of the interior.

The Main Building will contain general exhibits. It is situated nearly in the centre of the grounds.

The second building in size is that erected for the United States Government and State exhibits. This building is 885 feet long by 565 feet wide. It is one of the largest exposition buildings ever erected. At the time of the adoption of the plans it was supposed that the main building, having the largest capacity of any building heretofore erected, in conjunction with the horticultural hall and such minor outside buildings as were necessary, would afford ample space and accommodation for all exhibits; but the interest in the World's Exposition became so widespread, and the applications and inquiries for space so numerous, that the necessity for additional accommodation became imperative, and the management determined upon the erection of this magnificent structure specially for the General Government and State exhibits. It will contain the exhibits of the general government. This exhibition will be complete—of itself, almost a mammoth exposition. Each department will have its distinctive exhibit. In addition to the government exhibits, the collective State exhibits and the general educational display will be located in this building. The structure has a beautiful architecture and presents a very attractive appearance.

The third building in size, and a conspicuous feature of the group, is the Horticultural Hall, which is 600 feet in length and 194 feet wide through the centre. It is the largest conservatory in the world. It is substantially built as a durable structure, becoming, by arrangement with the city, a permanent feature of the park. It is located on high ground, in the midst of magnificent live-oak groves. Surmounting the centre is a magnificent tower, 90 feet high, roofed with glass. Beneath this tower, in constant play, is a grand fountain. Extending through the centre of the Hall will be exhibited 20,000 plates of fruit, double the amount ever before displayed at any exposition. Around the Hall will be arranged an infinite variety, gathered from every available source, of rare tropical and semi-tropical plants, flowers and shrubbery. Above this display, on a fair decline, appears the roof, almost as a solid plate of glass. In the central hall, with a much higher roof, part only of glass, is located a tropical hot-house, 250 feet long by 25 feet wide, in which the most delicate flowers from the far South will be nurtured and made to bloom in their most brilliant perfection. Tropical fruits in the various stages of growth will be exhibited. Fruits of every section and the production of all seasons will, by arrangements for stated supplies and through processes of preservation and cold storage, be available for exhibit.

The Art Gallery is 300 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is a structure built wholly of iron. The building is elegant and artistic, so arranged for mounting, accessibility and light as to present with best effects, precious pictures and rare statues lent by connoisseurs to the management. Its interior arrangements are unsurpassed for the mounting and lighting of pictures, and there is every indication that the collection will outrival any hitherto made on this hemisphere.

Despite the enormous and at first apparently extravagant size of the Main Building, it was found necessary to extend the machinery department, which, as noted before, already exceeds the entire space of two great expositions. This extension, under the title of the Factories and Mills Building, was at first planned to be 350 by 120 feet, but the length has lately been extended to 570. This building is made of iron, and in it will be especially exhibited cotton in all its processes, and with all the newest appliances. Sugar cane and rice will here too be shown in all their stages. A continuation of this, in a sort, the Saw-mill Building, on a stretch toward the great river, is calculated to attract much attention, as it will reveal the extraordinary wealth of the forestry of the South. This, too, was at first to be only 600 feet long, but has since been doubled.

The ornamentation of the grounds has been made a matter of special consideration, and the setting out groves of orange, banana, lemon, mesquite, maguey, etc., with tropical and semi-tropical plants attracts daily hundreds of curious visitors, who watch the laying out of the winding walks and the raising of the flower-mounds from under the shady shelter of the grand, guardian live-oaks, whose great size, close foliage and long, graceful pendants of Spanish gray moss symbolize that combination of the massive and the delicate which a world's exposition should abundantly possess. Fountains and miniature lakes, all things, in fact, that can delight the eye, have been provided. In the centre of Lake Rubio, named after the wife of President Diaz, of Mexico, 100 feet of fountain standpipe rise, throwing out three lessening circles of jets at intervals of twenty-five feet. From the top of a spire rising fifteen feet above this column an electric lamp of 100,000 candle-power will shed its radiance over the falling jets of the fountain and across the waters of the lake. In front of five of the principal entrances a 36,000 candle-power Leavitt-Mueller electric light is placed and in five different sections of the grounds, towers, 125 feet high, are each lighted by ten standard arc lights of the Jenny system. Fifty additional Jenny standard arc lamps are ranged around the grounds and steam-boat landings on the river front. The systems represented in this grand display of electric lighting are the Edison, Leavitt-Mueller, Brush, Jenny, Thompson and Houston, aggregating 4,000 incandescent and 1,100 standard arc lamps, which require 1,600 horse-power of engines for the electric lighting alone, or 200 horse-power more for the service than the great Corliss engine which furnished the entire power for the Centennial building, and which is now at Pullman, 1,400 horse-power. This electrical combination, saying unto the night, "Let there be light," and crowning the splendid scene with a mimic day, will constitute the finest exhibition of the contrasts of the different systems of lighting that the world has ever seen.

There is another thing of strange and striking beauty on the grounds, which, though not provided by the Exposition Company, may be rightly deemed the result of their endeavors. Built in iron compartments at Pittsburg by the Mexican government, from the design and under the supervision of their architect, Señor de Ybarrola, this structure is a triumph of taste and architectural achievement. A quadrangle 192 feet front by 288 feet deep incloses an open courtyard 115 feet by 184 feet, according to the general plan of a Mexican gentleman's residence, except that it has more entrances. Graceful towers at each corner and in the center of each side save it from any accusation of straight line sameness and give ample chance for a wealth of florid ornamentation in the most oriental style. The coloring, too, is ravishing with its cunning conspiracies of gold and green and maroon, with touches of intense red here and there.

The interior gallery running round the courtyard is terraced, and here will be placed a marvellous museum of the brilliant birds and fantastic flowers of Mexico, making a kind of hanging garden which will enchant all beholders.

Altogether the most attractive feature of the Mexican representation will be the octagon building designed by Sr. de Ybarrola for the mineral display. This will be located near the Main Building, in the most conspicuous part of the grounds; and will be a specimen of the purest Saracenic architecture of the third epoch. Each face of the octagon will be thirty-two feet in extent, thus making an area of seventy-eight feet diameter, the whole supporting a wonderfully exquisite dome thirty feet high. It is to be built entirely of iron; a combination of columns and arches, with details of the most elaborate and delicate tracery. Viewed at a distance it will give the impression of being made of the finest and rarest point lace, and the dome, owing to a skillful arrangement of tints beneath the iron filagree, will be made so light, so buoyant, so intangible, that it will seem not to rest upon but to be poised above the sub-structure. The architect has arranged to close the spaces between the supporting columns with panels of hard wood elaborately carved in Moorish designs, thus enabling him to close the building or to convert it into an open-air pavilion at will.

In order to convey an adequate notion of the vast area covered by the Main Building at New Orleans, the following figures, representing the superficial square feet contained in a number of the largest exposition buildings heretofore erected in this and other countries are here inserted for the convenience of comparison :

	Feet.
Crystal Palace, London (1862).....	1,400,000
London Exhibition (1851).....	989,884
Paris Exposition (1855).....	545,984
Paris Exposition (1867).....	456,923
Vienna Exposition (1873).....	430,500
Philadelphia Main Building (1876).....	872,320
Atlanta Exposition (1881).....	107,520
Louisville Exposition (1883).....	677,400
New Orleans World's Exposition, Main Building alone.....	1,656,030

The Main Building, the Government and State Exhibits Building, and nearly all of the other buildings, except those of the Mexican exhibit, were planned and constructed by G. M. Torgenson, Chief Supervising Architect. Mr. Torgenson is a native of Sweden, who came over to this country some fifteen years ago and settled in Mississippi, where in time his brilliant genius caused him to be recognized as one of the leading architects of the country. Mr. Torgenson is still a young man, having just celebrated his forty-second birthday.

At 3.10 p.m., Tuesday, December 16th, President Arthur surrounded by his cabinet and members of the diplomatic corps, the President of the Senate, Speaker of the House and many other distinguished people, formally opened the Exposition and started its ponderous engine and machinery. This was done by pressing a button, and the electric current passing over 1,200 miles of wire became the means by which the chief of our government put into operation the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition.

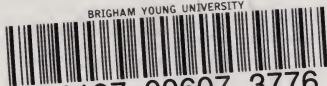
Its officers are :

President.....	Hon. Edmund Richardson.
Director-General.....	E. A. Burke.
Commissioner-General.....	F. C. Morehead.
Chief of Installation.....	Samuel Mullen.

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